ANCIENT SONGS and BALLADS;

Written on Various Subjects,

AND

Printed between the Years MDLX. and MDCC.

CHIEFLY COLLECTED BY

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

And purchased at the Sale of the late

MR. WEST'S LIBRARY, in the Year 1773.

ENCREASED BY SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. III

These venerable ancient song-inditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gained in verse we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling double meaning knew;
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

ROWE.

LONDON,

Arranged and Bound in the Year 1774.

Contents

1	The joysonit schot.	Edin. 1570
2	The Regentis tragedie.	Edin. 1570.
3	The Kingis complaint.	
4	The cruchit lyddis the blind.	Edin. 1570.
5	The admonitioun to the Lordis	Edin. 1570.
6	Maddeis Lamentatioun.	Edin 1570
7	Maddeis proclamatioun	
9	Songe, of the Lambes Feast	1574
8	Another out of Gordewill	
10	Little John and the four beggers.	London.
12	Robin Hood's Golden prize	
14	Robin Hood's chase,	London.
16	Robin Hood, and the curtal fryer.	London.
18	Robin Hood newly revived.	London.
20	Robin Hood and the beggar.	London.
22	Robin Hood and the jovial tinker.	
24	The jolly Pinder of Wakefield.	
25	The noble acts newly found	London.
26	Ballad of George Barnwell.	
28	Save a thief from the gallows &c	
30	The three worthy Butchers of the North.	
31	Confession and repentance of George Sanders.	
32	The Plotter executed – execution of E Coleman.	
33	The Downfal of William Grismond.	
34	Then in the broom I kill'd her.	
35	Some Jeck some wit.	
36	A new Ditty, shewing the wondrous miracles &c	
37	The sorrowful lamentation of a penitent Sinner	
38	A warning for swearers,	
40	The distressed Pilgrim	
42	The lamenting Ladies last farewel to the world	
43	Ballad, intituled, the Wandring Prince of Troy.	
45	A worthy example of a vertuous wife	
47	The wandring Jews chronicle;	
48	A worthy example of a vertuous wife	
50	A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of Chivalry	
53	Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decayd gentl	
54	The last news from France	The Rainbow
56	The famous sea-fight betw: Capt Ward &	
58	London's glory, and Whittingtons renown.	
60	The Life and death of Sammus Thomas Stukely	
62	Lord Willoughby	
64	Prides fall; or a warning for all English women	
66	A memorable song on – Chevy-Chase.	
68	The Pope's great year of jubilee.	
70	Poor Robin's dream.	
72	An Old song of the old Courtier of the Kings	
74	The great Booby.	
76	The Papists lamentation	
78	Long looked for is come at last	
80	Tis money that makes a man	
82	The Claret-Drinkers song.	
84	The jealous old Dotard.	
86	The Letters three	
88	A merry dialogue between Tomas & John	
90	The Country Miss new come in fashion	
92	Gallantry all-a-mode.	
94	Constance of Cleveland.	
96	Love and honesty	1676
98	The young mans approbation	
100	The patient Husband, and the scolding Wife	
102	Beauty's overthrow; or, the rejoyc'd Libertine.	
104	Tom and Will; or, the Shepherds Sheepfold.	
106	The Seamans Adieu to his Dear.	
108	Young Mans vindication against the Virgins compl	
110	The Constant Country Maid.	
112	The constant Maidens resolution.	
114	Fancy's freedom; or, the true Lovers bliss,	
116	The new married Scotch couple;	
118	The pining Maid; or, a pattern for Love	
120	The Seamans Renown in winning his	
122	A tryal of true Love; or the loyal damosels rew	
124	Amorous Betty's delight.	
126	The two constant Lovers;	
128	Phancies Phenix.	
130	Love's fierce desire, and tokens of recovery	
132	The Willow green.	
134	The faithfull young mans answer	
136	The down right wooing of country William & pretty J	
138	Corydon and Cloris or the wanton Shepherdess	
140	Come turn to me thou pretty little one,	
142	Phillida floute me; or the country Lovers compla	
144	The faithfull Lovers farwell	
146	The Little Musgrove & the Lady Barnet	
148	A lamentable ballad of the Ladies fall.	
150	Unfortunate Loves of Hero and Leander	
152	The tragedy of Hero and Leander	
154	A Looking-glass for Maids;	
156	The complaint &c of Distressed Arden of Feversh	
158	The Greeks and Trojans warres.	
160	The beautifull shepherdess of Arcadia	
160 [verso]	The loyall su	

162 The Merchant of Scotland &c the unfortunate Damosel.
164 A lamentable ballad of the Ladies fall
166 The kind hearted creature: or the prettiest jest &c
168 The Widdow of Watling street 1st & 2d part.
170 The King and the Bishop.
172 Cupids wanton wiles &c
174 The Bonny Bryer: or a Lancashire Lasse &c
176 Rocke the cradle, John; or Children after the rate of
178 The two Nottinghamshire Lovers.
180 The Northamptonshire Lovers;
182 The Ragman, or a company that fell at odds &c
184 The joviall Pedler;
186 A new, rare and excellent sonnet &c
188 The Prodigal Son converted.
190 Song made by a Souldier, whose brining up hath been dainty
191 Song of two Valentines and their Lovers
192 Sonnet wherein the Lover exclaimeth against Fortune
193 [Another edition]
194 The young-mans hard shift for a maidenhead
196 The old mans complaint; or the unequal match't couple
198 The Lovers fancy; or, true Love requited with constancy
200 A marvellous medicine to cure a great pain.
201 Ballad intituled Jepha, Judge of Israel.
202 The Hunting of the Hare; with her last will &c
203 [Another edition] a fragment only.
204 The Sailors only delight
206 The skilful doctor of Gloucestershire.
208 A Jest; or, Master constable.
210 Dead and Alive.
212 Newes from More-lane; or, a mad-frolick
214 The repulsive Maid;
216 The two inseparable Brothers;
218 Mock-Beggers Hall.
319 [illegible] History of Guy Earle of Warwick.
220 The valiant Commander with his resolute Lady
222 The Maids revenge upon Cupid and Venus
224 The Maydens of Londons brave adventures;
226 The dainty Damsels dream or Cupids vision
228 The great Boobee.
230 Room for a joviall Tinker; Old Brass to mend
232 The royal recreation of jovial Anglers.
234 The famous Woman-Drummer.
236 A true relation of the great floods &c
36 [verso] Love and Gallantry.
37 Englands monethly observations.
37 [verso] All-sorts [illegible] or Some thrive.
38 The Lamentation [illegible] farewell to the World
40 The royal victory obtained against the Dutch Fleet
42 The merry [illegible] resolution;
4 The [illegible] delight.

246 Englands heroick champion - G. Monck.
247 [verso] Love in a maze
248 Your humble servant Madam.
250 The Ladyes Vindication.
252 The ranting Whore's resolution.
254 Loves mistery; or, a parcel of clouded waggery
256 The King enjoyes his own again.
257 The young mans answer lamenting Cordelia's death
258 A new ballad of King Edward and Jane Shore.
259 Robin Hood and the Butcher.
260 The Taunton-Dean Damosel,
262 Two strings to a bow; or, the cunning Archer.
263 [verso] A warning to all lewd livers
264 A pretty new Ditty; or a young Lasses resolution.
266 Life and death of Thomas Stukely.
268 By the merry Landes dale ah.
269 Sir Hugh and the Maiden.
270 Robin Hoods progress to Nottingham.
272 The Ships Carpenters Love to the Merchants daug.
275 Tragical history of King Lear & his three daughs
276 A Dialogue between an Englishman & a Spaniard
277 Song - I'le ore bogie we him
278 Cupid's Revenge; or, an account of a King &c
280 Judgment of God shew'd upon Dr J. Traustus.
282 Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained
283 Arthur O'Bradley.
284 Robin Hood and the Shepherd.
286 Wiltshire wedding between Daniel do-well-
288 The sinners Redemption
300 Country Girl's Policy; or the Cockney outwitted
302 —— [Another Edition]
304 The Bristol Garland
306 The Northern Lord
308 The noblemans generous kindness.
310 The noble Marquis and Patient Grissel.
312 [Another Edition] the 1st part only
313 The Vicar and Moses
314 The Winchester Wedding; or, Ralphs of Reading.
316 A Sorrowful Lamentation - of all the Prisoners &c.
317 The Cooper of Norfolk; or a jest of a Brewer &c
318 Unfortunate Lovers; - John True & Susan Mead
320 Lady's garland.
322 Englands new Bell-man
324 The forlorn Lover.
326 The Suffolk Miracle
328 The Durham Garland.
329 Dialogue betw - the Duke of Argyle & Earl of Mar
330 The gelding of the Devil
332 Sweet William of Plymouth
334 The life and death of the Duke of Berwick
336 The Clans lamentation

337 The farmers lamentation for the loss of Colly his Cow
338 Fair Margaret's misfortunes.
340 - Little Musgrove and the Lady Barnet
342 Fair Margaret's misfortunes
344 The life and death of Sir Hugh-in-the-Grime
346 The Friar well fitted.
348 St Bernards vision.
350 True love rewarded with loyalty
352 The Collier's rant.
353 A homely dialogue betwixt a young woman & Wooing Man
354 True love rewarded with loyalty.
356 The young Man's resolution to the Maiden's
357 The loyal British fighting in Flanders.
358 King Henry V his conquest of France
360 A pleasant new Ballad to sing ev'ning & morn See 364
361 A pleasant old Ballad to look upon
362 A Turn-Coat of the times
364 The bloody murther of Sir John Barley-corn See 360
365 [How] Malt deals with every man
366 Thro' the wood Laddy.
367 a bloody Battle between a Taylor and a louse
368 The Lass of the Hill
369 The coaly Tyne.
373 The Cruisers
374 The Plymouth Tragedy; or, Fair Susan's overthrow
376 Maudlin, the Merchants daughter of Bristol
378 Fair Maudlin, the Merchants daughter of Bristol
380 The gallant Grahams of Scotland
382 The Gloucestershire tragedy or the unnatural Mother
384 Admiral Matthews engagement agt the - fleets of France & Spain
385 The loving girls Invitation to a young Sailor, in his trowsers
385 The Deptford Lovers.
386 The rakes of Stony Batter.
" The Jolly Sailor
387 A new Hunting Song, made on a fox chase
388 The Staffordshire Maid
390 Ballad of the Lord Mohun & Duke Hamilton
392 The Bloody Gardeners cruelty, or the Shepherds daughter &c
394 The Cloaks knavery.
395 The Courtiers health; or the merry boys of the time
396 The Poor Mans counsellor, or the married man's guide
398 The horrid Murther committed by Capt Green
399 Merry and Wise.
400 Two games at Cards plyd betwn King of England, & Queen of Spain & King of France
401 The Storm; or, the dangers of the Sea.
402 South sea Ballad
403 A Song in praise of our forces

404 The memorable Battle fought at Killycrankie
405 The Protestants Triumph; or Lillie-boleros in England
406 Simple Simons misfortunes.
408 Robin Hood newly revivd his meeting with Scarlet
410 The Brides burial
412 The Farmers son.
" Alice Marley
413 Rutland's bounty or Barlow bells.
414 The Brides burial another edit of 410
416 Queen Elizabeth's Champion or Great Britains Glory
418 Robin Hoods Chace
420 A new song in praise of Captain Batty
421 A new love song
" Newcastle Ale
422 Sonnet on the Goddess Diana and Acteon.
424 A New and old medley.
425 A new song. [on Dr Dodd]
426 Noble Lords cruelty or a pattern of true love
428 J- n B- s's Ballad continued
429 G[avin] Wilson
430 The Jolly Gentlemans frolick or the City ramble
432 A Song in praise of the Leather Bottle.
434 Songs and toasts. Tally High ho
435 The Tars frolic or British Sailor.
436 Song of the hunting or Chevy Chace.
438 another edition
440 The Lord's lamentation or the Whittington defeat
441 The stout & loving Seamans Heart Tocken to his - Isabel
442 Great messenger of Mortality, dialogue betwn Death & a Lady
444 Flora's farewell or the passionate Shepherds Love song
446 Lord Berkin's Lamentation
449 The false Knight outwitted
450 Renowned Robin Hood: or his archery truly related
452 Choice carols for Christmas Holidays
453 Tragical song concerning Capt John Bolton.
454 The Leeds tragedy or the Bloody brother.
456 Sir Hugh in the Grimes downfall
458 The Kentish Garland.
460 The Low-Country soldiers.
462 Majesty in misery or an imploration to the King
465 The beaus receipt for a Lady's dress
" The Ladys receipt for a Beaus dress
466 The cries of London
468 The Earl of the Irish Nation.
469 The Great tribunal or Christs glorious Appearance
470 Whittington and his cat
472 Poor Robins dream commonly called Poor

474 A choice pennyworth of wit.
476 The Tombs in Westminster Abbey,
477 John Davidson Merchant at Newbiggin
478 Sonnet of the two unfortunate Lovers Hero and Leand
481 The French Prophet.
1182 The kind Virgin's complaint against a young man &c
484 The swaggering Man.
485 The Weaver and Chambermaid
486 Robin Hood's golden prize
488 The Lass of Ocram.
489 The St Giles's Frolick; or, a Smithe's ramble &c
490 Ralph and Nell's ramble to Oxford.
492 The Fair Maid of the West.
494 An excellent Ballad of King John & the abbot of Canterbury
496 Ballad of the three Merry Butchers
498 A Hymn to the victory in Scotland.
499 A Dialogue between Jack and his Mother.
500 The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore.
502 The happy pair a new song
503 The Court and Kingdoms in tears.
504 Lord Henry and Fair Katherine.
506 The wanton Wife of Bath.
508 The cruel Knight and the fortunate farmer's daughter
510 The Gosport Tragedy or the perjured Ship-carpenter
512 The Gang, or the nine worthies and champions.
513 Johnny Armstrong's last good night.
514 A pleasant new Ballad of Tobias;
516 The life and death of the famous T. Stukely
518 Roman Charity A worthy example &c
520 A lamentable Ballad of the tragical end of a gallant Lord
522 Barbara Allen's cruelty: or, the young man's tragedy
524 The noble Fisherman; or, Robin Hood's preferment
526 King Edward the fourth, & the Tanner of Tamworth
528 The life and death of the famous Thomas Stukely
530 The blind Beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green
532 The Master-peice of Love Songs:
534 Ballad of the Lord of Lorn & the false Steward
536 A new song called the Churlish Husband
537 Bedlam Schoolman
538 The Happy Pair.
542 King Lear and his three Daughters.
544 The careful wife's good counsel.
547 The Pensive Maid; or, The Virgin's lamentation
549 The Glory of man's redemption
550 The humours of Rag Fair
552 A new christmas carol: with divine poems
553 The Church of Scotland's lamentation.
554 A tragical Ballad on the Ld Thomas & Fair Elenor
556 A thanksgiving: a new Protestant Ballad Lond 1711

557 Queen Elizabeth's day or, the downfall of the Pope
558 The Yarmouth Tragedy
560 The complaining Maid.
561 An elegy on the death of Mr J. Thompson
563 The Court and Kingdom in tears on the death of Queen Mary
565 The lamenting Lady's farewel to the world.
566 An hundred godly lessons
568 The Lamenting Lady's farewel to the world.
569 A new song in praise of the Durham Militia.
570 A lamentable Ballad of the Lady's fall.
572 - address of the company of his Majesty's ship Oxford
573 The Organs eccho.
574 Love's chronicle; or, the changing heart.
576 A new Ballad to an old tune.
577 - song. Bonny Jean of Aberdeen.
578 I would I were where Helen lyes.
579 A proper new Ballad. to the tune of I'le never love that more.
581 The disconsolate Nymph
582 Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John
585 Ballad. Mar's lament for his rebellion
586 The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament
588 Children in the Wood or the Norfolk Gentleman's
590 The cruel cooper of Ratcliff
592 A true Character of sundry trades and callings
593 The unhappy voyage, - an account of the Royal Anne Gally
594 The woody choristers, or, the birds harmony.
596 A favourite love song
597 The fantastical Prodigal:
598 The princely Lovers Garland.
600 Princely diversion, or, the jovial hunting match
602 Jack Tar's return
603 The Wife's resolution to find her husband employment
604 Three excellent new songs. Had awa' frae me, &c
605 The Loyal Martyrs; or bloody Inquisition.
606 William Grismond's downfal; -
608 An excellent new song. To the tune of Old Long Tyne
609 The merites of Piracie
610 The Hunting of the Hare with her last will
612 A new touch of the times. A song.
613 Paul Jones. a new song.
614 Leaping of the Lords
616 The Cripple of Cornwall.
618 The Honour of a London Prentice
620 - Ballad of St George for England
622 The merry cuckold and kind Wife
624 - Sir Robert Bewick & the Laird Graham
626 Combate between Moore of Moore-Hall & the Dragon of Wantley
628 Will the Weaver
629 A genuine copy of two excellent Court-Ballads

631 Constance [and] Anthony – new Northern story
633 Alas poore Scholler; whither will thou goe
634 Queen Eleanor's Confession.
637 The honest jury; or, Caleb triumphant.
641 The true Scots Men's Lament
642 The contented Lovers
644 Amiens's Lamentation for Celia's unkindness
646 An excellent new song, called, an end to our sorrows
647 Cromlet's Lilt
648 Somersetshire Tragedy.
650 The dead man's song.
652 A famous sea-fight betweene Capt. Wood & the Rainbow
654 Another Edition
656 The proud pedlar.
657 The good fellow.
658 The unfortunate Concubine; or Rosamond's overthrow
660 Keppel for ever.
661 The Parents prious gift; or a choice present for children
662 The gentlecrafts complaint; or, the jolly Shoemaker
664 A wonderfull Prophesy declared by C. James
666 Christ compared to an Apple-tree.
667 Cock-Lane humbug.
668 The bonny Grey-Eyd Morn
" The Caping Trade
669 A Wedding Song on the marriage of J. Brown
670 Captain Hind's progress and ramble
672 Love is the cause of my mourning. and
" Good night and God be with you all
673 The Age of Wonders
674 The baffled Knight; or, the Lady's policy.
676 The Beggars chorus; or, the jovial Crew.
678 The Fair Maid of Islington.
680 The love-sick Maid.
681 The Miller's advice to his three sons in taking a wife
682 The Lady Isabella's Tragedy
684 A new song There was a man at Oxford
" _____ of Paul Jones
685 The Gypsie Lodge
686 The Covetous old Mother
688 An excellent new song entitled Captain Glen
689 The Newcastle Beauties.
690 True love requited; or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington
692 The Garland of Trials
694 A Godly Ballad, intituled: I will go seek my Love
696 Cupid's courtesy; or, the young gallant foil'd

698 The King and Northern Man.
700 The mournfull Lady's Garland.
702 Constance and Anthony.
705 The downfall of Cockbeen's meeting house
706 Christs Kirk on the green
708 Song of Sir Guy Earl of Warwick
710 A Song [on the conquest of Cape Breton]
711 – on the constituting, and revival of Lodge 296 at Wakefield
712 – Lofty Bishop – lazy Brownist – loyall Author.
713 Britains – lamentation for the loss of – Queen Mary
714 Life and death of fair Rosamond
716 Ballad of St George and the Dragon
718 The Wandering Jew or, the shoemaker of Jerusalem
720 Ballad of St George and the Dragon
722 The Breath of Life
724 Song. The Warning – Pan.
725 – Ballad. Leader. Haughs and Yarrow.
" The Mens of Bwrn the Violer
726 Relation of the death of Sir A. Barton – Pyrate & Rover
728 Robin Hood and Little John.
730 – The Wandering Prince of Troy
732 The Wandering Jews Chronicle
733 Another Edition
734 Jockey's Escape from Bonny Dundee
736 A Ballad by J – n B – l.
737 The dream of Judas' Mother fulfilled.
738 The Spanish Lady's Love to an English Man
741 An excellent Song – House & gardens at Drumlee
742 The Lamentation of Mr. Page's Wife of Plymouth
744 Another Edition
747 The Honour of a London Prentice
749 The Distracted Maids Lamentation
750 The Oxfordshire tragedy: or, the Virgins advice
752 Roger of the Vale.
753 The Loyal Britain: or, George for ever
753 [verso] A new song of the wars
754 Neptune's raging fury or the gallant Seamen
756 The frolicksome Spark
757 A new Fox-hunting song.
758 King Charles the Second's restoration
760 King Charles the Second's restoration.
762 The famous Flower of Serving-Men
764 Song Ye Lovers of Physick.
765 Song call'd Hark to Winchester.

766 Young Bateman's Ghost.
768 A serious copy of verses on the late Miss Wray.
769 The Children's Example
770 The wandering young gentleman or Catchkin
772 The Cork-Maid's Garland: or the out-of-the-way devil
774 The Merchant's Son; and the Beggar-Wench of Hull
776 A new song called Curling of the Hair.
777 The languishing Husband.
" Cupid's recruiting Serjeant
" The wandering Black-bird.
778 The Northamptonshire Tragedy.
780 The broken contract; or, the betray'd Virgin's Complaint
782 The Guernsey Garland.
784 Christ's Love to penitent Sinners.
786 Captain Johnson's last farewel to the world.
787 The disobedient & cruel Husband
789 A song call'd The Dicke of Cumberland's victory
" England's glory; or, Dicke William's triumph
790 The King and the Forrester.
792 My Dog and I.
794 Crafty Kate of Colchester.
796 A terror for Traitors.
797 The Barnard-Castle Tragedy.
798 The Strand Garland.
800 The unhappy lady of Hackney
802 The Berkshire Tragedy, or, the William Miller
804 A new Song; or, the Gamblers fitted.
806 Pride's fall; or, a warning to all English Women.
809 Song. "Cupid as you shall understand."
813 - account of a most wonderful Wedding.
815 Judge Barkely his penitentiall complaint.
817 The Rare Show
819 Lyrical epistle from my Lord All Pride to Dol-common
821 The true Protestant Lettany.
823 A Panegyrick upon Oates.
825 The convicted Judge's Creed replied to &c
827 A dialogue between Dicke Lauderdale & Lord Danby
829 Good deeds ill requited or an answer to &c
831 A satyr against Coffee.
833 The Sheeps skin pull'd off from the Wolfs back
834 Epithalamium upon the marriage of Capt W Badoe
837 On Mans; a Satyr: By a person of Honour.
[illegible] Ballad of a Prince of England's courtship

841 The Beggers Chorus in the Jovial Crew
843 - The Noble Marquis and Patient Grisel.
845 Robin Hood's progress to Nottingham
847 The two constant Lovers; or, a pattern of true love.
849 Ballad of St. George for England.
851 The coy Cook-Maid.
. [verso] The good Christians complaint
853 King Henry the second and the Miller of Mansfield
855 Roger's delight; or, the West Country Christ-mas
. [verso] The Bubblers bubbled.
857 The Gloucestershire Tragedy.
859 The Bristol Bridegroom.
861 - Sea-fight between Captain Ward & the Rainbow
863 The Bristol Garland In four parts
865 The Countryman's Garland, in two parts.
867 The politic Wife; or, the devil outwitted &c
869 The Turkey Factor.
871 Queen Elizabeth - concerning transubstantiation
873 Vernon's Glory; or, the Spaniards defeat.
875 Vicar and Moses.
877 Song sung in the play of the King & the Miller of Mans
879 Ileen Oge
881 A Hymn to be sung on the thanksgiving day
883 A new Ballad of King James & the Abbot of Canterbury
885 The true Lover's joy, or a dialogue between a Seaman
887 [Saint Bernard's Vision]
889 The wanton Wife of Bath
891 The suffolk miracle.
893 The Fair Maid of Dennamore's Lamentation.
895 Poor Robin's Dream commonly called Poor Charity
897 The woful Lamentation of Jane Shore.
899 - Life & Death of Sir A Barton.
901 The Love-sick Maid: or Cordelia's lamentation
903 The Seaman's Jolly.
905 The contented Subjects; or, the citizens joy
907 Song - Love of young Palmus and fair Theldra
908 A Friend's advice - concerning the variable changes of this Life
911 The loyal Tories delight
912 Venice's Triumph, with the Whigg's lamentation
913 The Scotch Lasses constancy.
914 Song of the unfortunate Whigs
915 Iter Boreale; or, Tybarn in mourning.
916 Good news in bad times or Absalom's Return.
917 Jemmy & Anthony.
918 Animadversions on the Lady Marquess &c

Schot

...e muſik playis
...ay we ſe,
...oreſtis † lapis
...ſis agro.
...pumitrie,
...bytrane
...ſalet not be,
...ll not make.

...r his myrrey tym
...o thay ſem
...wordis dyte,
...gar nain ſe wo.
...me to vs brew
...merabyſe,
...ow, anew,
...

...rrey ſall deſtruit,
...rogatyue:
...es pacyence.
...d yat ſall ſuccour.
...perfor wo.
...ys wo aid
...id nocht,
...

...curſit ſtrand.
...t all ſchyre:
...Mother of all vice
...ay conſpire.
...ll tyme,
...Thys glotir:
...ſchir ſeis for tyne,
...ſtrait wary before.

...of Ballatis ſchute
...ſchir luſe nay reſt
...ll pas thocht grete
...ſper of vyis weill.
...un did doun ſtell,
...y thows wranner:
...une bes gart fell,
...him confundit.

...e bes ſchot in ewy
...es oppyne plane,
...ete wo thoc away,
...nd ay ſtyane.
...time yat remane
...wo fall be vice:
...the thocht vane
...air a with deuice.

...it was togidder
...e as ye laid (anit
...y force and wat,
...t all in deid.
...is to ſucceid,
...ſall be ſogeerd
...us be ye beid
...ay our neid.

...mitie ſ wo
...o ſall ryde:
...ſuppar de to
...ſchir ane ryde
...ſuppe,
...neid.
...ance ſ ryde
...co deid.

...ow murther weir ſpeiris
...ay amangis vs ſchyre,
...ar all aithis ſic tub faiſer berand
...: diuerſ rebellioun wais vp ſtyrit.
...e of vyis, we haue ſo mony knawis,
...ommit kingreffis na obedyence
...ſance fra vde, ſ ſum Inglis ſchingis
...nie for wyfis for vther for defence.

...nd to ſtop Meaſon quhilk enemeis ar ſwyft
...o ſtrell ſwerd and ſturdie ſtormis ſtrang,
...ſum ſtrangeſt force of Inglands neuer knyte,
...ſall ſtrang ane fell, nor Spaine in vaſt quarrell
...ſ papes vnmenqueſt vnite ye hoſt
...ſall ſuccour be fareli deſtenie:
...wes, be vanquer of ye fell,
...ſtrangeſt ſtryfe gondraynit for to die.

...ſall ſuccour our Kings g elders fre,
...ayis from heuin ye now diſcendit
...ſtrait ſtrenth, dulefully bleiſſ,
...defence yat halyp wyis thay endit.
...repent yat tyme ſa ſpendit
...vaſt yat vnkouth feild ſuſtenis
...bes ye blude quhilk yat defendis
...crewlly bydene.

...plague I dout me deſtruit
...of our awin ſtrenth:
...ſall deſtroie vs yat enemie
...puniſſement in greif.
...ſtrenth.
...ſtrang ſtryfe,
...ſtrang.
...pylage,
...ſ ſtrang:
...defence, in his abſcence,
...ſall in gouerning.

FINIS.

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekpreuik. Anno. Do. 1570.

766 Young Bateman's Ghost.
768 A serious copy of verses on the late Miss Wray.
769 The Children's Example
770 The wandering young gentleman or Catchkin
772 The Cook-Maid's Garland: or the out-of-the-way Devil
774 The Merchant's Son; and the Beggar-Wench of Hull
776 A new song called Curling of the Hair.
777 The languishing Husband.
" Cupid's recruiting Serjeant.
" The wandering Black-bird.
778 The Northamptonshire Tragedy.
780 The broken contract; or, the betray'd Virgin's Complaint.
782 The Guernsey Garland.
784 Christ's Love to penitent Sinners.
786 Captain Johnson's last farewel to the world.
788 The disobedient & cruel Husband
789 A Song call'd The Duke of Cumberland's victory
" England's glory; or, Deuke William's triumph
790 The King and the Forrester.
792 My Dog and I.
794 Crafty Kate of Colchester.
796 A terror for Traitors.
797 The Barnard-Castle Tragedy.
798 The Strand Garland.
800 The unhappy lady of Hackney
802 The Berkshire Tragedy, or, the William Miller
804 A new Song; or, The Gamblers fitted.
806 Pride's fall; or, a warning to all English Women.
809 Song. "Cupid as you shall understand."
813 - account of a most wonderful Wedding.
815 Judge Barkely his penitentiall complaint.
817 The Rare Show
819 Lyrical epistle from my Lord All Pride to Dol-comma
821 The true Protestant Lettany.
823 A Panegyrick upon Oates.
825 The conjuror Judge's Creed replied to &c
827 A dialogue between Duke Lauderdale & Lord Danby.
829 Good deeds ill requited or an answer to &c
831 A satyr against Coffee.
833 The Sheeps skin pull'd off from the Wolfs back
Bacon
Epithalamium upon the marriage of Capt W
One Man; a Satyr. By a person of Honour.
Ballad of a Prince of England's courtship

841 The Beggers Chorus in the Jovial Crew
843 - The Noble Marquis and Patient Grisel.
845 Robin Hood's progress to Nottingham
847 The two constant Lovers; or, a pattern of true love.
849 Ballad of St. George for England.
851 The coy Cook-Maid.
" [verso] The good Christians complaint.
853 King Henry the second and the Miller of Mansfield
855 Roger's delight; or, the West Country Christmas
" [verso] The Bubblers bubbled.
857 The Gloucestershire Tragedy.
859 The Bristol Bridegroom.
861 - Sea-fight between Captain Ward & the Rainbow
863 The Bristol Garland In four parts
865 The Countryman's Garland, in two parts.
867 The politic Wife; or, The devil outwitted &c
869 The Turkey Factor.
871 Queen Elizabeth - concerning transubstantiation
873 Vernon's Glory; or, the Spaniards defeat.
875 Vicar and Moses.
877 Song sung in the play of the King & the Miller of Mansfield
879 Queen Oge
881 A Hymn to be sung on the thanksgiving day
883 A new Ballad of King James & the Abbot of Canterbury
885 The true Lover's joy, or a dialogue between a Seaman
887 [Saint Bernard's Vision]
889 The wanton Wife of Bath
891 The suffolk miracle.
893 The Fair Maid of Dunamore's Lamentation.
895 Poor Robin's Dream commonly called Poor Charity
897 The woful Lamentation of Jane Shore.
899 - Life & Death of Sir A Barton.
901 The Love-sick Maid: or Cordelia's lamentation
903 The Seaman's Jolly.
905 The contented Subjects; or, The citizens joy
907 Song - Love of young Palmus and fair Sheldra
908 A Friend's advice - concerning the variable changes of this Life
911 The loyal Tories delight
912 Vienna's Triumphs, with the Whigg's lamentation
913 The Scotch Lasses constancy.
914 Song of the unfortunate Whig's
915 Ster Boreale; or, Dybarw in mourning.
916 Good news in bad times or Absalom's Return.
917 Jemmy & Anthony.
918 Animadversions on the Lady Marquess &c

Schot

…e muſik playit
…ay we ſe
…rieſtis & lapis
…his ages.
…humilitie,
…ourtans
…ale and be
…all not make.

…r his mercy t…
…o thay ſeik
…wo dis day,
…par nit n ſe w.
…me to us brew
…ne ſe,
…new,
…all.

…t deſerue,
…rog
…es p…
…o yai …
…perfor w…
…is wald …
…id nocht,
…

…cuſ…
…t all ſpeid:
…nther of all vice
…y corrupire.
…l lyre,
…lyis gloir:
…ker ſeis for lyre,
…

…o of Walis vincus
…rber luſe nan yeild
…d pat chaiſe gaue
…ber of tyis weill.
…un bid doun dwill,
…y thame …
…ame bes gart fall,
…s him confoundit.

…e bes ſhot in way
…s oppreſſ…
…rewis ſhot away,
…nd by ſame.
…thame pat remane
…ſu fall be vice:
…the ſhocht vane
…air a with deuice.

…t was togidder
…e as ye laid (knit
…y force and wit,
…t all in deid.
…
…
…
…

…mitie & we
…o ſay ryde:
…
…alhe our ryde
…uyde.
…nerd
…ance & ryde
…o deid.

Schot e…
…now quhether ye…
…ony amangis us …
…ate …
…ſe …
…ſe …
…ſe

Tht Poysonit Schot

¶ If wicked vice first sen the warld began
Had age be age, but punishment Inerest:
In eirth lang syne nair had bene nothing (than,
Bot only vice and malice manifest.
Bot to thir dayis sic means God ay dreit,
Agains vice that vertew ay hes streuin:
Thocht ather vther be tyme hes on tryn-ist,
Last Justice Judge bure ay the ballance euin.

¶ Sa of his pleasure it plesit him prouyde,
Vs to exerce as ship vnder the sail:
Sum tyme in stormе, sum tyme in temperate
To let vs knaw this warld is but frail. (tyde
Betuix gude and euill markand our trauail,
In euills sude not menand our na wrang:
Princes be Justice he ordanit in this bail,
Vs to conduct as Pilats dois their Barge.

¶ And sa we se in Stozeis as we reid,
Ay to thir dayis sum Magistrates do ring:
Sum gude some euill, be tyme as thai succeid
At quhais pleasure vertews did fade & spring.
The gude did vertew, the wicked vice vpbring
Quhat pleis them the same the peple suffres
And sa we se the maners of the king
Is ay the mark quhairat his subiects shuttis

¶ This part to preif be yair particular lines
It war to lang in vulgare veirs expres it,
Ar lenth the same sen Cronickles discriues,
And als experience will cause vs to confes it.
And last of all, how wicked vice Incres it
Amang our selues throw Marets negligence,
And how the same began to be suppressit:
Be Murrayis meane we haif experience.

¶ Quhat vice raise vp renoune into our minds
Quhat sin, quhat shame, in hir last dayis did reil
That prudent Prince gif yat he tuik tum pynis
That myss to mend I hope ze haif ane feill.
Gif ocht he socht except ane common weill,
The gloir of God and Kingis obedience:
And in that cause maid Justice ay his theild,
I seik na Judge bot zour awin conscience.

¶ This awin estate he cairit ay to nawe,
For pompe nor pryde can na man sappe preist,
Societie he socht, and keipit curage law,
Thinkand alwayis that mesure was ane feist.
His peple luifit, and cairit for the leist
For profite pansit not, nor his commoditie:
In trouble trauellit: his cumer neuer ceisit
Ay to his wrak, and our vtilitie.

¶ Thus be his prudence vertew was erectit
In him the pure oppressed had releif:
Throw him Idolatrie and vice wes dectit,
Throw him Gods Kirk and peple fand releif.
Throw him wes vinquest the feildais of yis
Throw him pis realme fand sti stabilitie (greit
Throw him was baneist thift, murther, & reif,
Extorcie puneist, and deuilishe forcerie.

Sa vertew sprang and vice began to faide,
Oppressioun fled, and Justice tuik the place,
His godly lyfe all godly men may aide
Be his exemple vertew to imbrace.
And als his lyfe micht in ane ither cace,
All Princes warne how to reule and mend:
Thair foes to flatter that hes ane doubtfe race,
And to be war to clap ane traytours hid.

Euen as the man the quhilk be musik playis
Wisbrist stringis castis not away we se,
Bot peice and peice be sundrie wreistis & layis
Ilk ane with vther be tyme causis agre.
Euen so that Prince thocht be humiltie,
His peple wyn, and concord to constrane
Bot as sum stringis will rather break nor be,
Euen so the wicket be mercy will not make.

¶ His mercy wan: bot mair his mercy tint
Not he, bot we, his mercy now may rew
His mercy lost we wan the swordis dint,
His mercy faikit, be murther that men slew.
Suppose his mercy this bergane to vs brew
Zit mene I not bot men suld mercy vse,
To penitents, quha myndis not to renew,
Bot nane to se contune wis in abuse.

¶ His mercy faikit, quhs mercy not deserue,
His mercy did preserue the arrogant:
His mercy sum amangis vs hes preserue,
Thocht thay seme holy in deid yai ar na sanct.
His mercy faikit, we wer the better want,
Thair Serpents seid to tyrannis wald vs tyral
Because sic peple in tyme he did not daun,
Bot wardly mercy Christ suffrit vpon to fall.

¶ For mortall malice, and cursit conscience,
With wicket Inuy commonit all in fere:
And pryde full arrogance the mother of all vice
Agains that Prince did cruelly conspire.
His fais hartis Inflamit all in tyre,
His blude to seik Inuyfull of his gloir:
Saikles to shutt him ane harlet feit for hyre,
Hangman to Hary, that tratouris wes befoir.

¶ O bludy bouchour bastard of Bailials blude
Quhs to this Realme had nother lufe nor zeill
O tressonable tratour be tressd pat thocht gude
Murdreis the Prince preseruer of this weill.
O sorrowfull shot, thy poysoun did doun steill,
Not only him, quhom wofully thow woundit:
Bot pure & riche, thy venmoume hes gart feill,
Of his deir deith the stoundis him confoundit.

¶ That shot allace pis realme hes shot in tway
That shot to vice the portis hes oppunit plane,
That shot hes Justice and vertew shot away,
That shot Idolatrie is schaitand vp againe.
Sic shottis vnpuneist gif thay time pas remane
Vice sall be vertew, and vertew sall be vice:
Wrang salbe rient and richt salbe thocht vane
Ilk man vnpuneist sall leis thair awin deuice.

That shot hes sinderit quhilk was togidder
That shot hes cuillit our curage as ze leid (knit
That shot hes feiblit our manly force and wit,
That shot our sichts hes blindit all in deid.
We se and spyis not our sorrowis to succeid,
We meint & meinis not this wicketnes correct
We wald and will not hands paine be ye beid
Quha hes preparit the swordis for our neck.

¶ Vagabounds we wander in miserie & wo
As ship but Ruther, sa ga we now but gyde:
Quhat sall we scatter we want not quhair we go
Quhy is not the rock quhairto we rathe our tyde
We haif na grace nor power to prouyde,
Against this rage and cruelnes remeid
Bot willingly allace throw arrogance & pryde
Offers this Realme as Sacrifice to deid.

[illegible] plesit now murther weir bynais
[illegible] of ane Inuy amangis vs springis,
[illegible] of faith hes fre[illegible] faiser betrais
[illegible] of rest Rebellioun with vs ringis.
[illegible] of ane, we haue so mony kingis,
[illegible] rowmt king getts na obedience
[illegible] France for aide, & sum Ingland seikingis
The ane for wrak the tother for defence.

And so this Realme quhilk enemeis of layis
Both cruell weir and sturdie stormis fell,
Quhilk fertyll zeiris of Ingland neuer frayit,
Of France the feir, nor Spaine in iust quarrel
Quhilk in thir dayis vnuenqueisit buir ye bell
Spoil now allace be fatell destenie:
The Lion wes, be vanquer of the fell,
Vn proper kynde constraynit for to die.

¶ Quhat wald allace our Kings & elders say,
Gif in thir dayis from heuin yat now discendit
To se this Realme so dulefully decay,
In quhais defence yair lusty lyuis thay endit.
Thay wald I trust repent yair time sa spendit
Thay wald I wait yair labouris lost forthink
To se zour Babes ye blude quhilk yai defendit
Against [illegible] sa cruelly vpdrink.

¶ [illegible] pis plague I dout not we deserue
[illegible] the merits of our awin mischeif:
Bot we [illegible] God because we haif sterue
Therfor we taist his punishment in greif.
Zit in his mercy traist ay be releif,
Still sall I pray his hevinly Maiestie,
Against this rage to send vs releif,
Our King to saif and his Nobilitie.

Lenuoye.

O bony bill depaint
Of deith the dolent stound,
Quhilk did our Prince dewoit
James Regent of Renoun.
I pray the go, declair the wo
Sen tyne that dois abound,
I gif command, throw burgh and land,
the same zow gar resound.

¶ Our cair may moue the stonis,
And hairt rockis to rair:
Sa mony stormes at onis,
Struke neuer land sa fair.
The cause of that, the heuins wat,
Not I, I zow declair,
Except it be, to let vs se,
How kingdomes ar bot clair.

¶ Zit let vs not dispair
Into thir wails of wo,
God may conuert our cair
In pleasure and in Jo.
He may vnfrend, reune in accord,
And mak him freind was fo:
He may I trest, set vs at rest,
Thocht all the warld say no.

¶ It sulde releue our greif,
To se our King to ring:
In him I haue relief,
Of [illegible] thocht he be [illegible]
His tutour [illegible] pylage,
[illegible] vs in his King:
Quha ane defence, in his nascence,
Tuik haill in gouerning.

FINIS.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekprewik. Anno. Do. 1570.

The Regentis tragedie ending with ane ex

James Erle of Murray Regent of Scotoun,
Now lyis deid and dulefullie put doun,
Murdreist but mercy, murnand for remeid,
Quha lost his lyfe in Lythquo with ane loun,
Gilles God wait betraist in to that toun,
Slane with ane schot and saikles put to deid:
Feit be our fais, throw fellonie and feid:
Hangman to Hary, now Warrio to hir brother:
Weill may this murther manifest the tother.

Quhat leid on lyfe wald nocht lament his lose?
Wais me to want him, is the commoun voce,
For sic ane Prince sall neuer pure man haif,
Tint be ane Traitour, steilling vp ane clois,
Wolfest in purpois, lyfe for lyfe to cois,
Bot na comp ir, ane Kings Sone to ane knaif,
Sen he is gone agane my will to graif,
Throw all this Realme I dar weill mak this ruse,
Rang nocht his mark sen buryit was the Bruse.

To keip gude reule, he raid and tuke na rest,
Baith South and North, and sumtyme eist & west,
All to decoir our commoun weill ze knaw,
Be quhome lat se wes Pirats sa oppyest:
Or zit the theiffis sa daunonit, dung, and dreist:
Argyle and Huntlie hid thame baith for aw,
And quhen he mycht, he myt nocht in the Law
Twyse on the day, and sleipit nocht in sleuth,
To se na buddis suld beir thame by the treuth.

Ok this foule fact suppois our fais be fane,
Zit efter Moyses, Josua come agane,
To gyde the pepill, geuand the gloir to God:
Suld thay succeid that hes him saikles slane?
Be war with that, I wald ze dar nocht vane,
To baik zour waik anis wirryit with the tod,
Think ze with reffoun thay suld reule the rad,
With double murther maid vs all ado?
And with our King wald play Cowsanly to?

Wray gif ze pleis, I warne zow ze haif neid,
To keip our King fra cankrit Kedzechis seid,
That daylie wayis Innocentis to put him doun,
His Grandschir slane at Lythquo gif I leid:
His Grandschir tuyse hes left this land in deid,
Hary at midnycht murdreist in this toun:
His Cousing last, and zit thay clame the Crown,
Blynd Johne may ges, gif thir be godly deidis,
Bruntbe zone Bischop in quhome this barret breidis.

Out of that Sprit Sathoganll of partis,
That wirk his lesingis all the last pernertis,
Syne Joyne zour voices to the feildis but feir,
Becaus ze tak zour stountes all in starris:
To Hammiltoun in haist quhill ze haif hartis,
Deuyle in na way to pay zour men of weir,
Fra he be gane ze neid nocht gather geir:
Fecht weill, and war yame, and wyn the tyches yair
And gif ze de, in deid ze neid na mair.

Curst be ze baith, bischop and borthwell hanch,
For this foule deid, zour seid man rak ane lanch,
Gif ze twa want the wiodie, now thay wyang zow:
Lythquo la neuir, zour barges may luke hanch,
In beir seid tyme zour burrow rudis ly fanch,
Cause of this murther laitly maid amang zow,
Or gif I trowit it helpit ocht to hang zow,
Ha suld ze die: and syne zour towne in fyre,
Sum part for sythment to assuage our Ire.

Ouer thir twa housis, for thair deids inding,
The hand of God dois ouer thair heidis hing
Thame to distroy, I dout not in our dayis,
Nephewis will wraik, for wyrrying of the King,
Bot Hammiltounis fy, this was ane foull wrang:
Is this zour ferme Religioun? zais? zais?
Sic tyme sall cum I trow as Toom is sayis:
Hiedom n sall hunt zow vpthrow Barronis gyll
Taistand thair Pattis and lat the pleuch stand still.

Thy crandly thir plaigis ar powrit out,
To w..k this warld, and wait ze quhair about?
Because we want na vice vnder the heuin:
Sen double murther markis to reule the rout,
With Ministeiris lat vs ga cry and schout,
For to retreit zone sentence Justly geuin,
Zit thow gude Lord that Judgis all thingis euin,
Seand the perrell that ouer the pepill standis,
Lat nocht thair blude be socht at saikles handis.

Now Lordis & Lairdis assemblit in this place,
Ouer lang we talk of Tragedeis allace,
Away with cair, with confort now conclude:
As gif oe in paper-as speik it in zour face,
Gif ony therars for geir get ony grace,
Ze will be schent, think on I say for gude
Sen art and part, ar gyltie of his blude:
Quhy suld ze fear, or fauone thame for fleiching?
Ze hard zour self, quhat Knox spak at the preiching.

First on the feildis mak schortly to lat se,
We want bot ane, and quhat the war ar we:
Sen God wes pleist to pas him out of pyne,
All men on mold ar markit for to de,
With tyme and place appointit, sa wes he:
Lat nocht in cair zour curages declyne,
For want of ane I wald nocht all suld tyne,
Gar reid at Roxburgh quhen the King wes slane,
And zit ane woman wan the houss agane.

Sen than be wemen douchtie deidis wer done,
Barronis be blyith, and hald zour hartis abone,
And lat vs heir quhairfoir ze hapnit hidder:
Thay ar na partie, and ze speid zow sone,
Albeit that boyd be daylie in Denone,
Lang or Argyle be gadderit in togidder,
Quhen all is done, the counsall may considder,
Quhat is the maist zone murtheraris may do,
Suppois that Huntlie wald cum help thame to.

Had we ane heid wald stoutly vndertakit,
The Barronis sayis thay suld be baldly bakit.
Wycht thay for tyrannes trauell of thir tounis:
Quhy stand ze aw of Traytouris twyse detractit?
Think ze not schame to heir zour Lordschipis lakit:
Sum feirris yair fleschc, sik greuis to gadder crounis
Sik happis thair heids, sik beleeis yame vp in gounis
Luke gif zour partie pryois thame in thair spurring,
Reipand the feildis and freyis not in thair furring.

Twa worth the wyfis that fosired zow and fed,
Ze dow not ly vnles ze haif ane bed,
Keip zow fra cauld, haif claith within zour scho:
I think greit ferly how ze can be red,
Or fray at thame, that last before zow fled,
Wantand thair Quene, syne God agane thame to,
Quhy ly ze heir with lyrill thing ado?
The Barronis biddis zow schortly byde or gang,
Curage decayis fra Scottis men tarie lang

Dame Lyonnis lakis, and than mak me ane lear,
Be Hannibellis, and heis zour hartis sum hear,
Bot keip not capua quhil zone Knaffis inclose zow,
Ne neidis not work, thar hes ane gude ouerfear,
Nane neid ze ferch, swa that zour hartis war frear,
Bot be my counle my self culd neuer ruse zow:
I knaw weill for this cryme, Christ sall accuse zow,
For spairing Agag, Saull wes puneist fair:
Swa fall he zow, I dar nocht say na mair.

The Lord of Hostes that heuin & eirth cōmandis,
To keip our King from all vnhappy handis,
The Q.. of Ingland and hir Counsall to:
Ze feir the Frenchemen suld ouerlay thir landis,
Bot I heir say be sum that vnderstandis,
The Doctouris douttis bot thay haif mair ado:
Our Quene is keipit straitly, thair standis scho:
Ingland will help zow, and ze help zour sellis,
And be the contrair ceaif thame na thing ellis.

This fair ze w
In seruptll weirs th
Beseikand zow to
Steill ze away, the
And gif ze byde the
Best wer I think
Thair Semblis bri
In Glasgow town
Ze lukis weill, thai

The T

As men reiordi
I schrink no
Suppois ze cr
And lybellis be
Ze mak not to, as
I trow ze stand
Suppois ze hecht,
That day will n

Is na remeid, fe
Na man to seik
Or quha is heis, da
Upon zone lymm
Ze dar not mum, q
To se quhat Ju
Thinkand to sayir
And swa the mat

with sychis and
Ze counterfite th
Quhat douchtie de
Except it wer a
Mak of the towne,
Now or zour cu
For Shaddie sayis,
Ze be not thair

Is this the thin
Ze can not all ag
Now fy for schame
Ze haik nane nar
Gif he want grace
Cheis outher tw
Than war I fane.
Td wis and wi

And sum thair
Bot gaip ay quh
And war scho beir
The Feynd aby
For we ar now, al
As farnzer quhe
Quhen all is done
To doist and no

I think it best,
Bif ze durst vnd
And we be trew, w
Ze salbe haudly
Bot sen I ..it w
That meter wi
The Feynd mak c
I rew thar euer

Quo

Impzentit a
Lekpzeuik.

exhortatoun

ir ye weill, I ſtait not to offend zow,
eirs this Schedull that I ſend zow
ow to ſchort it gif ze may,
ay, the wyſis will vilipend zow
de the burrowis will cõmend zow,
chink mycht we preuene zone day
lis bris on Sonday I heir ſay,
towne thinkand to fecht or fle:
ill, thair, ze get na mair of me.

FINIS.

he Tragedeis Lenuoy.

recordis, in deid my Lordis,
ink not for to ſchaw:
is ze crak, ze ly abak,
lis be the Law.
to, as men ſuld do,
ſtand ſum aw:
hecht, to ſe zow fecht,
will neuer daw.

meid, fra he be deid,
to ſeik ane mendis:
heir, dar bek ane ſpeir,
ne lymmeris lendis:
num, quhill Saidlar cum,
bat Ingland ſendis:
o layir, and ay delayit,
the mater endis.

his and ſobbis, and beltit robbis,
rfite the dule:
htie deidis, to weir lic weidis,
wer ane fule.
towne, and cow thame downe,
your curage cule,
e ſayis, byde ze aucht dayis,
thair quhill Yule.

the thing, quha gydis the King,
r all aggre:
ſchame, feche Leuenor hame,
ane narer nor he.
grace to gyde that place,
ther twa or thre:
I ſane, bot all in vane,
and will not be.

thair bene, waittis on the Quene,
ay quhill thay get hir:
ho heir, I tak na feir,
nd aby we ſet hir.
ow, als ſtark I trow,
er quhen we met hir:
s done, thay ſtart ouer ſone,
and not the better.

it beſt, ze tak na reſt,
rſt vnder tak it:
rew, we ar anew,
hanſely bakit.
w. it will not be,
ter will not mak it:
mak cair, I ſay na mair,
at euer I ſpak it.

FINIS.

Quod Robert Sempill.

ntit at Edinburgh be Robert
uik. Anno. Do. 1570.

The Regentis

IAmes Erle of Murray Regent of Ky
Now lyis deid and dulefullie put do
Murdreist but mercy, murnand for re
... Quha lost his lyfe in Lythqw with an
Bitter God wait betraist in to that toun,
Slane with ane schot and saikles put to deid
Feir be our fais, throw fellonie and feid:
Dangman to Dary, now Darcio to hir dreid
Weill may this murther manifest the tother.

COuhat leid on lyfe wald nocht lament h
Wais me to want him, is the commoun voce,
For sic ane Prince sall neuer pure man haif,
Tint be ane Traitour, steilling vp ane clois,
Hollest in purpois, lyfe for lyfe to cois,
Bot ma compair, ane Kingis Sone to me kna
Sen he is gone agane my will to graif,
Throw all this Realme I dar weill mak this
Mang nocht his mark sen burnyt was the Byr

CTo keip gude reule, he raid and tuke na t
Baith South and North, and sumtyme eist & v
All to decoir our commoun weill ze knaw,
Be quhome lat se wes Pirats sa oppyrest:
Dyzit the theiffis sa dantonit, dung, and dreist:
Argyle and Huntlie hid thame baith for awe,
And quhen he mycht, he myst nocht in the Law
Twyse on the day, and sleipit nocht in sleuth,
To se na buddis suld beir thame by the reuth.

COf this foule fact suppois our fais be fane,
Zit efter Moyses, Josua come agane,
To gyde the pepill, geuand the gloir to God:
Suld thay succeid that hes him laikles slane?
Be war with that, I wald ze dar not vane,
To haif zour walk anis wirryit with the tod,
I think ze with reuloun thay suld reule the rad,
With double murther maid vs all ads:
And with our King wald play Cowsanly tod:

CPray gif ze pleis, I warne zow ze haif neid
To keip our King fra cankrit Keyzochis seid,
That daylie wayis Innocentis to put him doun,
His Grandschir slane at Lythqw gif I leid:
His Grandschir tuyse hes left this land in deid,
Hary at midnycht murdreist in this toun:
His Cousing lait, and zit thay clame the Crown
Blynd Johne may ges, gif thir be goaly deidis,
Bruntfeild be zone Bischop in quhome this barret b

COut of that Spirit Scothzall of partis,
That with his lesingis all the lait pertenentis,
Syne Joyne zour forces to the feildis but feir,
Becaus ze tak zour stountnes all in startis:
To Hammiltoun in haist quhill ze haif hartis,
Denyse sum way to pay zour men of weir,
Fra he be gane ze neid nocht gather geir:
Feicht weill, and war pame, and wyn the ryches y
And gif ze de, in deid ze neid na mair.

CCurst be ze baith, bischop and bordwell hanel
For this foule deid, zour seid man rak ane lanch,
Gif ze twa want the widdie, now thay wyang zo
Lythqw la neist, zour barges may lake bauch,
Ja beir seid tyme zour burrow rudis ly lanch,
Cause of this murther laitly maid amang zow,
Or gif I trowit it helpit ocht to hang zo'o,
Ha suld ze die: and syne zour towne in fyre,
Sum part for sythment to assuage our Ire.

COuer thir twa housis, for thair deids inding
The hand of God dois ouer thair heidis hing
Thame to distroy, I dout not in our dayis,
Hepburnis will wraik, for wyzrying of the King,
Bot Hammiltounis fy, this was ane fou ar tyme
Ja this zour ferme Religioun? zais? zais?
Sic tyme sall cum I trow as Toom is tavis:
Hirdman sall hunt zow vpthzow Gardynis gyll
Takand thair Parlis and lat the pleuch stand still.

The Kingis Complaint

WIth hauie hart on Snadoun hill,
Ane zoung king I hard schoutand schill
with reuthfull rair he did recozd:
Prayand as I haif wzit this bill
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lozd.

The sayis this cauſles I not craik,
Noz he is now gone to his graik
My commoun weill that maist decozde,
Na merweill albeit my hart claik
Foz sozrow of his deith O Lozd.

Hard is my chance all tyme and houris
And harder to my Gouernouris,
Ze hardest (bot wo am I fozde)
To him hes felt of deith the schouris,
And only foz thy cause O Lozd.

Quhen I was not zit ane zeir auld,
Bothwell that bludy Bouchour bauld,
My Father cruelly deuozde,
He him betrayit and his blude sauld,
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lozd.

Than Father slaine, Mother was schēt
My Gudschir flemit Incontinent,
My self to poysoun it was schozde,
Me to betray was summis Intent
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lozd.

Than vp thow raisit to reule my Ring,
In to my tender zeiris zing,
My Faithfull freind that maid him fozde,
James Regent my Uncle ding,
Judge and Reuenge my cause O Lozd.

He was my Buckler and my beild,
He was my Targe, my speir and scheild,
My stait maist hie foz to restozde:
He futtit euer mair the feild,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Foz me he left kyn, Freind and wyfe,
Foz me he sufferit daylie stryfe,
Foz me he was haill Indeuozde,
Foz me now he hes loist his lyfe,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Foz me that Nobill of Renoun,
With ane Tyke Tratour Hammiltoun,
Was schot, and throw the body bozde,
Foz the mantening of my Crowne
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Veloure thow peirst him, gaif ye peace,
Tratoure to him that gaif the grace,
Behind his bak thy Gunne him gozde:
Quhome thow noz nane of thyn[illegible]st face,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Lozd sen my gratious gyde is gone,
And I am left as Byrd allone,
This thing maist eirnistly I Implozde:
That Instantly thow steir vp one
Foz to Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Sen foz my sak now he is slane,
Lozd foz thy grace gr[illegible]e agane,
That deith my lyfe neu[illegible]euozde,
Quhill that fals tressonabill trane
Be with my hand Reuengd O Lozd.

O Scotland thy Josias trew,
That first Idolatrie ouerthrew
He was, and Christs trew kirk restozde,
Throw him in my Realme grace ay grew,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

He Abrahamis Faith but feir profest,
He Dauidis mercy manifest,
With Salomonis wit he was decozde,
Sampsonis strenth to him accrest
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Theif and Reuer he did dant,
Justice and vertew he did plant,
Quhair thair was myss he gart remozde,
My Faithfull seruand and thy Sanct,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

As his Renoun is all ouerblawin,
And now his deith plainly furthschawin,
Sa sall all blythnes be abhozde
Quhill his Reuenge be all wa knawin,
Throw thy help and suppozt O Lozd.

All ze my trew Nobilitie,
That fauourit him, and serut me,
Lat not his duilfull deith be smozde,
Bot it Reuenge maist cruellie
Foz it is the will of the Lozd.

And quha his deith dois fair regaird,
And it to puneis will not spaird
I wow to the in quhome he glozde,
Thay sall not myss ane riche reward
Foz to Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

Now sall appeir all wark and nature,
Quha is the trew man, quha is the trature
Quha fittis the feild, quha nocht is not fozde,
The trew liege be the Rubrature
In this cause salbe kend O Lozd.

And think that thay that did this deid
With lyke effect dois seik my heid,
Foz to be beatin downe and smozde
All faithfull hartis quyte thair meid,
And throw Reuenge my cause O Lozd.

Foz surely thair will and Intent,
That seikis of me the Gouernment,
Be fraudfull factiounis, I stand fozde,
Wald me fozfault in Parliament,
Gif thow withstude thame not O Lozd.

My Cozonatioun thay deny,
And dois maist spytefully defy
All thame that faithfully restozde,
Me to my Crowne and Seignozie
Thy michtie hand requyte thame Lozd.

Last Lozd now him of me hes cure,
And in quhais handis I think me sure,
Thy puissant power I Implozde,
That he with me lang dayis Indure
Foz to Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

With this the Babe he gifis ane rax,
Quhilk maid my hart to sich sa sair,
That farther I cuid not recozde,
Bot with him tak cry euer mair,
Judge and Reuenge his cause O Lozd.

FINIS.

¶ The Cruikit liedis the blinde

THis warld it waggis I wat not how,
And na man may ane vther trow:
And euerie man dois pluke and pow,
And that the pure may finde,
Our Court it is decayit now
The cruikit leidis the blinde.

¶ Althocht the warldlie wise be cruikit,
This commoun weill he hes miscuikit,
Our Lords ar blinde and dois ouerluikit
He gydis thame as he list
Tak thay not tent he will not huikit
To gyde thame in the mist.

¶ He halds our Lords at variance,
He garris the tane put esperance
They will get daylie help of France,
This he garris thame confide
Sayis Ingland will bring mony Lance
Vnto the vther side.

¶ Our Lords ar now delt in twa sydis,
And euerie faction in him conforms:
Ze will heir tell how he thame gydis,
And ze leil zeiris few
Sen he hes maid sa mony slydis
Trow ze he can be trew.

¶ Fra he in Court in credite grew,
He did ay change the Court anew:
The Quene his doingis fair did rew,
And richt sa did hir Mother,
The counsall kennis gif he was trew,
To him that was hir Brother.

¶ In Edinburgh quhen they conuene,
Our Lords to him they gang bedene:
As he war outher King or Quene,
He hes thame at his bidding
His craftie counsall will be sene,
Quhê Doggs barkis on ye midding.

¶ Albeit he hait the Feuer quartane,
He suld be made knycht of the Gartane
He rewlis Edinburgh and Dunbartane,
As Maddie dois me tell:
Gif he war Pape I am richt certane
He wald reule heuin and hell.

¶ Gif he gar Atholl do sic schame,
As to consent to bring hir hame:
And gif the gyding to Madame,
They will put downe the King
The Crowne will alter fra that Name,
Than Murderars may sing.

¶ He hes gart Hume begin to tyne,
Althocht that he gat his desyre:
Bot he will leid him in the myre
Thocht he hecht to defend him,
And Ingland set his lands in fyre
I wat not quha will mend him.

¶ Als he gat Setoun out of hands,
From forfalting he sauit his lands:
Thocht he be lyand vnder bands
He will not knaw the King:
Sen ze ken how the mater stands,
Suld he haif leif to fling?

¶ Our richt Regent quha was our targe
Laid sindrie things vnto his charge,
The quhilk in deid war verray large
As is kend with anew,
Ze haif geuin him ane plane discharge
And sayis it was not trew.

¶ I wat ze saw neuer ane styme,
And wantit baith resloun and ryme,
Quhen ze forgaif him all his cryme:
And maid his oddis euin,
Thocht he be fristit at this tyme
He will not be forgeuin.

¶ I pray zow Lords on a'ther syde,
That ze his sawis do not confyde,
For I will sweir zow be Sanct Bryde
He sulleis not thre straes,
Quha suld be rewlar nor our gyde
May he bruke that he hais.

¶ All thir maters he dois bot mock,
He hes deuysit mony sic block:
He can begyle ane Landwart Jock,
Except he ken him weill:
Thay say he can baith quhittill and clouk,
And his mouth full of meill.

¶ My Lordis quhat is this that ze mene
I thinke the holkis ouergangis zour ene,
I wald sum man wald scheir zow clene
That ze micht se thir faultis,
And be not blinde as ze haif bene
Nor led with thame that haultis.

FINIS.

¶ Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lekprevik. Anno. Do. 1570.

¶The admonitioun to the Lordis

FOr lois thow Lythquo may miserably lamēt
Thy fair Infortunat, and duilfull destanis,
That precious peirle James our Regent
In the was slane, dissaut duilfullie.
O cursit hour, o deid of fellonie,
O warpit hand, o wappin violent,
That spairit not his greit Nobilitie
Ha vndeseruit suddandly to be schent.

¶In wickit hour he saist the from the Gallous
Or schew his grace to sic ane graceles grume,
Had thow bene hangit Tratour and thy fallowis
This cōmoun weill had borne the Laurell blume
Better Justice was not from heuce to Rome,
Mair quyet peace befoir neuer King heir held,
Allace that sic ane Tratour suld consume
His dayis befoir our King had bene of eild.

¶Dowglas & Hume addres zow now anone,
His tressonabill dolent deith for to Reuenge:
With Atholl, Erskyn, and Stewartis euerie one
Grame, and Lyndsay remember on this change.
Schaw now he lufit the manly Laird of Grange
Glenkarne, and Sempil, conuene with ane accord
Throw out this Realme lyke Ratches se ze range,
And seik thair blude that hes his body borde.

¶All vther Erlis, and Barrounis of renoun,
Conuene zour selfis with hart and haill Intent,
All partaueris to put to confusioun:
With him that slew that Abell Innocent.
And in zour harts perfytlie do it prent,
Gif one of zow siclyke had loist his breith
How day and nycht he wald be deligent
Zour cause and quarrell Reuenge vnto the deith.

¶Edinburgh Dundie, & vther Burrowtounis,
Remember how the Regent lukit zow weill
Heill nor conceill, reset nane of thay lowns,
Nother art nor part, that did his body keill.
Sen he was keipar of zour commoun weill,
Cleik on his quarrell, and schortly zow dispone
Lat neuer yat Ruffians within zour townis reill
Bot kyith now kyndenes quhen that his grace is (gone.

¶Young tender King now behind dois abyde
Thy seruand schot was only for thy saik,
Had he not tane thy Gouernance and gyde
Lang mycht he leuit with Lady Ja his maik,
Na tratour Hāmiltoun had geuin yat mortal straik
War not in hope to mak thy Grace forlorne,
Thay thocht his deith wald mak thy power waik
And than obtene thay socht sa lang beforne.

¶Bot God that hes thy Maiestie in cure,
Will fruster all thair tuilsche Interpryis
As war thay Bouchers thy Father did combure,
Quha flemit ar for thair deuilische deuyis.
Thair fact and act, all Scotland now dispryis,
Thair awin misdeidis hes sa vndone thair weill
Thay dar neuer enter in Jugement nor allyis,
Nor clame thair lands, that did thy Father keill.

¶Quhat trow ze Tygers, that God omnipotēt
Will wynk vnsene sic wickitnes and wrang,
Ze may be sure his bow is reddy bent
Zow to ruit out, luke ford and tyms not lang.

Hammiltoll and Hepburne ze will sin
Shrewit is that seruice ze hait schaw
Wald poysonit him self, his Father w
Now slane his Regent to mak zour

¶Wo worth vnlefull meinis ma
That ze haif socht to vsurp Authoriti
Nit vn obtenit, quhill that our King
Quhome Chryst conserue in his Min
That tender plant our Superioritie
Suld haif, quha is our kyndely King
The King of Kingis of his Maiorities
Mak neuer ane King ouer Scotland

¶Wo to the scheddars of his saikl
Wo cause of wo, sa mony vnd commer
Wo to thay Spyouris of cōdynes de
Wo to thay Pelouris, sic interpryis
Wo thame Inuolue, nor quhen his
Wo and eik wrak, mot fa that bludy
Wo will thay cry, and re that thay
For wo quhen that thay sis baith lyf

¶Schamt is yat sort, with scham
Schamt schameles, scha e hes schav
Schamt ar yai tratouris c tressoun
Schame sorrowles will thair Ca
For schame thay dar neue lame now
To purches place did sa h deith preu
Place haif thay loist, and nd thair d
That socht sic place, till d had ben

And God thair pryde will puneis p
That dois pretend be mu ther manif
To Royall roume, and h Author
Hurting na harme sa tha may be po
In warldlie welth quhill wisdome
Quhen it proceidis of fals and Inu
Vaine gloir, dissait, or ocht that may
Gude gouernance thrōw crimsull Tr

¶Wyse Nobill Lords my Schedu
And gif the wysest Lord the Gouern
Sinder not now that ar assemblit to
Quhill ane be chosin the commoun w
Sic as will puneis this last vnhappy
And keipis God now sen the roume d
Chosin lyke the tother, ze wyster not
For in all Scotland he hes not left h

¶Now is he weill, and ze in wo
Zour wickitnes and wraths hes the
Zour Inobedience hes purchessit G
Zour gredynes to eik zou Rentis g
In vaine ze reid the Scripture as a
And of the pure hes na Compassioun
Thir ar the causis, thar ze of him ar q
That rewlit zow, and wald maid R

¶FINIS.

¶Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robe
IMD. IO. L

Maddeis Lamentatioun

QVhen bludy Mars with his vndantit rage
With Saturne maid his cruel cõspiratioun
.... And curst Juno with birnand fiers curage
Amangis Planetis had greitest dominatioun.
I hard ane voice with dzerie lamentatioun,
Sayand o Lozd help now with thy rycht hand,
Gone is the Joy, and gyde of this Natioun,
I mene be James Regent of Scotland.

QVhen Lachesis hir thzeid had dzawin to lẽth
Pzolonging furth this Pzinces lyfe in gloir,
Than Atropus extending furth hir strenth,
This fatell thzeid, allace foz to deuoir,
Now Justice (oh) quha sal thy swozd decoir?
This cõmoun weil quhat wicht sal now warrãd
Sen he is gone, that Gouernd vs before
That vpzicht Pzince James Regent of Scotlãd

QHis gude beginning quha yat culd richt repoze
Quhen this Regioun of reule was destitude,
In plane Parliament our Nobillis did erhoze,
That Innocent to tak the foztitude.
Of this fals Ile, of Justice than denude,
And with thair aithis pzompsit with him to stãd,
Justice to keip in mynde he did conclude,
Sa lang as he was Regent in Scotland.

QSen Fergus dayis, his lyke was neuer none,
In equall Justice, and deidis Martiall,
Thir Realmes twa he knat vp vaith in one,
Quhilk neuer Pzince befoir culd do at all.
The Souage daillis he dantonit and maid thrall
To serue thair King, he gart thame gif thair bãd,
With fyze and swozd foz grace he gart thame call
That pzudẽt Pzince James Regent of Scotlãd.

QHis commoun weill. he lukit ouer all thing,
In trew Religioun na Pzince mycht be his peis
Idolatrie but reuth he did doun thzing,
All Sozsarars he puneist far and neir,
Na Homiceid, noz theif that durst appeir,
Within his sycht foz dzeid of dynt of bzand,
Just men he maid his tallow and his feir,
This humane Pzince James Regẽt of Scotlãd.

The Deuill seand this godly Pzince sa bent,
Thzow auld malice he gaif to rage thzow feid,
His Spzeit Inferne he send Incontment,
Amangis traitours foz to conspyze his deid.
And cruelly but mercy oz remeid,
With schot of gunne yai murdzeist him fra hand,
Schozt ouer twa zeiris quhẽ he had rung in deid
This Innocent Pzince James Regent of Scot-
(land.

QYe vertuous men lament his cairfull chance,
Sen he is gone that suld zow fozthe,
All ze that wald the trew Gospell auance:
Beuaill, beuaill, foz that sweit Josue.
Zour secund Moyses, that led zow thzow ye se,
Had he Indurit zour Canane land had stand,
Dispair not zit. Chzist will zour Capitane be,
Sen he is gone James Regent of Scotland.

QYe pure cõmounis that lang hes bene oppzest
And ze Burrowis murne and Regrait his fall:
Gif he had leifit, na man durst zow molest
Foz quhy he was ane watcheman on zour wall
Now sen na Pzince may leif vpzycht at all,
In this fals Realme on flane in Burgh and land
Adew no w Mirrour of Justice Pzincipall,
Waill godly Pzince James Regent of Scotlãd.

QThis commoun weill he lukit
Quhilk to maintene na
His lufe to it he schew
And with his blude he stillit it vp
Vnd he mantenit all
His godly lyfe in Joyis
That wald he not, and
That Innocent James Regent

QNow ze his followeris of his
Think on the murther of that
Extend zour strenthis, and all
Pas endlang Clyde, but
Neg Lochis get, that
That Ioffat, that
Seis not quhill
The slauchter of our Regent

QThat Infant Babe,
Saif him from skath,
Remember quhat ze
Zour fais will lauch
Lat na vaine gloir, coue
Expell freindschip to
Keip the last wozdis of
Quhen he deceisit Ja

QHudge is zour fais
With Ithand trystis
To bzing zow to schame
Gaird zow zow lufe,
Zour Pzince & strenth,
Foz gif zour fais
Schaip zow foz deid,
Sen he is gone James

Zour cause is Just,
Bot quhair deuisioun
Chzist hes it said, and
That kingdome sall
Quhen that deuisioun
Thairfoir be war, coun
Foz gif ze perische, zour
Foz now thay want

QGreit is the danger ze
And ze haif schame
Spair not foz geir, bot
Mantene Gods cause,
And he that is of maist
Zour baner sall
To the Confusioun of
Sen he is gone James

O thow that art Omnipotent
Thze persounis Ringand in ane
Help yis pure Realme, preserue
Fra schame and deid, and feid of
Amangis our Nobillis plant pea
Fra mercyles strangers saif vs w
Our sinnis is greit, zit mercy re
Adew foz ay James Regent of

FINIS

Imprentit at Edinburgh be Ro
ANNO DO.

n

ike fa tenderlie,
n aid him agast
ithfullie,
vp at last.
s that trespast,
d stand,
Pzince is past,
ent of Scotland.

is Interpzyse,
Innocent,
l togidder ryse,
incontinent,
mys Inuent,
win Seriand,
rst kin Repent,
of Scotland.

e baik taine in cure,
f togidder byde,
and be sure,
hay se zow deuyde.
oz pzyde.
w and this land,
uft Joy and gyde,
egent of Scotland.

this fals Regioun,
and vp new bandis
confusioun,
wait how it standis.
weill in faithful hã-
er zow to stãd (dis
ll in vther landis,
ent of Scotland.

wald all persew
,it is ane pyne:
s it is trew,
greit ruyne
is sait and tryne,
s na command:
e & freindis sall tyne
s Regent of Scotlãd

and in now but dout,
purpois to se,
bauld hartis be stout
mmoun weill baik Es
gnificie,
ith his awin hand,
Enemie
egent of Scotland.

potent conding,
n ane Trinitie,
eserue our zoung king
feid of Enemie.
nt peace and vnitie,
if vs with thy richt hãd
rcy restis with tye,
ent of Scotland.

I S.

be Robert Lekpreuik.
D. 1570.

In loftie veirs I di
My dyrrie Lamen
And now allace, m
I mak my Proclamati
Defying all, baith crew
That heiris me be Nat
Not for to wyte, my ru
Sen maid is Intimati

I do Intend, nane
That feiris God arycht
Thocht murtherars, & b
Wald haik me out of syc
Thair malice vane, I d
And curse thair subtell t
My name is knawin, ya
Ibrode baith day and n

For I a wyfe wiet
Dois wyn my meit ilk d
For small auaill, ay sellin
The best falloun I may
Besyde the Throne, I w
My mercat but delay:
Gif men thair walk, I h
And heiris it weill away

In felloun feir, at m
Quhat tythands in this
Quhy sit I dum, and dar
Oft tymes thay do dema
To thame agane, I answ
Quhair thay besyde me st
Na thing is eir, bot moy
Wrocht be ane hail full ha

I wickit race of grun
Of Kedrochis curst clan,
Be tressoun vile, quha dois
Thame self baith wyfe and
As lait is sene, with weip
Thairfoir I sall thame ba
Caus our Regent maist I
That cursit seid ouer ran.

Quhat cruelteis thay
Hes wrocht be tymes past,
I lat ouer slyde, I may no
Sa sair I am agast,
Thair anterous actis, yair
Auld bukis quha will ouer
And men on liue, can zit di
Thair doings first and last.

Thairfoir my Lords, as b
Sen ze ar happit hidder,
This I will say tuir spoir a
My wordis weill consider
And pōder pame for zour a
To mark thame be not lidd
Lat na mans feid, throw fei
Zour harris mak to swidde

For I heir say, thay wi
Thair baners on the feild:
Thinkand but dout, to ruit z
Or cause zow seik sum b
At thame, rycht fane, or
That ganzeil will thay zeild
Stand not abak (oh) febill p
Bot swordis leir to weild.

Maddis Proclamatioun

I Defend zour richt, in Goddis sicht
Quhome of do ze stand aw:
Rycht few I trow, will zow allow,
Gif ze zour selfis misknaw.
Stand to thairfour, fyle not the scoir,
Bot all togidder draw,
Not in Cat harrowis, lyke cãbrit mar-
For feir of efter flaw. (rowis

I Do ze not se that mad menez,
How thay ar warin crous:
To wirk zow tene, pai mak ye Quene,
Thair strenth and strang blokhous.
The murther fy, thay do deny,
And countis zow not ane sous,
Thair proude pretence throw negligẽce
Will be maist dangerous.

To Lythqu toun, thay ar all boun
Quhair thay the murther wrocht,
And thinkis to de, or forfaltne,
Thair fellony forethocht.
And trewlie I, can not espy,
Quhat vther thing thay socht,
Bot King put doun, & claine the Croun
Be bludy murther bocht.

I Wans and muse, how thay er-
This murther perpetrate, (cuse
Or with quhat grace haldis vp yair face
Quhair it is nominate.
Gif (as I trow) thay it allow,
Lyk Wolfis Insatiate:
Quha can repent, that thay be schent,
With bluide consaculate?

I Fall to thairfoir I zow Imploir,
My Lords with ane assent,
And think it lang, ay quhill ze fang,
The feiris that did Inuent
This crueltie, be tyrannie,
To sla our rycht Regent,
For thay maist sure, dois still Indure
With hartis Impenitent.

I That mã in deid, is worth ill meid
His fault that dois confes,
Bot quhat reward suld be preparde,
For him that dois transgres.
And will not graunt, bot rather vaunt
In his vnhappynes,
Maist sure the gallous, with all his fal
For thair vnthankfulnes. (lous,

For gif self luse, was from abuse,
Deiectit out of heuin,
Quhen Lucifer, wald be ane bar,
To God and think him euin.
Quhat sall we wene of tratours kene,
Quat Ichandly hes streuin
For to deface the Nobill race,
Of Stewarts od and euin.

I Considder weill, thair cãkrit zeill
Hes thristit mony day,
For to posses but godlynes,
The Crowne withouttin stay.
As now of lait, thair curst consait,
With murther thay display:
Quhe thay thocht gude, to drink this
Be that vngodly way. (bludi

I Bot Sathan sure, dois thame al-
With wordis fals and vane: (lure
Ay promysing, thame to be King,
Quhairof thay ar full fane.
In Paradice he did Intice,
Be subtell craft and trane,
The man first maid, sa God hes said,
In Sacrede Scripture plane.

I He said that he, suld equall be,
To God Omnipotent,
The Appill sweit, gif he wald eit,
Quhairof was maid restraint.
With small defence, he gaif credence
Bot did he not repent?
Quhen efterwart, he felt the smart,
And God aganis him bent.

I Sa sall all thay, pat dois pis day
With mischant mynde maling,
Aganis the treuth but ony reuth
And Crowning of our King.
And this thay mufe for thair behufe,
To place thair awin offspring,
But thay repent, thay will be schent,
And hell at thair ending.

I Authoritie gif Just he be,
Quhy do thay this Ill will him?
His graitfull gide, throw peuische pride
Allace quhy did thay kill him?
Thair heid supreme in to this Realme
Admit git thay not will him
Than ze my Lords, cut of with cords
Thame will be troublous till him.

I Reuenge this wrang, lat tratour
Gods Lawis dois sa requyre, (hang
Lat Caleb cry, and Josue seik,
The promyssit Impyre.
Thocht murmurars, and murtherars
Wald all zour deith conspyre:
In wyldernes with curstnes,
At lenth thay will all tyre.

I That Campion of Babilon,
That bludy beildar vp:
With Mytrid heid, ane homyceid,
That faikles blude dois sup.
Gar cow his Crowne, or put him doun
That he may taist the Cup
Quhairwith oft tymes, for faikles cry-
Mennis lyues he Interup. (mes

I And se that neuer, ze do disseuer
From first contractit band,
Quhen ze our King of zeiris zing,
Maid Rewlar of this land.
Lat not Inuy, cause sum ly by,
Bot all togidder stand:
Than God the Lord, misericord,
Will be zour sure warrand.

I From Cail mercat, quhair as I sat
Thir wordis I did Indyte,
The wyfis amãg, that thocht greit lãg
To se my awin hand wryte.
Gif ony be, that will Judge me,
To speik bot in dispyte,
Gar mend the mis, committit is,
And I na mair sall flyte.

FINIS. Quod Maddie.

ANother, out of Goodwill.

THe Grace from God
a Rom.1.a. 1.Cor.1.a. 2.Cor.13.c. Ephe 1.a. the[a] Father hye /
Which is of Mightes most a /
The Mercye cake from Chzist our Lozde /
And Peace from the holye Gost a,
Com to All // That now shall,
b Iohn.17.c. Rom.12.b. 15.a. 1.Cor.1.a. Phil.1.a.3.b. In[b] Loue with vs agree a /
And consent // With whole Intent,
To the Loues Soscietee a.

•2.
c Deu.10.30 b Math.22.c. LOVE the[c] Lozde aboue al-thinge,
Is the first Pzecept by name a:
Loue thy Neyghbour as thy-selfe,
The second's lyke thesame a.
d Exo.24.34.c Deut.10.a. e Iohn.1.a. f Iob.10.c. Esa.5.c.60. Thus wee see // Loue to bee,
Wzitten with[d] Gods-his owne Hande a /
To[e] geeue vs Light // And guyde vs right;
Eauen[f] out of that darke Lande a.

•3•
g Mat.11 d.18 YOVNGE-men in your[g] Littlenes,
Remember what is sayde a:
Let all our Elders in the Loue,
h Heb.12.b. i 1.Tim.4. 1.Ioh.3 a.4 b k Ecch.6 d.8.a 9.c. Wyth Reuerence bee[h] obayde a.
Exercyse[i] // Amonge the[k] Wyse
That holye Seruice, then a /
Which God hath wzought // And also tought,
By hys Myniſter H. N. a.

•4•
l 1.Cor.13.b. 1.Iohn.3.4. m Gen.3.a. Mark.16.d. n Sap.16.c. IN Loues[l] Pzeceptes let vs pzoceede /
And coupple arme-in-arme a /
The Serpentes Bzoode, that wolde destroye,
Shall: then; doo vs[m] no harme a.
Loue shee sowndes // All[n] our Woundes,
Wyth her most pleasant Wine a /
o 1.Pet.1.b. 1.Iohn.3.4.a b As wee[o] obaye // And lyue alwaye,
In her Seruice diuine a.

•5.
p Ephe.6.b. AGAINST the Sinne let vs putt-on,
Such[p] Armour as is best a /
☞ Which in the Seruice of the Loue,
Is perfectlye expzesst a.
q Math.6.b. And let vs[q] pzaye // To God alwaye /
Eauen-lyke as wee are taught a /
So shall wee synde // Within our Mynde,
r Mich.6.b. How Sinne shall[r] go to naught a.

•6.
s 2.Cor.7.a. Phil.3.b. t Deut.10.a. Esa.41.a. Math.10.b. u Psa.3.a.27.a x Esa.11 a.57 b 2.Tess.2.a. THOS[s] ga-wee fourth, goodwillinglie /
And haue no[t] doubt in mynde a /
Although so[u] manye our Enemyes were,
As Heares on Head wee synde a:
Loue shall make // Them all to quake /
The Tyme is com-about a /
For with her[x] Breath // If wee haue Faith,
So shall shee cast them out a.

•7.
y 1.Tess.4.a. 1 Pet.3.4.a. z Psal.134.138 140. Col.3.b. ☞ AT vpright[y] Lyfe in Lowlynes,
Let vs expzesse alwaye a /
Amonge such as wee deale-with-all,
In all Affayres I saye a:
So to[z] pzayse // God alwayse,
Eauen-as is sayde aboue a.
That's indeede // As wee reede /
The Seruice of the Loue a.

NO Godseruice els do wee knowe /
Nor none maye wee frequent a /
Without this most holye Seruice[a] /
With her godlie Intent a /
Hee is blest // That's now prest,
To serue vnder Loues Bande a:
b 1.Cor.13.a. Shee shall[b] byde // And neuer slyde /
But euermore shall stande a.

•8.
a 1.Cor.13. 1.Iohn.3.4. •9•
c Gen.4. Iudæ.1. d Psal.34.c. 1.Pet.3.b. ALL-though that wycked Seede of Cain,
To[c] Rebellious-stirpse arpse a /
Yet shall those seeke the[d] Peace and Rest,
So manye as be wyse a.
For all must tast // ; Now at the last;
e Ier.23 b.49b [e] Suth Drincke as they do brue a /
And what they[f] seeke // That shall them meete:
Thys thynge is verye-true a.
f Mat.10.d.16

•10.
g Gen.4.c. THAT Wanton-lust of[g] Lamech Lyne /
Expell out of your mynde a /
h Ephe.5.a Iudæ.1.b. And[h] vnto her Lightmyndednes,
Bee you in no-wise kynde a:
For with all Kindes // Or wycked Mindes
(Wheare Darknes doth remayne a)
i Math.25. Eauen in the[i] Hell // Theare shall shee dwell /
With all that to her pertayne a.

•11.
k Rom.12.b. 1.Tess.3.b. 2.Pet.2.b.3 b i Rom.8.d. THEN louinglye let vs stande fast,
In[k] brotherlye Accozde a /
Lyke-as the Seruice of the Loue,
Requyreth in hys Wozde a:
So Loue will // Blesse[l] vs still /
And woozke all for the best a:
If so bee // Wee agree[m] /
And mynde the Peace and Rest a.
m Rom.12.b Hebr.12.b.

•12.
n Rom.13. 1 Pet.2.b. o Math.17.c. LET vs obeye the[n] Gouernours /
And lyue vnder their Lawes a:
And eake to them all Tribute paye /
Eauen for the Peaces cause a:
Yet Loue is[o] free // Though shee agree,
That they shall haue such thynge a:
And what is right // To God almight,
That[p] must wee to hym bzynge a.
p Math. 22.c.

•13.
q Psal.37 a. Esa.30.b. r Ephe.5.c. 1.Tess.5.b. s Col.3.b. IN[q] stilnes thus let vs go-fourth /
(With[r] Thankfulnes amonge a)
Wyth sewe Woozdes, as wee are taught /
And thus I ende my Songe a.
In Loues[s] Bande // ; Hande-in-hande;
Let vs pzoceede on still a.
O Israell // Take this well /
As out of my Goodwill a.

FINIS.

PER VV. S. VERITATIS AMATOREM.

.ANNO. 1574.

A New Balade or Songe, of the Lambes Feast.

I Heard one saye:
[a] Com now awaye /
Make no delaye:
Alack / why stande yee than?
All is doubtlesse
[b] In redynesse /
[c] There wantes but Gesse,
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest // in verye deede /
[d] That's found a Gest // in the Mariage-weede.

.2. THE Scriptures all /
[e] Perfourmed shall
Bee, in this my Call /
Voyced-out by H. N. (than):
[f] I am Gods Loue /
Com from aboue /
[g] All Men to moue,
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.3. MAKE haste and speede /
I am indeede
[h] That Maryage-weede,
That Those must putt-on, than /
Which shall bee fitt /
Or-els permitt
[i] Downe for to sitt /
At the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.4. [k] Do not dispyse
Thys myne Aduyse /
Yee that bee wyse /
And lust for to eate than,
[l] Of the lyuinge Wood /
Or heauenlye Food /
So pure and good /
In the Supper of the Lamb /
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.5. THAT Seede [m] of Seth /
[n] Which passe thorowe Death
(In Abrahams [o] Fayth)
To Lyfe: They onlye than,
[p] Shall be sett-downe
With great Renowne /
And weare the [q] Crowne /
In the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.6. ALL Scripture-wyse
That now surmyse /
How to dispyse
Mee / in their [r] Wysedom, than /
[s] They shall no-dout
(Amonge all Stout)
Bee shutt [t] wyth-out
The Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.7. FOR none I saye /
Saue onlye thaye
That shall [u] obaye,
Myne holye Seruyce, than
(Which doth bryngе-in
The [v] Death of Sin)
Maye enter-in,
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

THEN all that nowe
In [x] Stryfe do growe /
And wyll not [y] bowe,
To ... ploulye Warnynges, than /
Must now at last
Cleene out bee cast /
And [z] neuer tast
The Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.8.

.9. THEN runne apace /
Whylst there is Grace [a] /
Or Tyme and space /
So fast as euer yee can /
To Syons [b] Hyll:
Wheare All that wyll
May eate theire fyll /
In the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.10. NEGLECT Mee not /
As they dyd [c] Lot
Longe past / yee wot /
And perryshed all than:
My Loue pervse /
Make no [d] excuse /
Lest yee refuse
The Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.11. WHEN All were-sett /
And furnysht nett
(Both small and great)
So was it foreseene than,
Of the Bydegroome /
That ther was [e] roome
For more to come /
In the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest &c.

.12. THEN must I go
To the [f] Hye-wayes, lo /
And Hedges, tho /
And seeke them-vp all than:
All Those by name
That's Blynde or Lame /
And compell thesame,
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.13. THE Lorde hath swore
Longe-tyme before /
That [g] neuermore
Such as excused them than /
Shoulde tast or eate
Of the heauenlye Meate
Or Porcion geat,
In the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest. &c.

.14. FOR that all Kynges /
Vnder Loues Wynges
(Without Grudgynges)
In Peace mought [h] gouerne, than /
Praye All: that truste
Amonge the Just /
Or haue a Lust
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest // in verye deede /
That's found a Gest // in the Mariage-weede.

FINIS.

Little John and the Four Beggers: *Or,*

A new merry Song of *Robin Hood*, and little *John*, ſhewing how little *John* went a begging, and how he fought with four Beggers, and what a prize he got of the four Beggers. The tune is, *Robin Hood*, &c.

ALL you that delight to ſpend ſome time,
with a hey down down a down down.
A merry Song to ſing,
Unto me draw near and you ſhall hear,
how little John went a begging
As Robin Hood walked the Foreſt along,
with a hey, &c.
And all his Comandrée,
Sayes Robin ſome of you muſt a begging go
and little John it muſt be thée.
Sayes John if I muſt a begging go,
with a hey, &c.
I will have a Palmers weed,
With a ſtaff and a Coat and bags of all ſorts
the better then ſhall I ſpéed.
Come give me now a bag for my bread
with a hey, &c.
And another for my Chéeſe,
And one for a penny when I get any
that nothing I may léeſe.
Now little John is a begging gone,
with a hey, &c,
Séeking for ſome relief,
But of all the Beggers he met on the way
little John was the chief.

But as he was walking himſelf alone,
with a hey, &c.
Four Beggers he chanced to ſpy, (behind
Some deaf and ſome blind, and ſome came
Sayes John here's brave company.
Good morrow ſaid John my children dear,
with a hey, &c.
Good fortune I had you to ſée,
Which way do you go, pray let me know
for I want ſome company.
O what is here to do then ſaid little John,
with a hey, &c.
Why rings all theſe bells ſaid he?
What Dog is a hanging, come lets be gang- (ing
that we the truth may ſée.
Here is no dog hanging then one of them ſaid
with a hey, &c.
Good fellow we tell unto thée, (breed
But here is one dead will give us cheéſe and
and it may be one ſingle penny.
We have brethren in London another he ſaid
with a hey, &c.
So have we in the Country,
In Barwick and Dover and all the world over
but nere a crabt Carrill like thee:

THerefore ſtand thou back thou crooked ra-
with a hey, &c. (ſcal
And take that knock on the crown,
May ſaid little John I'le not be gone,
for a bout will I have with you round.
Now have at you all then ſaid little John,
with a hey, &c.
If you be ſo full of your blows,
Fight on all four and nere give oze,
whether you be friends or foes.
John nipped the dumb, and made him to roze,
with a hey, &c.
And the blind that could not ſee,
And he that a Cripple had been ſeven years
he made them run faſter then he.
And ſlinging them all againſt the wall,
with a hey, &c.
With many a ſturdy bang,
It made John ſing to hear the gold ring,
which againſt the wall cry'd twang.
Then he got out of the Beggers-clock,
with a hey, &c.
Three hundred pound in gold,
Good fortune had I then ſaid little John,
ſuch a good ſight to behold.
But what found he in a Beggers bag,
with a hey, &c.
But three hundred pound and three,
If I drink water while this doth laſt,
then an evil death may I die.
And my begging trade I now will give oze,
with a hey, &c.
My fortune it hath been ſo good,
Therefore I'le not ſtay, but I will away
to the Forreſt of merry Sherwood.
But when to the Forreſt of Sherwood he came
with a hey, &c.
He quickly there did ſee,
His Maſter Good bold Robin Hood,
and all his company.
What news what news then ſaid Robin,
with a hey, &c. (Hood
Come little John tell unto me,
How haſt thou ſped with the Beggers trade,
for that I fain would ſee.
No news but good then ſaid little John,
with a hey, &c.
With begging full well I have ſped,
Six hundred and three I have here for thee
in ſilver and gold ſo red.
Then Robin Hood took little John by the hand,
with a hey, &c.
And danced about the Oke-tree,
If we drink water while this doth laſt,
then an ill death may we die.
So to conclude my merry new Song,
with a hey, &c.
And you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood that Archer good,
and how little John went a Begging.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Robin Hood's Golden Prize.

He met two Prieſts upon the way,
And forced them with him to Pray,
For Gold they pray'd, and Gold they had
Enough to make bold *Robin* glad:
His ſhare came to four hundred pound
That then was told upon the ground:
Now mark and you ſhall here the jeſt,
You never heard the like expreſt.

Tune is, *Robin Hood was a tall young man.*

I Have heard talk of bold Robin Hood,
derry, derry down,
And of brave Little John,
Of Fryer Tuck, and William Scarlet,
Loxley, and Maid Marion,
hey down, derry, derry down.
But ſuch a tale as this, before
derry, &c.
I think there was never none,
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
and to the green wood is gone.
hey down, &c.
Like to a Fryer bold Robin Hood
derry, &c.
Was accoutred in his array,
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
he paſt upon the way.
hey down, &c.
He had not gone miles two or three
derry, &c.
But it was his chance to ſpy
Two luſty Prieſts clad all in black
come riding gallantly.
hey down, &c.
Benedicite then ſaid Robin Hood,
derry, &c.
Some pitty on me take,
Croſs you my hand with a ſilver groat,
for our dear Ladies ſake.
hey down, &c.
For I been wandring all this day,
derry, &c.
And nothing could I get,
Not ſo much as one poor cup of drink,
nor bit of bread to eat:
hey down, &c.
Now by our holy dame the Prieſts re-
derry, &c. (ply'd,
We never a penny have,
For we this morning have been rob'd,
and could no money ſave:
hey down, &c.
I am afraid, ſaid Robin Hood,
derry, &c.
That you both do tell a lye,
And now before you do go hence
I am reſolv'd to try.
hey down, &c.
When as the Prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
derry, derry, &c.
They rode away amain,
But Robin Hood betook him to his heels
and ſoon overtook them again.
hey down, &c.
Then Robin Hood laid hold on them both
derry, &c.
And pul'd them down from their horſe.
O ſpare us fryer, the Prieſts cry'd out,
on us have ſome remorſe.
hey down, derry, derry down.

YOu said you had no money, quoth he
derry, derry down,
Wherefore without delay.
We three will fall down on our knees,
and for money we will pray.
hey down, derry, derry down.

The Priests they could not him gainsay,
derry, &c.
But down they kneeled with speed,
Send us, O send us, then, quoth they,
some money to serve our need.
hey down, &c.

The Priests did pray with a mournful (chear,
derry, &c.
Sometimes their hands did wring,
Sometimes they wept and cry'd aloud,
whilst Robin did merrily sing.
hey down, &c.

When they had been praying an hours (space
derry, &c.
The Priests did still lament,
Then, quoth bold Robin, now let us see,
what money heaven hath us sent,
hey down, &c.

We will be sharers now all alike,
derry, &c.
Of the money that we have,
And there is never a one of us,
that his fellow shall deceive,
hey down, &c.

The priests their hand into their pockets (put
derry, &c.
But money could find none,
We'l search our selves, said Robin Hood
each other one by one.
hey down, &c.

Then Robin Hood took pains to search (them both,
derry, &c.
And he found good store of gold,
Five hundred pieces presently,
upon the ground was told,
hey down, &c.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
derry, &c.
Such store of Gold to see,
And you shall each one have a part,
Cause you pray'd so heartily.
hey down, &c.

He gave them fifty pounds a piece,
derry, &c.
And the rest for himself did keep.
The Priests durst not speak one word,
but they sighed wondrous deep.
hey down, &c.

With that the Priests rose up from their (knees,
derry, &c.
Thinking to have parted so,
Nay stay said Robin Hood, one thing
I have to say, e're you do go. (more,
hey down, &c.

You shal be sworn, said bold Robin Hood
derry, &c.
Upon this holy grass,
That you will never tell lyes again,
which way soever you pass.
hey down, &c.

the second Oath that here you must take
derry, &c.
All the days of your lives,
You never shall tempt Maids to sin,
nor lie with other mens wives.
hey down, &c.

The last Oath you shall take, it is this,
derry, &c
Be charitable to the poor,
Say you have met with a Holy Fryer,
and I desire no more.
hey down, &c.

He set them on their horses again,
derry, &c.
And away then they did ride,
And he return'd to the merry green wood
with great joy, mirth, and pride.
hey down, derry, derry down.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke

Robin Hoods Chaſe:

OR,

A Merry Progreſs between *Robin Hood* and King *Henry*.
Shewing how *Robin Hood* led the King his Chaſe, from *London* to *London*, and when he had ſpoken with the *Queen*, he returned to merry *Sherewood*.
To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and the beggar*.

COme you gallants all, to you I do call
with hey down, down, an a down,
that now is within this place,
For a ſong I will ſing, of Henry the King,
how he did Robin Hood chaſe.

Queen Katherine ſhe a match did make,
with hey, &c.
as plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red Wine,
and three hundred tun of beer.

But yet her Archers ſhe had to ſeek,
with hey, &c.
with their Bows and Arrows ſo good,
But her mind was bent, with a good intent
to ſend for bold Robin Hood.

And when bold Robin hood he came there
with hey, &c.
Queen Katherine ſhe did ſay:
Thou art welcome Lockſly ſaid the Queen
and all thy Yeomen gay.

For a match of ſhooting I have made,
with hey, &c.
and thou on my part muſt be:
Robin.
If I miſs the mark, be it light or dark,
then hanged I will be,
But when the Game it come to be play'd
with hey, &c.
bold Robin then drew nigh,
with his Mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen
he let his Arrows flye.

And when the Game it ended was,
with hey, &c.
bold Robin wan it with a grace,
Then after the King was angry with him
and vowed he would him chaſe.

What though his pardon granted was,
with hey down, &c.
while he with them did ſtay,
Yet after the King was very'd at him,
when he was gone his way.

Soon after the King from the Court did
with hey, &c.
in a furious angry mood,
And did often enquire, both far and near,
after bold Robin Hood.

And when the King to Nottingham came
with hey, &c.
bold Robin was in the wood:
O come now ſaid he, and let me ſee,
who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that Robin Hood he did hear,
with hey down, down an a down,
the King had him in chaſe:
Then ſaid little John, 'tis time to be gone
and go to ſome other place.

Then away they went from merry
with hey down, &c. (Sherwood
and into Yorkshire he did hye,
And the King did follow, with a hoop and a
but could not come him nigh. (hollow,
Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
with hey, &c.
he went to Newcastle town,
And then stayed he, hours two or three,
and then he for Barwick was gone.
When the King did see how Robin did flee
with hey, &c.
he was vexed wondrous sore,
With a hop and a hollow, he vow'd him to
e take him, or never give o're. (follow,
Come now let's away, then cry'd Little
with hey, &c. (John,
let any man follow that dare,
To Carlisle we'l hye, with our company,
and so then to Lancaster.
From Lancaster then to chester they went
hey down, &c.
and so did King Henry,
Then Robin away, for he durst not stay,
for fear of some treachery.
Says Robin, let us to London go,
with hey, &c.
to see our noble Queens face,
It may be she wants our company,
which make the King so us chase.
When Robin he came Queen Katherine
with hey, &c. (before
he fell low upon his knee,
If it please your Grace, I am come to this
for to speak with King Henry; (place,
Queen Katherine she answer'd bold Robin
with hey, &c. (again,
the King is gone to merry Sherewood,
And when he went away, to me he did say,
he would go seek Robin Hood.
Then fare you well my Gracious queen,
with hey, &c.
for to Sherewood I will hye apace, (me
For fain would I see, what he would with
if I could meet his Grace.
When as King Henry he came home,
with hey, &c.
full weary and full vexed in mind,
Then he did hear, Robin had been there,
and blamed Dame Fortune unkind.
You are welcome home queen Katherine
with hey, &c. (cry'd
Henry my Soveraign Liege,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
your person hath been to seek.
And when King Henry he did hear,
with hey, &c.
that Robin had been there him to seek,
This answer he gave, he's a cunning knave
I have sought him this whole three week
A boon, a boon, Queen Katherine cry'd
with hey, &c.
I beg it here on your Grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife,
and so endeth Robin Hoods Chase,

FINIS.

London, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke,

The Famous Battle between Robin Hood, and the Curtal Fryer.

To a new Northern Tune.

ROBIN HOOD.

THE

Curtal Fryer.

Little Iohn.

IN Summer time when leaves grow green,
and flowers are fresh and gay
Robin Hood and his merry men,
were disposed to play.
Then some would leap and some would run,
and would use Artillery,
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
a good Archer to be.
Which of you can kill a Buck,
or who can kill a Doe?
Or who can kill a Hart of Greece
five hundred foot him fro.
Will Scadlock he kil'd a Buck
and Midge he kil'd a Doe,
And little John kil'd a Hart of Greece,
five hundred foot him fro.
Gods blessing on thy heart said Robin Hood
that shot such a shoot to me,
I would ride my horse a hundred miles
to find one could match thee.
That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,
he laught full heartily,
there lives a curtal Fryer in fountains abby
will beat both him and thee.
That Curtal Fryer in Fountains abby
well can a strong Bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn Oath,
it was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
till the Fryer he did see.
Robin Hood put on his Harnels good,
and on his head a Cap of Steel,
Broad sword and Buckler by his side,
and they became him weel.
He took his Bow into his hand,
it was made of a trusty tree,
With a Sheaf of arrows at his Belt
to the Fountains Dale went he.
And coming unto Fountains Dale
no farther would he ride,
There was he ware of a Curtal Fryer
walking by the water side.
The Fryer had on a Harnels good,
and on his head a cap of steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his side,
and they became him weel.
Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
and tyed him to a thorn.
Carry me over the water thou Curtal Fryer,
or else thy lifes forlorn.
The Fryer took Robin Hod on his back
deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
till he came at the other side.

LIghtly ſtep'd Robin Hood off the Fryers back,
the Fryer ſaid to him again,
Carry me over this water thou fine fellow
or it ſhall breed thy pain.
Robin Hood took the Fryer on his back
deep water he did beſtride.
And ſpake neither good word nor bad
till he came at the other ſide.
Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hods back
Robin Hood ſaid to him again,
Carry me over this water thou Curtal Fryer
or it ſhall breed thy pain.
The Fryer took Robin Hod on's back again
and ſtept up to the knee,
Till he came at the middle ſtream,
neither good nor bad ſpake he.
And coming to the middle ſtream,
there he threw Robin in,
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee fine fellow
whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.
Robin Hood ſwam to a bulh of Broom,
the Fryer to a bigger wand,
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the ſhore,
and took his Bow in hand.
One of his beſt Arrows under his Belt
to the Fryer he let fly,
The Curtle Fryer with his ſteel Buckler
he put that arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on thou fine fellow,
ſhoot as thou haſt begun,
If thou ſhoot here a Summers day
thy mark I will not ſhun.
Robin Hood ſhot ſo paſſing well
till all his arrows were gone,
They took their Swords an Steel Bucklers,
they fought with might and main.
From ten o'th clock that day
till four i'th afternoon,
Then Robin Hood came to Knees
of Fryer to beg a boon.
A boon, a boon thou Curtal Fryer,
I beg it on my Knee,
Give me leave to ſet my horn to my mouth,
and to blow blaſts three.
That will I do ſaid the Curtal Fryer,
of thy blaſts I have no doubt,
I hope thou'lt blow ſo paſſing well,
till both thy eyes fall out.
Robin Hood ſet his horn to his mouth,
he blew but blaſts three,
Half a hundred Yeomen with Bows bent
came ranging over the Lee.
Whoſe men are theſe ſaid the Fryer
that come ſo haſtily,
Theſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryer what is that to thee.
A boon, a boon, ſaid the Curtal Fryer
the like I gave to thee:
Give me leave to ſet my fift to my mouth
and to whute whutes three.
That will I do, ſaid Robin Hood
or elſe I were to blame
Three whutes in a Fryer fift
would make me glad and fain.
The Fryer ſet his fift to his mouth,
and whuted whutes three,
Half a hundred good Way-dogs,
came running the Fryer unto.
Here is for every man a Dog,
and I my ſelf for thee,
Nay by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
Fryer that may not be.
Two Dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
the one behind the other before,
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green
off from his back they tore,
And whether his men ſhot Eaſt or Weſt
or they ſhot North or South,
The Curtle Dogs ſo taught they were,
they caught the arrows in their mouth.
Take up thy Dogs ſaid little John,
Fryer at my bidding be,
Whoſe man art thou, ſaid the Curtal Fryer
comes here to prate with me.
I am little John, Robin Hoods man
Fryer I will not lye,
If thou take not up thy Dogs ſoon
I'le take up them and thee.
Little John had a Bow in his hand
he ſhot with might and main
Soon half a ſcore of the Fryers Dogs,
lay dead upon the plain.
Hold thy hand good fellow, ſaid the Curtal Fryer
thy Maſter and I will agree:
And we will have new orders taken
with all the haſt that may be.
If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain Dale,
and Fountain Abby free,
Every Sunday through the year,
a Noble ſhall be thy fee.
And every Holy-day through the Year
changed ſhall thy Garments be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
and there remain with me.
This Curtal Frier had kept Fountain Dale,
ſeven long years and more,
There was neither Knight Lord nor Earl,
could make him yield before.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

Robin Hood nevvly reviv'd.

To a Delightful new Tune.

COme liſten a while you Gentlemen all
With a hey down, down, a down, down,
That are in this Bower within,
for a ſtory of gallant bold Robin Hood
I purpoſe now to begin.

What time of the day, qd. Robin Hood then,
With a hey down, &c.
Quoth little John 'tis in the prime;
why then we will to the green Wood gang,
For we have no Victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood walkt the Forreſt along,
With a hey down, &c.
It was in the midſt of the day,
there was he met of a deft young man,
As ever walk't on the way.

His Doublet was of ſilk he ſaid,
With a hey down, &c.
His ſtockings like Scarlet ſhone;
and he walkt on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A Herd of Deer was in the Bend,
with a hey down, &c.
All feeding before his face,
now the beſt of ye I'le have to my dinner,
And that in a little ſpace.

Now the ſtranger he made no mickle adoe
with a hey down, &c.
But he bends a right good Bow,
and the beſt Buck in the Herd he ſlew,
Forty good yards him froe.

Well ſhot, well ſhot, qd. Robin Hood then,
With a hey down, &c.
That ſhot it was ſhot in time,
and if thou wilt accept of the place
Thou ſhalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

So play the Chiven the ſtranger ſaid,
with a hey down, &c.
Make haſte and quickly go,
or with my fiſt, before of this,
I'le give thee buffets ſtore.

Thou haſt not beſt buffet me, qd. Robin Hood
with a hey down, &c.
For though I ſeem forlorn,
yet I can have thoſe that will take my part
If I but blow my horn.

Thou waſt not beſt wind thy horn the ſtranger ſaid
with a hey down, &c.
Beſt thou never ſo much in haſte,
for I can draw out a good broad Sword,
And quickly cut the blaſt.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
with a hey down, &c.
To that ſhot and he would fain,
the ſtranger he bent a very good bow,
To ſhot at bold Robin again.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, qd. Robin Hood
with a hey down, &c.
To ſhot it would be in vain,
for if we ſhould ſhot the one at the other,
The one of us muſt be ſlain.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

BUt let's take our ſwoꝛds and our bꝛoad (buckler
with a hey down, &c.
And gang under yonder Tree,
as I hope to be ſav'd the ſtranger ſaid,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the ſtranger a blow
with a hey down, &c.
Moſt ſcard him out of his wit,
thou never felt blow the ſtranger he ſaid,
That ſhall be better quit.

The ſtranger he dꝛew out a good bꝛoad Swoꝛd,
with a hey down, &c.
And hit Robin on the Cꝛown,
that from every hair of bold Robins head,
The blood ran tꝛickling down.

God a mercy good fellow qd. Robin Hood then,
with a hey down, &c.
And foꝛ this that thou haſt done,
tell me good fellow what thou art,
Tell me where thou dooſt woon.

The ſtranger then anſwered bold Robin Hood,
with a hey down, &c,
Ile tell thee where I did dwell,
in Maxfield was I bꝛed and boꝛn,
My name is young Gamwel.

Foꝛ killing of my own Fathers Steward,
with a hey down, &c.
I am foꝛc'd to this Engliſh Wood,
and foꝛ to ſeek an Uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But thou art a Couzen of Robin Hoods then?
with a hey down, &c.
The ſooner we ſhould have done,
as I hope to be ſav'd the ſtranger then ſaid,
I am his own Siſters Son.

But Loꝛd what killing & courting was there,
with a hey down, &c.
When theſe two Couzens did greet,
and they went all that Summers day,
And little John did meet.

But when they met with little John,
with a hey nown, &c.
Ho thereunto did ſay,
O Maſter where have you been,
You have tarried ſo long away?

I met with a ſtranger qd. Robin Hood then,
with a hey down, &c.
Full ſoꝛe he hath beaten me,
Then Ile have a bout with him, qd. little John
and try if he can beat me.

Oh no, oh no, quoth Robin Hood then,
with a hey down, &c.
Little John it may not be ſo,
foꝛ he's my own dear Siſters Son,
And Couzins I have no mo.

But he ſhall be a bold yeoman of mine,
with a hey down, &c.
My chief man next to thee,
and I Robin Hood, and thou little John,
And Scarlet he ſhall be.

And wee'l be three of the bꝛaveſt out-laws,
With a hey down, &c.
That is in the Noꝛth Country,
if you will have any moꝛe of bold Robin Hood
In his ſecond part it will be.

Then bold R. Hood to the Noꝛth he would go,
with a hey down, &c.
With Valour and mickle might,
with ſwoꝛd by his ſide, which oft had been tried
To fight and recover his right.

The firſt that he met was a bonny bold Scot
with a hey down, &c.
His ſervant he ſaid he would be,
no quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
Foꝛ thou wilt pꝛove falſe unto me.

Thou haſt not been true to Sire oꝛ Cuz,
with a hey down, &c.
Nay, marry the Scot he ſaid,
as true as your heart, Ile never part,
Gude Maſter be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turn'd his face to the Eaſt
with a hey down, &c.
Fight on my merry men ſtout,
our caſe is good, qd. bꝛave Robin Hood,
And we ſhall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every ſide,
with a hey down, &c.
The Scotchman made great moan,
qd. Jockey gude faith they fight on each ſide
Would I were with my Wife Jone.

The enemy compaſt bꝛave Robin about,
with a hey down, &c.
'Tis long ere the battel ends,
there's neither will yeild, noꝛ give up ỹ field
Foꝛ both are ſupplied with friends.

This Song it was made in Rob. Hoods days,
with a hey down, &c.
Lets pꝛay unto Jove above,
to give us true peace, ỹ miſchief may ceaſe
And War may give place unto Love.

London, Printed for *Richard Burton*, at the Sign of the Horſhooe in Weſt *Smith-field*.

Robin Hood and the Beggar.

SHEWING

How *Robin Hood* and t'e Beggar fought, and how he changed C'oaths with the Beggar, and how he went a Begging to *Nottingham*: and how he saved three Brethren from being Hanged, for ſtealing the Kings Deer.

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Tanner*.

COme light and liſten you Gentleman all
With hey down and a dawn.
That mirth do love for to hear,
and a Story true, Ile tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment was,
with hey &c.
And Archery was holden good,
there was an Out-law, as many did know,
Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
with hey, &c.
Bold Robin was merry diſpoſ'd,
his time to ſpend, he did intend,
Either with friend or Foe.

Then he got up on a gallant fine Steed,
with hey, &c.
The which was worth Angels ten,
with a Mantle of green, moſt brave to be ſeen
He left all his merry Men.

And riding towards fair Nottingham,
with hey, &c.
Some paſtime for to ſpy;
there was he aware of a jolly Beggar,
As ere he beheld with his eye,

In old patch'd Coat the Beggar had on,
with hey, &c.
Which he daily did uſe for to wear;
and many a bag, about him did wag,
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.

God ſpeed, God ſpeed, ſaid Robin Hood then,
with hey, &c.
What Country man, tell unto me?
I am Yorkſhire Sir, but e're you goe far,
Some Charity give unto me.

Why, what wouldſt thou have, ſaid Robin (Hood,
with hey, &c.
I pray the tell unto me,
no Lands nor no Livings, the Beggar he ſaid,
But a penny for Charity,

I have no Money ſaid Robin Hood then,
with hey, &c.
But a Ranger within the Wood,
I am an Out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I muſt tell thee, honny Beggar,
with hey, &c
That a bout with thee I muſt try,
thy Coat of Gray, lay down I ſay,
And my Mantle of Green ſhall lye by.

The second Part, to the same Tune

COntent, content, the Beggar he cry'd,
with hey down, down and a down.
Thy part it will be the worse,
for I hope this bout, to give thee the rout.
And then have at thy Purse.

The Beggar he had a mickle long staff,
with hey, &c.
And Robin had a nut-brown Sword,
so the Beggar drew nigh, & at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
with hey, &c.
This Game well pleaseth me:
for every blow then Robin did give,
The Beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there, full hard and sore,
with hey &c.,
Not far from Nottingham Town,
they never fled, till from Robins head,
The blood came tickling down.

O hold thy hand, said Robin then,
with hey, &c.
And then and I will agree,
If that be true, the Beggar he said,
Thy Mantle come give unto me.

Nay, a change, a change, cry'd Robin Hood?
with hey, &c.
Thy Bags and Coat give me,
and this Mantle of mine, I'le to thee resign
My Horse and my bravery,

When Robin had got the Beggars Cloaths,
with hey, &c.
He looked round about,
methinks, said he, I seem to be
A Beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,
with hey, &c.
So have I another for Corn,
I have one for Malt, and another for Salt,
And one for my little Horn,

And now I will a beging go,
with hey, &c.
Some charity for to find,
and if any more of Robin you'l know,
In the Second Part its behind,

NOw Robin he is to Nottingingham gone,
with hey down, down and a down.
With his bags hanging down to his knee,
his staff & his Coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,
with hey, &c.
He heard a pittiful cry:
three Brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he hyed to the Sheriffs,
with hey, &c
Some relief for to seek,
he skipt, & he leapt, and capor'd full high,
As he went along the street,

But when to the Sheriffs door he came,
with hey, &c.
He met a Gentleman fine and brave,
thou Beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
What is it that thou would'st have?

No meat nor drink, said Robin then,
with hey, &c.
That I come here to crave,
but to beg the lives of Youngmen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold Beggar,
with hey, &c.
Their Fact it is so clear,
I tell to thee, hang'd they must be,
For stealing of the King Deer.

But when to the Gallows they did come,
with hey, &c.
There was many a weeping eye:
O hold your peace, said Robin then,
For certainly they shalt not dye.

Then Robin he set his Horn to his mouth,
with hey, &c.
And blew but blasts three,
till a hundred bold Archers brave,
Came kneeling down on their knee.

What is your Will, Master they said,
with hey, &c.
We are here at your command:
shoot East, shoot West, said Robin then,
And look that ye spare no man.

Then they shot East, and they shot West,
with hey, &c.
Their Arrows were so keen,
the Sheriff he, and his company,
No longer must be seen.

Then he stept to these Brethren three,
with hey, &c.
And away he has them tane, (lost,
but the Sheriff was crost, and many a man
That dead lay on the Plain.

And away they went into the merry Green-
with hey, &c. (wood,
And sung with a merry glee,
then Robin Hood, took these Brethren good,
To be one of his Yeomandry.

FINIS. T. R.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

A New Song to drive away cold Winter, Between *Robin Hood* and the Jovial Tinker.

How *Robin* by a wile, the Tinker he did cheat,
But at the length, as you ſhall hear, the Tinker did him beat:
Where by the ſame, they did then agree,
And after liv'd in love and unity.
The Tune is, *In Summer time.*

IN ſummer time when leaves grow green,
down, a down, a down;
And Birds ſinging on every Tree,
hey down, down a down,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
down a, down a, down,
As faſt as he could dree,
hey down a, down a, down.

And as he came to Nottingham,
a Tinker he did meet:
And ſeeing him a luſty Blade,
he did him kindly greet.

Where doſt thou live, qd. Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell,
Sad News I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well.

What is that news, the Tinker ſaid,
tell me without delay:
I am a Tinker by my Trade,
and do live at Banburay.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
it is but as I hear,
Two Tinkers they were ſet i'th Stocks,
for drinking Ale and Beer.

If that be all, the Tinker ſaid,
as I may ſay to you,
Your news it is not worth a Fart,
ſince that they all be true.

For drinking of good Ale and Beer,
you will not loſe your part:
No by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
tell me what thou doſt hear:
Being thou goeſt from town to town,
ſome news thou need not fear.

All the news, the Tinker ſaid,
I hear, it is for good:
It is to ſeek a bold Out-law,
which they call Robin Hood.

I have a Warrant from the King,
to take him where I can,
If you can tell me where he is,
I will make you a Man.

The King would give an hundred pound,
that he could but him ſee:
And if we can but now him get,
it will ſerve you and me.

Let me ſee that Warrant, ſaid Rob. Hood,
I'le ſee if it be right,
And I will do the beſt I can,
for to take him this night.

That will I not, the Tinker ſaid,
none with it I will truſt,
And where he is, if you'l not tell,
take him by force I muſt.

But Robin Hood perceiving well,
down, a down, a down,
How then the game would go,
hey down, a down, a down,
If you will go to Nottingham,
down, a down, a down,
We ſhall find him I know,
hey down, a down, a down.

The Second Part,

To the same Tune.

The Tinker had a Crab-tree staff,
down, a down, a down,
Which was both good and strong,
hey down, a down, a down,
Robin he had a good strong Blade,
down, a down, a down,
So they went both along,
hey down, a down, a down.

And when they came to Nottingham,
then they both took an Inn,
And there they call'd for Ale and Wine,
to drink it was no sin.

But Ale and Wine they drank so fast,
that the Tinker he forgot,
What thing he was about to do,
it fell so to his lot.

That while the Tinker fell asleep,
he made then haste away,
And left the Tinker in the lurch,
for the great shot to pay.

But when the Tinker wakened,
and saw that he was gone:
He called then even for his Host,
and thus he made his moan.

I had a Warrant from the King,
which might have done me good,
That is to seek a bold Out-law,
some call him Robin Hood.

But now my Warrant and money's gone,
nothing I have to pay:
And he that promis'd to be my friend,
he is gone and fled away.

That Friend you tell on, said his Host,
they call him Robin Hood,
And when that first he met with you,
he meant you little good.

Had I known it had been he,
when that I had him here:
Th'one of us should have try'd our strength
which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I was away,
no longer here I'le bide:
But I will go and seek him out,
whatever do betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,
what here I have to pay:
Ten shillings just, then said the Host,
I'le pay without delay.

Or else take here my working-bag,
and my good Hammer too:
And if I light but on that Knave,
I will then soon pay you.

The only way, then said the Host,
and not to stand in fear:
Is to seek him among the Parks,
killing of the Kings Deer.

The Tinker he then went with speed,
and made then no delay:
Till he had then found Robin Hood,
that they might have a fray.

At last he spy'd him in a Park,
hunting then of the Deer:
What Knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
that doth come me so near.

No Knave, no Knave, the Tinker said,
and that you soon shall know,
Whether of us hath done most wrong,
my Crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin drew his gallant Blade,
made then of trusty steel:
But the Tinker he laid on so fast,
that he made Robin reel.

Then Robins anger did arise,
he Fought full manfully:
Until he had made the Tinker,
almost then fit to flye.

With that they had a bout again,
they ply'd their Weapons fast:
The Tinker threshed his bones so sore,
that he made him yield at last.

A boon, a boon, Robin he cries,
if thou wilt grant it me:
Before I do it the Tinker said,
I'le hang thee on this Tree.

But the Tinker looking him about,
Robin his Horn did blow,
Then came unto him Little John,
and Will Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John,
you sit in the High-way side?
Here is a Tinker that stands by,
that hath paid well my hide.

That Tinker, then said little John,
fain that Blade I would see,
And I would try what I could do,
if he'l do as much for me.

But Robin he then wisht them both,
they would the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may live as one,
and ever live in peace.

And for the jovial Tinkers part,
a hundred pound I'le give,
In th' Year to maintain him on,
as long as he doth live.

In Man-hood he is a mettle-man,
and a mettle-man by Trade,
I never thought that any man,
should have made me so afraid.

And if he will be one with us,
we will take all one fare:
And whatsoever we do get,
he shall have his full share.

So the Tinker was content,
down, a down, a down,
With them to go along:
hey down, a down, a down,
And with them a part to take,
down, a down, a down,
And so I end my Song,
hey down, a down, a down.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

The Jolly Pinder of *Wakefield*, with *Robin Hood*, *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
in Wakefield all on a green,
in Wakefield all on a green.
There is neither Knight, nor Squire, said the Pinder
nor Baron that is so bold,
nor Baron that is so bold.
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
but his pledge goes to the Pinfold, &c.
All this beheard three witty young men,
'twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John, &c.
With that they espyed the jolly Pinder,
as he sat under a thorn, &c.
Now turn again, turn again said the Pinder,
for a wrong way you have gone, &c.
For you have forsaken the Kings high-way,
and made a path over the Corn, &c.
O that were great shame said jolly Robin,
we being three, and thou but one, &c.
The Pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'twas thirty good foot and one, &c.
He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
and his foot unto a stone, &c.
And there he fought a long summers day,
a Summers day so long, &c.
Till that their Swords on their broad Bucklers
were broke fast unto their hands, &c.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
and my merry men every one, &c.
For this is one of the best Pinders,
that ever I try'd with Sword, &c.
And wilt thou forsake thy Pinders craft,
and live in green Wood with me, &c.
At Michaelmas next my Cov'nant comes out,
when every man gathers his fee, &c.
I'le take my blew blade all in my hand,
and plod to the green wood with thee, &c.
Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
for my merry men and me, &c.
I have both Bread and Beef, said the Pinder
and good Ale of the best, &c.
And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
for such unbidden Guest, &c.
O wilt thou forsake the Pinder his craft,
and go to the green Wood with me, &c.
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
the one green the other brown, &c.
If Michaelmas day was come and gone,
and my Master had paid me my fee,
and my Master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
as my Master doth by me,
as my Master doth by me.

The Noble Acts Newly found, Of *Arthur* of the Table Round.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

When Arthur first in Court began,
and was approved King,
By force of Arms great Victories won,
and Conquest home did bring,
Then into Brittain straight he came,
where fifty stout and able
Knights, then repaired unto him
which were of the round Table.
And many Justs and Turnaments
before him their were prest,
Wherein these Knights did then excel,
and far surmount the rest:
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of Arms,
all others did excel.
When he had rested him a while,
to Play, and Game, and Sport,
He thought he would approve himself
in some adventurous sort:
He armed rode in Forrest wide,
and met a Damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear.
Why should I not (quoth Lancelot tho)
for that cause came I hither:
Thou seem'st, qd. she, a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither.
Whereas the mightiest Knight doth dwell,
that now is of great fame:
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art
and then what is thy name.
My name is Lancelot du Lake:
quoth she, it likes me then:
Here dwells a Knight that never was
o're matcht of any man,
Who hath in Prison threescore Knights,
and some that he hath bound.
Knights of King Arthurs Court they be,
and of the Table round.
She brought him to a River then
and also to a Tree,
Whereas a Copper Bason hung,
his fellows shields to see:
He struck so hard the Bason broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He drove a horse before him straight,
whereon a Knight was bound.
Sir Knight (then said Sir Lancelot)
bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him down and let him rest,
we'l try our force together:
For as I understand thou hast,
as far as thou art able,
Done great despight and shame unto
the Knights of the round Table.
If thou art of the Table round,
quoth Tarquin speedily,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defie.
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho;
defend thee by and by,
They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other flye;
They couch their Spears, and Horses run,
as though they had been thunder,
And each struck then upon the Shield,
wherewith they brake asunder,
Their Horses backs brake under them,
the Knights were both astoned,
To void their Horses they made haste,
to light upon the ground:
They took them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out then,
With mighty strokes most eagerly
each one at other ran:
They wounded were, and bled full sore,
for breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their Swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I shall ask:
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best Knight
that ever I did know;
And like a Knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth Lancelot then,
but sith it so must be,
What is that Knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee shew to me?
His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my brother dear,
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy wish thou hast, but now unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now Knight of Arthurs Table round,
Kings Hands Son of Benwake;
And I defie thee, do thy worst,
Ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two shall end their lives
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be,
Wherefore see thou thy self defend
for now I thee defie.
They hurled then together fast,
like two wild Boars so rashing,
And with their Swords and Shields they ran
at one another flashing:
The ground besprinkled was with blood
Tarquin began to faint,
For he had hackt and bore his Shield
so low he did repent;
That soon espyed Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
and rushed off his Helm;
And then he struck his neck in two,
and when he had done so,
From Prison threescore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.

An Excellent Ballad of *George Barnwel*, an Apprentice of *London*, who was undone by a Strumpet, who having thrice robbed his Master, and murdered his Uncle in *Ludlow*, was hanged in Chains in *Polonia*, and by the means of a Letter sent from his own hand to the Mayor of *London*, she was hang'd at *Ludlow*.

The Tune is, *The Rich Merchant-Man.*

ALL youths of fair England,
that dwell both far and neer,
Regard my story that I tell,
and to my song give ear:
A London Lad I was,
a Merchants Prentice bound,
My name George Barnwel who did
my master many a pound. (spend
Take heed of Harlots then,
and their inticing trains,
For by that means I have been
to hang alive in chains. (brought,
As I upon a day
was walking through the street,
About my masters business,
I did a wanton meet:
A dainty gallant Dame,
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling looks she greeted me
and did my name require.
Which when I had declar'd,
she gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more then this.
In faith my boy, quoth she,
such news I can thee tell,
As shall rejoyce thy very heart,
then come where I do dwell.
Fair Mistris, then said I,
if I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
for I abroad must go,
To gather money in,
that is my masters due,
And e're that I do home return,
I'le come and visit you.
Good Barnwel then, quoth she,
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Milwood there,
next door unto the Gun.
And trust me on my truth,
if thou keep troth with me, (heart,
For thy friends sake, as my own
thou shalt right welcome be.
Thus parted we in peace,
and home I paced right,
Then went abroad and gathered in
by five a clock at night:
A hundred pound and one,
with bag under mine arm,
I went to Mrs. Milwoods house
and thought on little harm:
And knocking at the door,
straightway her self came down,
Rustling in most brave attire,
her Hoods and silken gown:
Who through her beauty bright,
so gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazling eyes,
she seemed so divine.
She took me by the hand,
and with a modest grace,
Welcome sweet Barnwel than, qd.
unto this homely place: (she,
Welcome ten thousand times,
more welcome then my brother,
And better welcome I protest,
then any one or other:
And seeing I have thee found
as good as thy word to be,
A homely supper e're thou part,
thou shalt here take with me.
O pardon me, quoth I,
fair Mistris I you pray,
For why out of my Masters house,
so long I dare not stay.
Alas, good sir, she said,
art thou so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest
one hour or two abide? (friend
Fath then the case is hard
if it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a Prentice bound
to live in house with thee.
Therefore my sweetest George,
list well what I do say,
And do not blame a woman much,
her fancy to bewray:
Let not affections force
be counted lewd desire,
Nor think it not immodesty,
I would thy love require.
With that she turn'd aside,
and with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd,
by holding down her head.
A Handkerchief she had,
all wrought with silk and gold,
which she to stop her trickling tears
against her eyes did hold.
This thing unto my sight,
was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my mind and inward thoughts
it wrought a sudden change:
That I so hardy was,
to take her by the hand,
Saying, Sweet Mistris, why do you
so sad and heavy stand?
Call me not Mistris now,
but Sara thy true friend,
Thy servant Sara honouring thee,
until her life doth end.
If thou wouldst here alledge
thou art in years a Boy,
So was Adonis, yet was he,
fair Venus love and joy.
Thus I that ne'r before,
of Woman found such grace,
And seeing now so fair a Dame,
give me a kind imbrace:
I supt with her that night,
with joys that did abound,
And for the same paid presently,
in Money twice three pound.
A hundred Kisses then
for my farewel she gave,
Saying, Sweet Barnwel, when shall I
again thy company have?
O stay not too long my dear,
Sweet George have me in mind,
her words bewitcht my childishness
she uttered them so kind.
So that I made a vow,
next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sara once again,
to tell some pleasant tale.
When she heard me say I,
the tears fell from her eyes,
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail
thy Sara sure will dye:
Though long, yet loe at last,
the pointed time was come,
That I must with my Sara meet,
having a mighty sum
Of money in my hand,
unto her house went I.
Whereas my love, upon her bed,
in saddest sort did lye.
What ails my hearts delight,
my Sara dear, quoth he,
Let not my love lament and grieve
nor sighing pain and dye.
But tell to me my dearest friend,
what may thy woes amend,
If thou shalt lack no means of help,
though forty pounds I spend:
With that she turn'd her head,
and sickly thus did say,
O my sweet George my grief is
ten pounds I have to pay, (great,
Unto a cruel wretch,
and God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not, tush, rise, quoth I,
and take it here of me:
Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
shall make my love decay,
Then from his bag into her lap,
he cast ten pounds straight way.
All blith and pleasant then,
to banqueting they go,
She proffered him to lye with her,
and said it should be so:
And after that same time,
I gave her store of Coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once,
all which I did purloyn:
And thus I did pass on,
until my master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in,
cast up amongst his men.
The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out,
two hundred pound that day:
Then from my master straight,
I run in secret sort,
And unto Sara Milwood then
my state I did report:
But how she us'd this Youth,
in this his extream need,
The which did her necessity,
so oft with money feed:
The second part behold
shall tell it forth at large;
And shall a Strumpets willy ways
with all her tricks discharge.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune.

HEre comes yong Barnwel unto
ſweet Sara his delight, (to,
I am undone, except thou ſtand
my faithful friend this night:
Our Maſter to command accounts,
hath juſt occaſion found,
And I am come behind the hand,
almoſt two hundred pound:
And therefore knowing not at all
what anſwer for to make,
And his diſpleaſure to eſcape,
my way to thee I take:
Hoping in this extreamity
thou wilt my ſuccour be,
That for a time I may remain
in ſecret here with thee.
with that ſhe knit & bent her brows and looking all aquoy,
Quoth ſhe, what ſhould I have to do with any Prentice-boy?
And ſeeing you have purloyn'd and your Maſters goods away, (got
The caſe is bad, and therefore here, I mean thou ſhalt not ſtay.
why ſweetheart thou knowſt, I ſaid, that all which I did get;
I gave it, and did ſpend it all, upon thee every whit.
Thou know'ſt I loved thee ſo well, thou could'ſt not ask the thing,
But that I did incontinent the ſame unto thee bring.
Quoth ſhe, thou art a paultry Jack, to charge me in this ſort,
Being a Woman of credit good, and known of good report;
And therefore this I tell thee flat, be packing with good ſpeed,
I do deſie thee from my heart, and ſcorn thy filthy deed.
Is this the love & friendſhip which thou didſt to me protеſt?
Is this the great affection which you ſeemed to expreſs?
Now fie on all deceitful ſhews, the beſt is I may ſpeed,
To get a lodging any where, for money in my need:
Therefore falſe woman now farewhile twenty pound doth laſt (well
My anchor in ſome other Haven I will with wiſdom caſt.
When ſhe perceived by his words that he had money ſtore,
That ſhe had gull'd him in ſuch ſort it griev'd her heart full ſore:
Therefore to call him back again ſhe did ſuppoſe it beſt,
Stay George, qd. ſhe, thou art too why man I do but jeſt. (quick
think'ſt thou for all my paſſed ſpeech that I would let thee go?
Faith no, quoth ſhe, my love to thee I wis is more then ſo:
you will not deal with prentice boys but that he thought his Maſter there
I heard you even now ſwear,

Therefore I will not trouble you my George herk in thine ear,
Thou ſhalt not go this night qd. ſhe what chance ſo e'r befall,
But man we'l have a bed for thee, or elſe the Devil take all.
Thus I that was with Wiles be-ſnar'd with fancy ſtill, (witch'd
Had not the power to put away, or to withſtand her will.
Then wine and wine I called in, and cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the world I thought for Sarah's love too dear:
Whilſt I was in her company, in joy and merriment,
And all too little I did think, that I upon her ſpent,
A fig for care or careful thought when all my gold is gone,
In faith my girl we will have more, whoever it light upon:
My fathers rich, why then, quoth I ſhould I want any gold?
With a father indeed (quoth ſhe) a Son may well be bold:
I have a Siſter richly wed, that i'le rob e're i'le want;
Why then qd. Sara they may well conſider of your ſcant:
nay more then this an Uncle I have at Ludlow he doth dwell,
He is a Grazier, which in wealth, doth all the reſt excell.
E're I will live in lack (quoth he) and have no coyn for thee,
Ile rob the churl and murder him, why ſhould you not (quoth ſhe.)
E're I would want were I a man, or live in poor eſtate,
On father, friends, and all my kin, I would my talents grate.
For without mony, George, (qd. ſhe) a man is but a beaſt,
And bringing money thou ſhalt be always my chiefeſt gueſt:
For ſay thou ſhouldſt purſued be with twenty hues and cries,
And with a Warrant ſearched for with Argo's hundred eyes:
Yet in my houſe thou ſhalt be ſafe, ſuch privy ways there be,
That if they ſought an 100 years, they could not find out thee.
And ſo carouſing in their cups, their pleaſure to content,
George Barnwel had in little ſpace his money wholly ſpent.
Which being done to Ludlow then, he did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy Uncle then, his Minion would it ſo:
and once or twice he thought to take his father by the way,
but that he thought his Maſter there took order for his ſtay.

Directly to his Uncle then, he rode with might and main;
where with good welcome, and good he did him entertain: (cheer
A Sennets ſpace he ſtayed there, until it chanced ſo,
His Uncle with fat Cattel did unto a Market go.
His Kinſman needs muſt ride with and when he ſaw right plain (him
Great ſtore of Money he had took, in coming home again,
Poſt ſuddenly within a Wood, he ſtruck his Uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head, ſo ſore he crackt his crown:
And fourſcore pound in ready coyn, out of his Purſe he took,
And comming unto London ſtrait, the Country quite forſook.
To Sara Milwood then he came, ſhewing his ſtore of gold,
And how he had his Uncle ſlain, to her he plainly told.
Tuſh, 'tis no matter George, qd. ſhe ſo we the money have,
To have good cheer in jolly ſort, and deck us fine and brave.
And thus they liv'd in filthy ſort, till all his ſtore was gone,
And means to get them any more, I wis poor George had none.
And therefore now in railing ſort ſhe thruſt him out of door,
Which is the juſt reward they get that ſpend upon a Whore.
O do me not this vile diſgrace, in this my need (quoth he)
She call'd him thief and murderer with all the ſpight might be.
And to the Conſtable ſhe went, to have him apprehended,
And ſhew'd in each degree how far, he had the law offended.
When Barnwel ſaw her drift, to ſea he got ſtraightway, (king,
Where fear and dread, & conſcience upon him ſtill doth ſtay.
Unto the Mayor of London then, he did a Letter write,
Wherein his own and Sara's faults he did at large recite.
Whereby ſhe apprehended was, and then to Ludlow ſent,
Where ſhe was judg'd, condemn'd & for murder incontinent, (hang'd
and there this gallant queen did die this was her greateſt gains,
For murder in Polonia was Barnwel hang'd in chains.
Lo here's the end of wilful youth, that after Harlots haunt,
Who in the ſpoyl of other men, about the ſtreets do flaunt.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke

Save a thief from the Gallows, and he'l hang thee if he can: or, The merciful Father, and the mercileſs Son.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*

YOu diſobedient Childꝛen mark my fall,
And by my timeleſs end take warning all,
Againſt my own deaꝛ fatheꝛ I have done,
A deed the like did neveꝛ gracelesſ ſon.

In blooming yeaꝛs I was intic'd to ſin,
E'ꝛe I pꝛeceiv'd what danger lay theꝛein:
And ſo fꝛom day to day, until this houꝛ,
To leave the ſame, as yet I have no poweꝛ.

My motheꝛ dead, my fatheꝛ cockeꝛed me,
As men will do when motheꝛleſs we be,
And nothing foꝛ me then he thought too deaꝛ,
Which bꝛought me thus into a gꝛaceleſs feaꝛ.

And when as I to elder yeaꝛs did gꝛow,
By wicked couꝛſes got I timely woe;
Each vain delight belonging to young men,
Deceived me, and wꝛought my ruine then.

The deadly ſins that aꝛe in numbeꝛ ſeven,
without moꝛe gꝛace have loſt my joys in heaven,
Fꝛom fiꝛſt to laſt of theſe moſt cuꝛſed cꝛimes,
Have made me now a wondeꝛ of theſe times.

Foꝛ wanting means to nouꝛiſh my delight,
I went the wꝛong, and left the ways of ꝛight:
Which to maintain, my fatheꝛ gꝛowing poꝛ,
Foꝛgetting God, I daily ꝛob'd foꝛ moꝛe.

Theꝛe times he ſav'd me fꝛom the Gallow-tꝛee,
Theꝛe times he caſt himſelf in debt foꝛ me,
Theꝛe times he ſet me up in good eſtate,
In hope to keep me fꝛom untimely fate.

By me the Pꝛoveꝛb is fulfilled heꝛe,
Who ſaves a thief fꝛom Gallows finds it deaꝛ.

Foꝛ ſaving me, I ſought his deaꝛ lifes woe;
My gentle fatheꝛs timeleſs oveꝛthꝛow.

Foꝛ wanting means ſtill to ꝛelieve my need,
Put me in mind to do a woful deed,
And ſeek his blood, the high way unto ſin,
Who wanting gꝛace, I ſoon gꝛew peꝛfect in.

My fatheꝛs bꝛotheꝛ of good living known,
Being dead, as next of kin they were mine own:
The which I wꝛought with theſe accuꝛſed hands,
To be the heiꝛ of all my Uncles Lands.

With mind pꝛepaꝛ'd foꝛ muꝛdeꝛ thus I went,
Unto the field where he did much fꝛequent:
where meeting him with mine own fatheꝛs knife
Which I had ſtoln I took away his life.

And laid it down all bloody by his ſide,
That all might ſee my Uncle theꝛewith dy'd:
And challeng'd it my fatheꝛs knife to be,
When people came the muꝛdeꝛed coꝛpꝛs to ſee.

O homocide! O cuꝛſed vipꝛous bꝛood,
Like Cain to ſeek my fatheꝛs deaꝛeſt blood:
My own deaꝛ Fatheꝛ being thus betꝛay'd,
I his own child the evidence was made.

So judg'd to death foꝛ that he neveꝛ did,
The Loꝛd in meꝛcy did the ſame foꝛbid:
Foꝛ as he was to execution led,
A Woꝛld of toꝛments in my boſome bꝛed.

To ſee him ſtand upon the Gallow-tꝛee,
Fꝛom which befoꝛe poꝛ man he ſav'd me:
I could not chuſe but tell what I have done,
And ſo canſels my ſelf a wicked ſon.

Ld. b. 22. 902.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune:

By Letters from Rome, from France, and from Spain,
Ye ſuck'd in the Treaſon, and vents it again;
To give them Intelligence how Affairs ſtood,
And when he Expected to Write to 'um In Blood:
Thus Bent on Diſtruction, ne'r Queſtion'd to'ave ſpead,
But Heaven Fore-shew'd what hung over our Heads:
In mercy preſerved us, therefore we may ſay,
In vain is their mallice, if he but ſay nay.

By Secular Pow'r, in the Midſt of His Pride,
Ye's taken, and ſafely to Newgate conbey'd,
From whence to his Tryal in Weſtminſter-hall,
That Great Seat of Juſtice, who when they did call,
Moſt Proudly Reply'd, but his Jury brought In,
He GUILTY Of TREASON CONSPIRED had been:
Subverſion and Murder intended, but ſtay,
In vain you Conſpire, if *Jehovah* gain-ſay.

But time being ſpent, they the Sentance Deferr,
And Ye the Next morning was brought to the Barr,
Where the Judge did declare the Gracious Intent
Of a King made of Mercy, if he would Recant,
And make true Confeſſion, a Pardon they tender,
Signed and Sealed by our Faiths Defender:
What monſtrous Villain on mercy cou'd prey,
Or think to deſtroy it, when heaven ſaid nay?

O wondrous goodneſs! ſure *Rome* muſt confeſs
Her Elfs find more favour then the won'd grant us:
But this grace made no impreſs in's obſtinate breaſt,
He ſcorn'd at pure mercy, and fearm'd it a jeſt:
But then the dread ſentence pronounc'd he ſhould go
To the place whence he came, from thence in full ſhow
To all the *Spectators*, be Drawn on his way,
(A reward fit for Villains that Kingdoms betray.)

To the place of Deſtruction t'encounter grim death,
And there by a Cord to reſign halt his breath:
His Bowels rip'd out, in the flames to be caſt,
His Members diſſever'd on Poles to be plac'd:
A ſight full of horror, but yet it's moſt juſt
That they ſhou'd firſt bleed, that after blood thirſt:
You mercileſs Ieſuites who precepts convey,
To Kill, Burn and *Raviſh*, beware the great day.

Short time after ſentence ſtrong guarded he came,
To receive the reward of his Treaſon and ſhame:
Where black guilt in his face no queſtion did ſtare,
But with ſtrong reſolution he ſtifled his fear:
But his conſcience awaken'd, remorſe did prevail,
And then to this purpoſe his ſins did bewail:
Good people take warning, and do not delay,
When mercy is offer'd, nor caſt it away.

I might have had pardon, but now 'tis too late,
For then I was obſtinate, ſcorning my fate:
But death now's too dreadful, my crimes to augment,
Whereof i' be been guilty, of which I repent,
Intreating my Saviour in mercy to ſave,
And of thoſe that i'be wrong'd, forgiveneſs I crave:
And for my good King I moſt heartily pray,
That God wou'd protect him the nations obey.

And let all Conſpirers who ſeek to dethrone
A King from his right, and make Nations to groan:
With cruel deſtruction take warning by me,
And not ſeek their own ruines when they may live free,
Nor let the proud Prelate of *Rome* nor his Train,
Cloſe Engines of miſchief, whoſe Warrants are vain:
The fire-brands of hell, who draw Subjects away,
To plot againſt Princes when heaven ſays nay.

FINIS.

With Allowance.

Printed for *P.* Brooksby, at the Golden Ball, near the *Hoſpital*-gate, in Weſt-ſmith-field.

The Three VVorthy Butchers of the North:

I weep, I wail, and travel much in pain,
Now all my youthful Days are past, they'l never come again;
Once I was a Man, but now alas I am none,
For all my Companions are from me fled and gone.

To a pleasant New Tune.

DId you never hear of worthy Butchers three,
And how they spent their days in mirth and jollity,
there was Kitson, Wilson, & Johnson, mark me what I say,
They took 300 pounds worth of Goods upon a day.
When as the day of payment began for to draw near,
Their money to their Creditors intended for to bear;
And riding upon Blankly-lane as fast as they cou'd trig
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, let us sing up a jig.
With a hey down, down, with a down derry dee,
God bless all true men out of Thieves company.
Riding then on Blankly-lane as fast as they could hie,
Be merry my hearts, said Johnson, I hear a woman cry;
O help, help, help, O help, or else I dye, (draw nigh.
O help me some good Christians for my torments they
O hark, O hark, said Johnson, I hear a woman cry,
Sure I came of a woman, and shall I see her dye:
No ride on neighbor Johnson, now Kitson he did say,
For that is some lewd woman will cast us all away.
If you had but rid on this way as oft as we have done,
You would have heard this cry before, & now let us be gone.

Then Iohn whipt into the wood with all his might & main,
Whereas he found the woman with cords fast ty'd in twain
With cords was ty'd in twain, & hand & foot was bound,
And found her there stark naked, with her hair pin'd to the
Alas, said Johnson, what man hath us'd thee so, (ground.
He came not of a woman that would work a womans woe:
Hast thou no lewd Company now Iohnson he did say,
For here we are come to save thy life, thou mayst cast us all
No I have no lewd company the woman she did say, (away.
Three Ruffians came riding by, and rob'd me by the way;
They took my cloaths from me, & hand and foot me bound
& left me here in woful sort, with my hair pin'd to the *ground*
So Iohnson he whipt out his sword with all his might & main
And presently the womans cords, Iohnson he cut in twain,
A Shirt out of his Cloak-bag presently plucked he,
And put it on the woman to cover her secresie.
I have neither wife nor Children, Iohnson he did say,
And thou shalt be the Lady of all till death take life away:
Iohnson being a loving man, and bore a careful mind,
He put his Cloak about her to keep her from the wind.
Straight upon Horse-back presently got he,
And they rode all out of the wood, and rid on gallantly:
Riding then on Blankly-lane as fast as they could trig,
Be merry my hearts, said Iohnson, let us sing up a Jigg;
With a hey down down, with a hey down derry dee,
What if here were 10 thieves so we are true Men three.
Riding then on Blankly-lane as fast as they could hye,
be merry my hearts, said Iohnson, the land end draweth nigh
The woman hearing him say so, presently by and by,
She put her finger to her ear, and gave a squeaking cry.
Ten Thieves then with weapons drawn in hand,
They step'd before Iohnson, and quickly bid him stand;
What is it so, said Johnson, since 'twill no better be,
I vow that some of you shall dye before I killed be:
Stand fast, fight men, see that ye be not false,
For I vow his hand shall off that lays hold on my Bridle.
Alas, said Kitson, to Fight no heart have I,
No more have I said Wilson, in faith I'le rather flye:
Here is three hundred pound that we are bound to pay,
And you shall have it all, and lets scape with life away.

The Second part, to the same Tune.

What is it so, said Johnson Fight men, and be free,
And stand but at my back, keep the back-blows from me:
Stand fast, Fight men, Fight me and be free,
And by the help of God we shall win the Victory.
Five of these Thieves and the woman they did go
To Kitson and to Wilson, and bound them fast in woe:
As these 10 thieves play before him, & play'd upon the ground
For Johnson had 5 Pistols with bullets charged sound;
With Bullets charged sound, presently he let fly,
Till Five of these Thieves upon the ground did lye.
Put up, said the other Five, put up without delay,
For if that he gets charged, he will kill us all this day.
Fight on, said the Woman, Fight on I say to ye,
For if you Five don't kill him, I vow your Priest to be.
So Johnson he whipt out his Sword with all his might & main,
And play'd about him gallantly till 3 more of them were
Put up, said the other two, put up without delay, (slain,
For if that we continue fight, he'l kill us all this day.
Fight on, said the woman, Fight on I say to ye,
For if you two don't kill him, I vow your Priest to be;
As these 2 thieves play'd before him, alas he did not mind,
For presently the Woman knock'd him down behind;
Oh wicked woman, wickedly hast thou done,
thou hast kill'd the bravest Butcher that ever England won,
For had but my fellows, had they prov'd true to me, (dye.
they were cowards, said the woman, & as cowards they shall
Two of these thieves and the woman they did go
To Kitson and to Wilson where they lay bound in woe:
A Club into her hand, as she got all the gains,
went to Kitson & to Wilson & dasht out both their brains.
How this murder was discovered, list and you shall hear,
It was by a silly Shepherd hid in the Hedge for fear;
A Gentleman and his man as they came riding by,
Seeing this woful murder straight sent forth hue and cry.
I but do what e're they could, taken they could not be,
For they got Ship at Yarmouth, and so went over Sea;
This is the trick of thieves when they have Murder done,
when they have commited roguery, full fast away they run.
God bless our royal K. & Queen, & send them long to reign
In health, wealth & prosperity, true Justice to maintain,
God bless all true men that travel by Land or Sea,
And keep all true men out of Thieves Company.

FINIS. Paul Burges,

Printed for P. Brooksby, in West-smithfield.

The Confeſsion and Repentance of *George Sanders* Gent.

late of *Sugh*, in the County of *Hertford*, who killed his own Uncle, and accuſed his own Father for the Murther, but by *Gods* providence being diſcovered, dyed for the ſame, where he wrote this Song with his own hand.

GOds judgments now, are rightly ſeen, ſaid I
Dear father, I have ſlain him, let me dye,
O let me dye, and let my father free,
Or elſe like Judas damned ſhall I be.
Whereat the People in that very place,
They praiſed God that gave me ſo much grace,
To quit my father from that crying ſin,
which I with blood-red ſtreams am drowned in.
My fathers ſav'd, and I to priſon ſent,
Where I remain'd with many a ſad lament;
Which when you ſee, you cannot chuſe but ſay,
Repentance comes before my dying day.

His Repentance in Priſon.

To the ſame Tune.

MOngſt Lyons fell in *Daniels* Den am I,
In loweſt priſon caſt with *Jeremy*,
Fed with *Elias* by the Ravens fell,
And plac'd with *Judas* in the maw of hell.

Naked with *Eſau* fearful do I walk,
Dumb with old *Zachary* ſilent do I talk:
Affliction's bread, with *Micha* is my food,
And with the Prophet drink I ſorrows flood.

As poor as *Job*, even now ſo poor am I,
Deſpiſ'd with *Lazarus* in great miſery:
Baniſh'd with *David* from my native land,
Caſt up with *Jonas* on the *Ninivites* ſand.

Made blind with *Tobie* by the Swallows dung,
And with poor *Joſeph* caſt in Priſon ſtrong:
I weep with *Mary* who had loſt her Maſter,
And run with *Peter* who ſhould run the faſter.

I ſinned have, for ſin God curſt the ground.
I ſinned have, for ſin the world was drown'd,
I ſinned have, ſin *Sodom* ſet on fire,
Alſo for ſin did *Ægypt* feel Gods ire.

I ſinned have, for ſin did *Adam* dye,
I ſinned have, ſin cauſed *Davids* cry,
I ſinned have, and for ſin Satan fell,
From an high Angel to a devil in hell.

Did *David* weep, and ſhall not I then cry?
Did *Mary* weep, and ſhall mine eyes be dry?
Did *Eſau* weep, and ſhall not I weep more?
Did *Peter* weep, ſuch tears let me have ſtore.

Did *Mary* weep for loſs of Maſter dear,
Did *Martha* weep, with ſorrow touch her neer,
Spring eyes with tears to waſh his ſacred feet,
That for my ſin did ſhed his blood ſo ſweet.

Lark like I flye unto the living Spring,
Deſiring pardon of my Heavenly King,
Caſt worldly hope, now like the thief on tree,
I onely fix my faith and hope in thee.

Look back on me, as thou didſt unto *Peter*,
Speak to my ſoul, as to the thief moſt ſweeter;
O ſpy me out with *Zache* on the tree, (thee,
And with ſweet *Bartholomew* call me Lord to

O let me now with holy *Abraham* ſpy,
A ſaving Ram that *Iſaac* may not dye,
O let me live for to found forth thy praiſe,
That I may ſhew thy mercy in my days.

Make me a Swallow in thy houſe, O King,
That Swallow like I may ſit there and ſing,
O let me in thy Temple keep a door,
That I may praiſe thy name for ever more.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright and J. Clarke.

THE Plotter Executed:

OR,

The Examination, Tryal, Condemnation, and Execution, of *Edward Coleman* Esquire.

Who was Convicted of High Treason, the 27*th.* day of *November*, at the *King-Bench-Barr* at *Westminster*, for Plotting against the Life of his most Sacred Majesty, and for Endeavouring to subvert the Government, and the true Protestant Religion Establisht: he received Sentence the 28*th.* day of *November* 1678. to be Drawn *Hang'd*, and Quartered, and was Executed at *Tyburn* the 3*d.* of *December*: With his Last Speech and Confession, made by him at the place of Execution.

To the Tune of, *Captain Digby*, or, *Packington's Pound.*

Death being forc'd to come before his hour,
Brings with him TIME, by his strong Might and Power,
To warn all Papists, ne'r more to conspire,
For if they do, Jack Katch *will pay their Hire;*
When as he Catcheth them by'th Neck with Rope,
He needs no Butter, as they say, nor Sope.

FOrbear your vile Ploting, all you that design
To escape Gods Vengeance, Repent you in time,
Remember! that Princes his Vicegerents are,
Inroaled in Heaven, the chief of his care:
No Whispers in secret, but what are Reveal'd,
From God there is nothing that can be conceal'd:
In vain are your Plots, when his Mercy says nay,
'tis your selves you Insnare, you *your selves* are the *prey.*

'Tis of Coleman I sing, who once was of Fame,
And good Reputation, but now to his shame,
Foul Treason has sullied his Nobler parts,
And brought him to ruine, tho' just his deserts:
'Twas Popish Infection to Ruine the State,
That wrought his Confusion, and hastned his Fate:
Such Desperate mallice his Prince to Betray,
But in vain are mens plotings, if heaven Gain-say

Yet Highnelles Servant he lived some Years,
Till Romes Tripple Tyrant had Buz'd in his Ear,
To Ruine a Kingdom, or Murder his King,
For which he'd be Sainted: no sooner, this Sting
Had Poyson'd his Loyalty, but he begins
To start from Allegiance, and scruples no sins:
But let all beware how their King they Betray,
For Vengeance on Traytors redoubl'd will pay

The Downfal of *William Grismond*: Or,

A Lamentable Murther by him committed at *Lainterdine*, in the County of *Hereford*, the 12 of *March*, 1650. with his woful Lamentation.

The Tune is, *Where is my Love.*

O Come you wilful young men,
and hear what I shall tell,
My Name is William Grismond,
at Lainterdine did dwell:
There I did a Murther
as it is known full well,
And for mine offence must I dye.

There was a Neighbours daughter
that lived there hard by,
Whom I had promis'd marriage,
and with her I did lye,
I did dissemble with her,
my lust to satisfie,
And for, &c.

I had my pleasure on her,
I had my lewd desire,
The using of her body
was that I did require:
I was over come and snared,
by him that was a Lyar,
And for, &c.

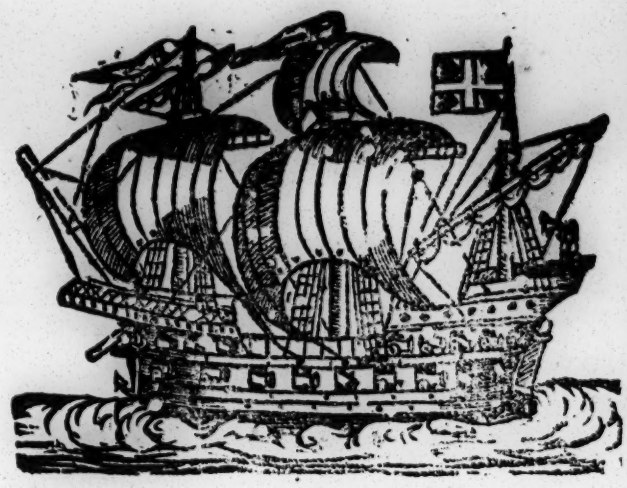
She claimed of me marriage,
and said she was with child,
Saying, marry me sweet William,
now you have me defil'd:
If you do now forsake me,
I utterly am spoyl'd,
And for, &c.

When she had us'd these speeches,
my anger did arise,
And then to work her overthrow,
I quickly did devise,
What though her words were honest
yet I did them despise:
And for, &c.

To mark how it did happen,
thus Huswife being poor,
And I who was my Fathers heir,
her words did urge me sore:
For I could have another
with gold and silver store,
And for, &c,

My Father and my Mother,
I knew would not consent,
If I had married with her,
I knew I should be shent,
Then unto wicked Murther
my heart was fully bent,
And for, &c.

In flattering sort I brought her,
into a field of Broom:
And when we both together
into the field was come,
I had my pleasure with her,
and then I was her doom:
And for mine offence I must dye.



THen in the Broom I kil'd her,
with my accursed knife,
There hatefully I kill'd her,
who lov'd me as her life:
I cut her throat I kill'd her,
who should have been my wife:
And for, &c.
Three days she lay there murdered,
before that she was found,
But when the Neighbours searching,
within that broomy ground,
Did find her there uncovered,
and with a bloody wound,
And for, &c.
The neighbours having found her,
where I did do this deed,
There in the Broom they found her,
where I her blood did shed:
But when I did perceive that,
I ran away with speed:
And for, &c.
No sooner had they found her,
but away I did go:
And thought to go to Ireland,
the very truth is so:
But God he would not suffer me
to run my Country through:
And, &c.
Yet I was got on Ship-board,
as you may understand:
But when the Ship was troubled,
I must go back to Land:
I could not pass away so,
with guilty heart and hand,
And, &c.
There is some wicked person,
the Shipmen they did say,
Within the Ship we know it,
that cannot pass away:
We must return to Land here,
and make no more delay:
And, &c.
Then near unto VVestchester,
I taken was at last,
And then in Chester Prison,
I suddenly was cast:
From thence brought unto Hereford,
to answer what is past,
And, &c.
But then my loving Father,
his gold he did not spare,
To save me from the Gallows
he had of me great care,
But it would not be granted,
the Gallows was my share,
And, &c.
My fault it was so heinous,
it would not granted be
I must for an example,
hang on the Gallows tree:
God grant that I a warning,
for all young men may be,
And, &c.
O my dear loving Father,
he was to me most kind,
He bought me up most rarely,
so was his tender mind,
But I indeed to lewdness
was too too much inclind:
And, &c.
He brought me up in learning,
his love was to me still,
He thought it all too little
he did bestow on VVill,
But when he lookt for comfort,
his heart I thrn did kill,
And, &c.
I might have had a Marriage,
my Father to content,
And that my loving Mother
would give her hearts consent:
But I have took such courses,
doth make us all repent:
And, &c.
Now young men take warning,
you see my fault is great,
O call to God for mercy,
Gods grace do you intreat:
I might have lived bravely,
and had a gallant seat:
And, &c.
O Lord I now crave pardon,
with a relenting heart,
I know my sins are heinous,
I'm very sorry for't:
Alas I have deserved,
a very heavy report,
And for mine offences must I dye.
FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and I. Wright.

Some Luck Some Wit,

Being a Sonnet upon the merry life and untimely death of Mistriss *Mary Carlton*, commonly called

THE

German Princess.

To a new Tune, called the *German Princess adieu*.

Farewel German Princess the Fates bid adieu
whose fall is as strange as her story is true,
Her pedigree she from a Fidler does bring
and Fidlers do commonly end in a string,
How many mad pranks has she plaid on the Earth
which equally moves us to pity and mirth,
But now for a Gamball at Chrismas the fool
must shew us a trick on a three-legged Stool.

The first of her tricks was a Freak into France
to learn the French language to sing and to dance,
And who but a Taylor should lye in the lurch
to cut out her work and to lead her to Church,
He ply'd her to with Gold but when all was prepar'd
to measure the Princess about with his yard,
She bab'd off the Taylor and made him a Goose
but for all her mad pranks she must dye in a Noose.

Next after to Holland she steered her course
and there she abused a Jeweler worse,
For when he to many rich Jewels had brought
seal'd up in a box, for another had wrought,
And thus he was cheated by the wit of the Girl
with pebbles for Diamonds and Glasses for pearl,
Who after his grieving most sadly bemoans,
he quite was undone for the loss of his stones

The next that she shew'd was an English-Mans jest
and though there was wit in't 'twas none of the best
Then who but the Princess, and happy were they,
that could but obtain this so welcome a pray:
As eagerly she at the Castles did catch,
but when she was married she met with her match;
For at last an Atturney did fall in her way
who gave her his Bond and had nothing to pay.

A Brick-maker then as a Suitor did go
whose news was as strange as the news from Soho
For when he came up to his Tenement door
he found there was one in possession before,
To furnish this Room he sold all that he had
and now not to enter it made him stark mad,
But she had the money and kept him in awe
by bidding him make up his Brick without straw.

A Limner at length who had heard of her fame
would needs draw her Picture and give it a frame,
With couler and varnish she cheated the Elf
and prov'd that she painted as well as himself,
He made her a Face and a Robe like a Queen
and swore 'twas as like her as ever was seen,
But when at the Tavern she left him in paw
he swore for a Princess a Beggar he'd drawn it

A thousand such pranks she did daily invent
and yet with her money was never content,
But spent it apace for the proverb you know
says wealth that comes lightly as lightly does go.
At Balques and at Revels by day and by night
with Toyes and gallants she took her delight,
She fancy'd alas, it would never be day
and so never thought of a reckoning to pay.

And now the young gallant that next was trappan'd
was a kind of a Drugster as I understand,
He thought her so rich that the prodigal fop
to gain her sold all that he had in the Shop,
But when to this prize he began to draw near
he found he had bought his Commoditie dear,
His fore-head did bud and such pains he indur'd
as would not by Ballooms or Plaisters be cur'd

But what was long look'd for is now come at last
and the sentence of death on the Princess is past
Nor could she be try'd by her peers for no doubt
there was not her peer the whole nation throughout
But if any more of the gang should be found
they are born to be hang'd they shall never be drown'd
When people must cheat to encourage their pride
'tis a Dutch trick which we cannot abide.

London Printed for Phillip Brooksby near the Hospital-gate in West-smith-field

A New Ditty, ſhewing the Wond… …ſes of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, which he did while he rema… …rth.

The Tune is, *Triumph and joy.*

When Ieſus Chriſt was 12 years old,
As Holy Scriptures plainly told,
He then diſputed brave and bold,
among the learned Doctors:
Who wondred greatly at his wit,
As in the Temple he did ſit,
For no man might compare with it,
his wiſdom was ſo Heavenly.
Then praiſe the Lord both high and low,
Which all theſe wondrous works doth ſhow,
That we to heaven at length may go,
where he in glory reigneth.

At thirty years he then began,
To preach the Goſpel unto man,
And all Judea wondred then,
to hear his Heavenly Doctrine.
Such works he did as made them muſe,
Among the proud hard-hearted Jews:
Yet nevermore they did refuſe,
to take him for their Saviour.
Then praiſe, &c.

For firſt of all by power Divine,
He changed water into wine,
When at the marriage he did dine,
which made the people wonder:
Moreover with ſeven Loaves of bread,
Seven thouſand men he fully fed,
Which was a wonder great indeed,
throughout the Land of Jury.
Then praiſe, &c.

And by his glorious power and might,
Unto the blind he gave their ſight;
For which the Jews bore him a ſpight,
who ſought for to deſtroy him.
The man who was both deaf and dumb,
Which never heard nor ſpoke with tongue
By Chriſt was heard when he did come,
whoſe praiſe he then pronounced.
Then praiſe, &c.

The woman that was grieved ſore,
With an iſſue of blood 12 years and more,
Unto her health he did reſtore,
in a minute of an hour.
The captains man that ſick did lye,
Our Saviour healed preſently,
Although he never came him nigh,
his word alone did help him.
Then praiſe, &c.

Likewiſe he heal'd the Leapers ten,
Whoſe bodies were moſt filthy then,
Yet none but one did come agen
him humble thanks to render.
And he that ſick of the Palſie lay,
With ſhaking ſorits many a day,
The Lord to heal him did not ſtay,
but ſtraight his will fulfilled.
Then praiſe, &c.

To halt and lame that could not go,
But ſtill remained in great woe,
Our Saviour Chriſt did pitty ſhow,
and made him whole and luſty.
The man that with Devils poſſeſt,
And never liv'd in peace or reſt,
By Chriſt his word at length was bleſt,
and they were clean caſt from him.
Then praiſe, &c.

The widdows Son that ſick did lye,
When Chriſt our Saviour came him nigh
He raiſed to life immediately,
unto her joy and comfort.
When Mary & Martha made great moan,
Becauſe their brother was dead & gone,
Our Lord put him in life alone,
and he from grave came running.
Then praiſe, &c.

And more his Heavenly might did ſhow,
Upon the Seas himſelf did go,
And never none could yet do ſo,
but only Chriſt our Saviour.
And when the ſouldiers with great might
Did look to take him in the night,
They were not able to ſtand in ſight,
till he the ſame permitted.
Then praiſe, &c.

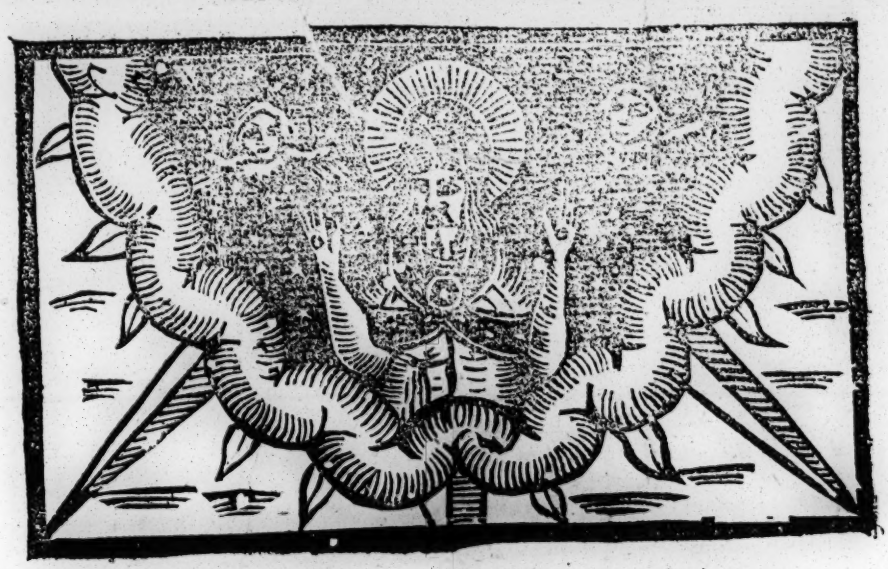
But yet for all theſe wonders great,
The Jews were in a raging heat,
Whom no perſwaſions could intreat,
but cruelly did kill him.
And when he left his life ſo good,
The Moon was turned into blood,
The Earth and Temple ſhaking ſtood,
and graves full wide did open.
Then praiſe, &c.

Then ſome of them that ſtood thereby,
With voice aloud began to cry,
This was the Son of God truly,
without all kind of doubting:
And as they ſaid it proved plain,
For in three days he roſe again,
Although he ſuffered bitter pain,
both heaven and hell he conquer'd.
Then praiſe, &c.

And after that aſcended he,
To Heaven in glorious Majeſty,
With whom God grant us all to be,
for ever there to reign.
Then praiſe the Lord both high and low,
Which all theſe wondrous works doth ſhow,
That we to heaven at length may go,
where he in glory reigneth.

The sorrowful lamentation of a Penitent Sinner.

The Tune is, *The Lamentation of a Sinner.*



O Lord my God I come to thee,
in all my grief and pain,
Now turn to me in my distress,
and comfort me again.
And enter not to judgement Lord,
with sinful dust and clay,
Nor with thy servant be not wrath,
nor turn thy face away.

And lay not Lord thy hand on me,
too heavy in thy fume;
For I am weak, and in thy wrath,
I quickly shall consume;
I am afraid of thee O Lord,
because thou didst me beat,
But yet I know that Jesus Christ
will for my soul intreat.

I am a sinful wretch O Lord,
for Mercy I do cry,
Now help me Lord in my distress,
and extream misery.
For unto thee Lord do I cry,
by night and eke by day,
Now help me for thy mercy sake,
and that without delay.

But do not beat me overmuch,
my loving Father sweet,
Lest that this frail and wicked flesh,
should from sweet Jesus fleet.
I come again unto thee Lord,
I do thee now imbrace,
And turn to me thy countenance,
thy favour and thy face.

And bring me home unto thy fold,
for I am gone astray.
And wandred in an unknown path,
which brought me to decay.

But now to thee my loving Lord,
for Mercy I do cry,
Now hear my plaint sweet Jesus Christ,
and ease my Misery.

And when it is thy gracious will,
that I this sinful life shall leave:
Sweet Jesus Christ into thy hands
I do my soul bequeath.
And here I do intreat thee Lord,
from the bottom of my heart,
That from my Faith in Jesus Christ
I never do depart.

But in the very pangs of death,
to thee Lord may I cry,
Receive my Soul into thy hands,
for now to thee I flie.
And be a Father loving Lord
unto my children small,
Which I shall leave here in this World,
when thou dost for me call.

Also I pray thee loving Lord,
to give their Mother grace,
To train my children in thy fear,
that they may thee imbrace.
And from th'enticements of this world,
the flesh and filthy fiend,
Lord aid them with thy mighty hand,
and guide them to the end.

That at the last and dreadful day,
thou mist receive us all;
Under the cover of thy wings,
we may be free from thrall.
And once again my loving Lord,
I do thee hertly pray:
Even for thy Son Christ Jesus sake,
to wash our sins away.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. VVright.

A New Ditty, ſhewing the Wond… …ers of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, which he did while he rema… …rth.

The Tune is, *Triumph and joy.*

When Jeſus Chriſt was 12 years old,
As Holy Scriptures plainly told,
He then diſputed brave and bold,
among the learned Doctors:
Who wondred greatly at his wit,
As in the Temple he did ſit,
For no man might compare with it,
his wiſdom was ſo Heavenly.
Then praiſe the Lord both high and low,
Which all theſe wondrous works doth ſhow,
That we to heaven at length may go,
where he in glory reigneth.

At thirty years he then began,
To preach the Goſpel unto man,
And all Judea wondred then,
to hear his Heavenly Doctrine.
Such works he did as made them muſe,
Among the proud hard-hearted Jews:
Yet nevermore they did refuſe,
to take him for their Saviour.
Then praiſe, &c.

For firſt of all by power Divine,
He changed water into wine,
When at the marriage he did dine,
which made the people wonder:
Moreover with ſeven Loaves of bread,
Seven thouſand men he fully fed,
Which was a wonder great indeed,
throughout the Land of Jury.
Then praiſe, &c.

And by his glorious power and might,
Unto the blind he gave their ſight;
For which the Jews bore him a ſpight,
who ſought for to deſtroy him.
The man who was both deaf and dumb,
Which never heard nor ſpoke with tongue
By Chriſt was heard when he did come,
whoſe praiſe he then pronounced.
Then praiſe, &c.

The woman that was grieved ſore,
With an iſſue of blood 12 years and more,
Unto her health he did reſtore,
in a minute of an hour.
The captains man that ſick did lye,
Our Saviour healed preſently,
Although he never came him nigh,
his word alone did help him.
Then praiſe, &c.

Likewiſe he heal'd the Leapers ten,
Whoſe bodies were moſt filthy then,
Yet none but one did come again
him humble thanks to render.
And he that ſick of the Paulſie lay,
With ſhaking ſorrts many a day,
The Lord to heal him did not ſtay,
but ſtraight his will fulfilled.
Then praiſe, &c.

To halt and lame that could not go,
But ſtill remained in great woe,
Our Saviour Chriſt did pity ſhow,
and made him whole and luſty.
The man that with Devils poſſeſt,
And never liv'd in peace or reſt,
By Chriſt his word at length was bleſt,
and they were clean caſt from him.
Then praiſe, &c.

The widdows Son that ſick did lye,
When Chriſt our Saviour came him nigh
He raiſed to life immediately,
unto her joy and comfort.
When Mary & Martha made great moan,
Becauſe their brother was dead & gone,
Our Lord put him in life alone,
and he from grave came running.
Then praiſe, &c.

And more his Heavenly might did ſhow,
Upon the Seas himſelf did go,
And never none could yet do ſo,
but only Chriſt our Saviour.
And when the ſouldiers with great might
Did look to take him in the night,
They were not able to ſtand in ſight,
till he the ſame permitted.
Then praiſe, &c.

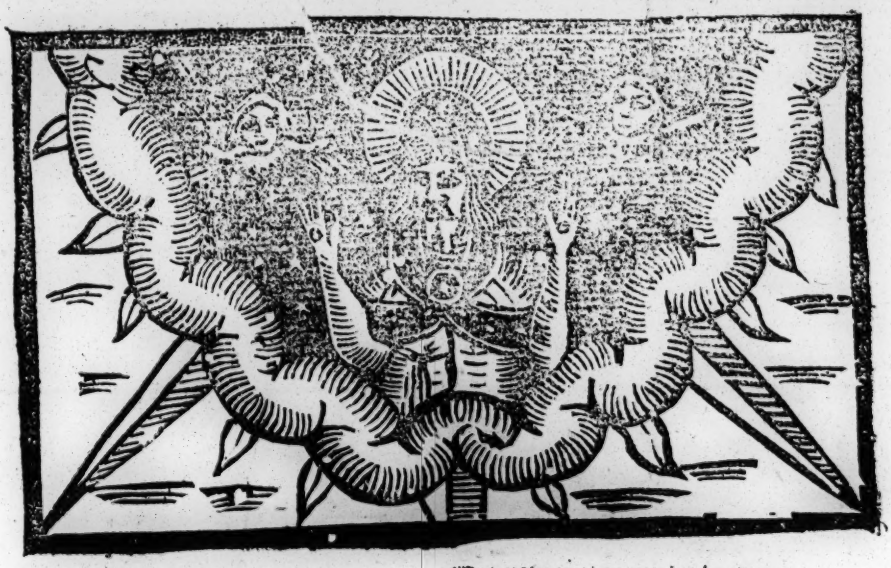
But yet for all theſe wonders great,
The Jews were in a raging heat,
Whom no perſwaſions could intreat,
but cruelly did kill him.
And when he left his life ſo good,
The Moon was turned into blood,
The Earth and Temple ſhaking ſtood,
and graves full wide did open.
Then praiſe, &c.

Then ſome of them that ſtood thereby,
With voice aloud began to cry,
This was the Son of God truly,
without all kind of doubting:
And as they ſaid it proved plain,
For in three days he roſe again,
Although he ſuffered bitter pain,
both heaven and hell he conquered.
Then praiſe, &c.

And after that aſcended he,
To Heaven to his glorious Majeſty,
With whom God grant us all to be,
for ever more rejoycing.
Then praiſe the Lord both high and low,
Which all theſe wondrous works doth ſhow,
That we to heaven at length may go,
where he in glory reigneth.

The sorrowful lamentation of a Penitent Sinner.

The Tune is, *The Lamentation of a Sinner.*



O Lord my God I come to thee,
in all my grief and pain,
Now turn to me in my distress,
and comfort me again.
And enter not to judgement Lord,
with sinful dust and clay,
Nor with thy servant be not wrath,
nor turn thy face away.

And lay not Lord thy hand on me,
too heavy in thy fume;
For I am weak, and in thy wrath,
I quickly shall consume;
I am afraid of thee O Lord,
because thou didst me beat,
But yet I know that Jesus Christ
will for my soul intreat.

I am a sinful wretch O Lord,
for Mercy I do cry,
Now help me Lord in my distress,
and extream misery.
For unto thee Lord do I cry,
by night and eke by day,
Now help me for thy mercy sake,
and that without delay.

But do not beat me overmuch,
my loving Father sweet,
Lest that this frail and wicked flesh,
should from sweet Jesus fleet.
I come again unto thee Lord,
I do thee now imbrace,
And turn to me thy countenance,
thy favour and thy face.

And bring me home unto thy fold,
for I am gone astray,
And wandred in an unknown path,
which brought me to decay.

But now to thee my loving Lord,
for Mercy I do cry,
Now hear my plaint sweet Jesus Christ,
and ease my Misery.

And when it is thy gracious will,
that I this sinful life shall leave:
Sweet Jesus Christ into thy hands
I do my soul bequeath.
And here I do intreat thee Lord,
from the bottom of my heart,
That from my Faith in Jesus Christ
I never do depart.

But in the very pangs of death,
to thee Lord may I cry,
Receive my Soul into thy hands,
for now to thee I flie.
And be a Father loving Lord
unto my children small,
Which I shall leave here in this World,
when thou dost for me call.

Also I pray thee loving Lord,
to give their Mother grace,
To train my children in thy fear,
that they may thee imbrace.
And from th'enticements of this world,
the flesh and filthy fiend,
Lord aid them with thy mighty hand,
and guide them to the end.

That at the last and dreadful day,
thou must receive us all;
Under the cover of thy wings,
we may be free from thrall.
And once again my loving Lord,
I do thee hearty pray:
Even for thy Son Christ Jesus sake,
to wash our sins away.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. VVright.

A Warning for Swearers,

By the Example of God's Judgments ſhewed upon a Man Born near the Town of *Wolver-hampton*, in *Stafford-ſhire*, who had Stolen a Bible; and being Examined before a *Juſtice*, deny'd the Fact, and falſly forſwore it; wiſhing he might Rot, if he were Guilty of the Theft; which (according to his Deſire) immediatly fell upon him; and is at this time, a ſad Spectacle to Hundreds that have beheld him:

Alſo, A Relation of God's Judgments ſhewed upon a Woman, who Lived in *Worceſter-ſhire*; who falſly forſwore her ſelf, and D[illegible] in a ſhort time after, being immediately ſtruck Dumb.

J. C.

Tune, *Aim not too High.*

ALL you that do deſire to hear and know,
of wonders ſtrange, the which the Lord doth ſhew,
Give good attention to what I ſhall declare,
the ſtrangeſt thing that ever man did hear.

My heart doth tremble and my hand doth ſhake,
to think what I at preſent undertake,
For to declare what here I have begun
enough to melt a heart as hard as ſtone:

To ſee how people take delight in Sin,
and for to mend their lives will not begin,
Until Gods Judgments do them overtake,
they never ſtrive their Sins for to forſake.

We rather ſeek to run in Sin the more,
while Satan ſeekes our Souls for to devour;
Let's ſtrive in time to break his ſubtil ſnare,
and of our Souls and Bodies have a care.

To ſee how many they do ſwear and curſe,
ſurely they think not of a God ſo juſt,
That hears or ſees, their actions that are done;
yes, at the laſt, beſure he will ſtrike home.

As for example now in Stafford-Shire,
there's a ſad Judgement, as it doth appear
On forſworn wretches: there a man doth ly
in woful ſtate and grievous miſery.

He ſtole a Bible as it is well known,
and being tart, the ſame he did diſown:
He pray'd unto God his hands might Rot,
and ſo a Judgment on himſelf he brought.

In a ſmall time he had his full deſire,
and what he of the Lord did then require,
His hand-wriſts rot away moſt wofully:
his hands are dead and black as black may be.

The joynts of's knees do rot in the ſame ſort,
as ſeveral hundred people can report,
That daily goes to ſee and take a view,
and witneſs can, the ſame for to be true.

Upon the ground he ſtinks, as he doth lie,
none can endure for to ſtand him nigh:
Lord grant that each good Chriſtian may take care,
how they themſelves, ſo falſly do forſwear.

He doth declare, and alſo doth confeſs,
it's Gods juſt Judgment for his wickedneſs,
For ſtealing of this holy Bible book
and following Sin, and ſo Gods law's forſook.

But now alas within this world there's few,
they'l ask and queſtion if this ſame be true:
But God is witneſs of his miſery,
let us poor Sinners warning take hereby.

You men that hear these lines, I pray forbear,
take heed how wilfully you Curse and Swear,
Too many use it now in every place:
more is the pitty, 'tis for want of grace.

And now you maids and wives take notice all
see that you serve the Lord, and on him call:
Take heed of worldly pride and vanity,
for often-times no good doth come thereby.

And at a certain place in Worcester-shire
of late there liv'd a woman as I hear,
In prime of youth she liv'd in height of pride,
which in this world doth now too many abide.

And what of her, I here have to declare,
I do desire all women to give care,
And not to scorn at what I shall unfold,
for why? good counsel's better far than gold.

She being married, as it doth appear,
perhaps for want, she chanc't to sell her hair,
A friend did tax her with it presently,
and she the same most stoutly did deny.

But flesh is frail, her faith it being weak,
she pray'd to God that she might never speak:
But in so doing she did not do well:
Then see your smallest hair you do not sell.

These words being spoke, she went home presently,
where as 'tis said, she no long time did lie,
But dy'd, and never after spake one word:
Oh, these are judgments sent down from the Lord!

To let us Sinners rightly understand,
'tis he that with one word can us command
To live or perish to Eternity,
let all poor Christians warning take hereby.

And now my Song, for to conclude, and end,
abroad into the world I do it send,
That all poor Sinners may in time amend,
and have a care how they the Lord offend.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Diſtreſſed Pilgrim,

Who being in much Miſery,
He ſerves the Lord moſt faitfully:
And repenteth for the things are paſt,
And prayes for a Heavenly place at laſt.

The Tune is, *Who can blame my VVoe*; Or, *I am a Jovial Batchelor.*

I Am a Pilgrim poor and bare,
in trouble I am croſt,
And many a hard hap falls my ſhare;
my Subſtance all is loſt:
My miſery ther's no man knows,
ſo numberleſs they be;
Yet in the midſt of all my Woes,
Let Patience work for me.

Pray underſtand, I once had Land,
with Corn and Cattle ſtore,
But now 'tis gone out of my hand,
I'm grown exceeding poor;
So poor indeed, ther's few that will
relieve my miſery:
But as I ſaid before, ſo I ſay ſtill,
let, &c.

My flattering Friends and Kinsfolks all,
whom I did dayly feed,
Will not ſo much as turn aſide,
to help my extream need,
They'd rather ſeek to ſcoff and ſcorn,
and jeer my Poverty;
Although I am as one forlorn,
let, &c.

Patience is an Herb of Grace,
if a man doth uſe it well,
'Twill lay a Stomach in ſhort ſpace
that doth with Poyſon ſwell;
'Twill cure a Mad-man of his Evil,
'Twill cauſe the Blind to ſee,
It will expel and vanquiſh th' Devil;
let, &c.

NOw in the midſt of all my Woes,
what ſhall I do or ſay?
Shall I deſpair in any caſe,
or make my ſelf away?
No, no, not while this Vital Breath,
which the Lord God lended me;
Come Woe or Wealth, come Life or Death;
For a patient man I'le be.

As I do wander up and down
in ſorrow, I am croſt;
From Place to Place, from Town to Town,
my Subſtance is all loſt:
But yet I think within my ſelf,
as I ſhall tell to ye,
Though God hath taken all my Wealth,
yet patience works for me.

Give not your Friends and Kinsfolks ne'r
your means while you do live;
For that hath wrought me to this care:
which makes my heart to grieve:
I gave them Goods and Cattle too,
as all my Neighbours ſee;
But now they don't regard my woe,
yet, &c.

The Devil he is buſie ſtill,
to bring me to his Bow;
But it is Gods bleſſed Will,
patience doth with me go,
And keeps me in the Fear of God,
for a ſecond Job to be;
Although I taſt of's Holy Rod,
yet, &c.

For to deſpair, it's a Fooliſhneſs,
'tis God that is my Stay,
Who gave me Life, and when he pleaſe
can take again away.
The Lord he ſuffer'd for my ſins,
as th' Scripture ſheweth me;
God give me Grace to think on it,
and patience, &c.

Though I'm in want and miſery,
I hope God will be pleas'd
For to releaſe this ſlavery,
in Heaven for to be eas'd:
'Tis the braveſt thing i'th World
to ſuffer then I ſee;
And though I'm poor and in diſtreſs,
yet, &c.

I hope my ſtedfaſt Faith is ſo,
I'le not forſake my God;
Though Poverty hath brought me low,
I'le not forſake his Word.
It's for ſins I do confeſs,
he ſuffered on the Tree,
To Releaſe poor Sinners from rebrefs,
and eke from miſery.

And now adieu unto the World,
with all my ſorrows that are paſt,
And give every one Grace in the end
to enjoy a Heavenly Reſt:
Becauſe all things do fade away,
and vaniſh we do ſee,
God give us all his Grace I ſay,
to be Patient in miſery.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Lamenting Ladies last Farewel to the WORLD.

Who being in a ſtraage Exile, bewails her own Miſery, complains upon fortune and deſtiny, deſcribeth the manner of her breeding, deplores the loſs of her Parents, wiſhing peace and happineſs to *England*, which was her native Country, and withal reſolving for death, chearfully commended her Soul to Heaven, and her body to the earth, and quietly departed this Life, Anno. 1650.

To an Excellent new Tune; *O Hone, O hone.*

MOurnful Melpomony,
aſſiſt my Quill,
That I may penſively
now make my will:
Guide thou my hand to write,
And ſenſes to indite,
A Ladies laſt good night,
O pitty me.

I that was nobly born,
hither am ſent,
Like to a wretch forlorn,
here to lament:
In this moſt ſtrange Exile,
Here to remain a while,
Till Heaven be pleas'd to ſmile
and ſend for me.

My friends cannot come nigh
me in this place,
Nor bear me company,
ſuch is my caſe:
Poor I am left alone,
But few regard my moan,
All my delights are gone,
heaven ſuccour me.

Each day with care and fears,
I am perplext,
My drink is bitter tears,
with ſorrow mixt:
When others ſoundly ſleep,
I ſadly ſob and weep,
Oppreſt with dangers deep,
Lord comfort me.

When England flouriſhed,
my Parents dear,
Tenderly nouriſhed,
me many a year:
I was advanc'd on high,
In place of Dignity,
In Golden bravery,
they decked me.

My garments deckt with gold,
richly approved,
Never was Engliſh Girl,
better beloved:
Old and young, great and ſmall,
Waited upon my call,
I had the Love of all,
that did know me.

But from my former ſtate,
I am call'd back,
Though deſtiny and fate,
all goes to wrack:
Fortune did lately frown,
And caught me by the crown,
So pull'd me headlong down,
oh woe is me.

My dear friends are decay'd,
which lov'd me beſt,
Never was harmleſs Maid
ſo much diſtreſt:
My father he is dead,
My Mother baniſhed,
All joys are from me fled,
heavens comfort me.

How well are they at eaſe,
and ſweetly bleſt,
That may go where they pleaſe,
and when they liſt:
To ſee their Parents kind,
As nature doth them bind,
Such joys I cannot find,
oh woe is me.

All earthly helps are gone,
I will and muſt,
Onely in God alone,
put my whole truſt:
O bleſſed Trinity,
One God and Perſons three,
Releaſe my Miſery,
and comfort me.

No Creature on the Earth,
can eaſe my grief,
Until ſuch time as death
yields me reliefe:
A Coffin and a Grave,
Is that which I would have,
Sweet Chriſt my Soul receive,
and ſuccour me.

My Enemies that be,
both great and ſmall,
Good Lord I pray to thee,
forgive them all:
May *England* flouriſh have,
When I am laid in Grave,
So thus I take my leave,
Chriſt calls for me.

I have in Heaven above,
a place prepar'd,
Never ſhall I depart,
from thence afterwards,
So toll my Paſſing-Bell,
Whilſt Angels ring my Knell,
So bain would now farewel,
Chriſt ſends for me.

When ſhe theſe words had ſpoke,
with chearful heart,
The Noble-minded Maid,
then did depart:
No doubt her Soul's at reſt,
With them whom God hath bleſt:
The laſt words ſhe Expreſt,
was, Chriſt calls for me.

FINIS.

Printed for *T. Vere*, at the *Angel*, in *Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet*, without *Newgate*.

A Proper new Ballad, Intituled, the wandring Prince of Troy.

The tune is, Queen Dido.

When Troy Town for ten years Warrs
withstood the Greeks in manfull wise,
Then did their foes increase so fast,
that to resist none could suffice,
Waste lye those walls that were so good,
And Corn now grows where Troy town stood.

Æneas wandring Prince of Troy,
when he for Land long time had sought,
At length arrived with great joy,
to mighty Carthage walls was brought,
Where Dido's Queen with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandring guest.

And as in Hall at meat they sate,
the Queen desirous news to hear,
Of thy unhappy ten years Warrs
declare to me thou Trojan dear,
The heavy hap and chance so bad
That thou poor wandring Prince hast had.

And then anon this worthy Knight
with words demure as he could well,
Of his unhappy ten years Warrs
so true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetcht,
and every sigh brought tears amain,
That where he sate the place was wet,
as if he had seen those wars again
So that the Queen with ruth therefore,
Said worthy Prince enough no more.

The darksome night apace drew on,
and twinkling starres in skys were spread,
And he his dolefull Tale had told,
as every one lay in his bed.
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Dido's burning brest.

This silly woman never slept
but in her chamber all alone,
As one unhappy always kept,
unto the walls she made her moan,
That she should still desire in vains
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
till twinkling starrs from skys were fled;
And Phœbus with his glistring beams
through misty clouds appeared red.
Then tydings came to her anon
That all the Trojan ships were gone;

And then the Queen with bloody knife,
did arm her heart as hard as stone,
Yet somewhat loath to lose her life,
in woefull sale she made her moan,
And rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighs and sobs these words she said.

O wretched Dido Queen quoth she,
I see thy end approaching neer,
For he is gone away from thee,
whom thou didst love and hold so dear,
Is he then gone and passed by,
O heart prepare thy selfe to dye,

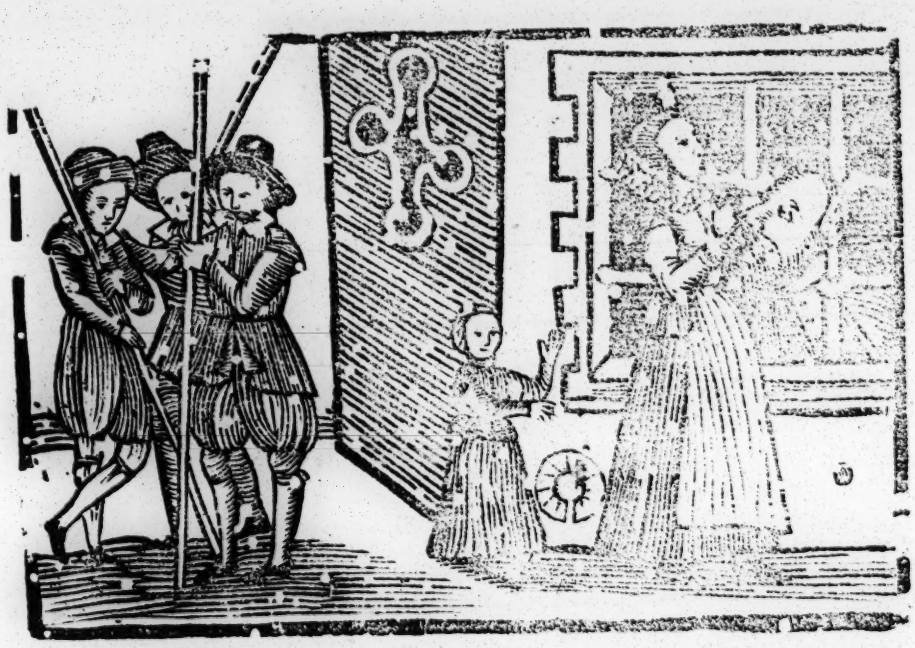
Though reason would thou shouldst forbear
to stop thy hand from bloody stroke,
Yet fancy said thou shouldst not fear,
who fettered thee in Cupids yoke,
Come death quoth she and end the smart,
And with those words she pierc'd her heart

WHen death had pierc'd the tender heart
of Dido, Carthaginian Queen,
And bloody knife did end the smart
which she sustain'd in woefull teene,
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her moan.
Her Funerall most costly made.
and all things fitting mournfully,
Her body fine in mold was laid,
where it consumed speedily.
Her Sisters tears her Tomb bestrew'd,
Her Subjects grief his kindnesse shew'd.
Then was Æneas in an Isle.
in Grecia where he liv'd long space,
Whereas her Sister in short while.
wrote to him to his foule disgrace,
In phrase of Letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.
False-hearted wretch quoth he thou art,
and Trapterously thou hast betray'd
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
which unto thee such welcome made,
My Sister dear and Carthage joy.
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.
Yet on her death-bed when she lay,
she prayd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching God that every day
might breed the great felicity,
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend,
Heaven send thee such untimely end,
When he these lines full fraught with gall,
perused had and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
and streight appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's Ghost both grim and pale,
Which made this valiant Souldier quail.
Æneas quoth this grisly Gost,
my whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most,
my fancy and my will did give.
For entertainment I thee gave.
Unthankfully thou didst my Grace,
Wherefore prepare thy fleeting Soule
to wander with me in the ayre
Where deadly grief shall make it howle,
because of me thou tookst no care.
Delay no time thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past and death is come,
O stay a while thou lovely spright,
be not so hasty to convey
My soul into eternall night,
where it shall nere behold bright day,
O do not frown, thy angry look
Hath made my breath my life forsake,
But woe is me it is in vain,
and bootlesse is my dismallery,
Time will not be recal'd again
nor thou surcease before I dye
O let me live to make amends
Unto some of my dearest friends,
But seeing thou obdurate art,
and wilt no pitty to me show.
Because from thee I did depart,
and left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content my selfe to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake.
And like one being in a Trance,
a multitude of ugly fiends,
About this woefull Prince did dance,
no help he had of any friends,
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day,

printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbertson

A worthy Example of a vertuous wife, who fed her Father with her own Milk, being condemned to be ſtarved to death, and afterwards pardoned by the Emperour.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.



IN Rome I read a Noble man,
the Emperor did offend,
And for that fault he was adjudg'd,
unto a cruel end:
That he ſhould be in Priſon caſt,
with irons many a one,
And there be famiſht unto death,
and brought to skin and bone.

And more, if any one were known,
by night, or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of food,
his hunger to allay:
The Emperor ſwore a mighty Oath,
without remorſe, quoth he,
They ſhould ſuſtain the cruell'ſt death,
that could deviſed be.

This cruel ſentance once pronounc'd,
the Noble-man was caſt,
Into a Dungeon dark and deep,
with Irons fettered faſt:
Where when he had with hunger great
remained ten days ſpace,
And neither taſted meat nor drink
in this moſt woful caſe,

The tears along his aged face,
moſt plentiouſly did fall,
And grievouſly he did begin,
for to complain withal:
O Lord (quoth he) what ſhall I do,
ſo hungry Lord am I,
For want of bread, one bit of bread,
I periſh, ſtarve, and die.

How precious is one grain of Wheat,
unto my hungry ſoul?
One cruſt, or crumb or little piece,
my hunger to controul:
Had I this Dungeon heapt with gold,
I would forgo it all,
To buy and purchaſe one brown loaf,
yea, were it ne'r ſo ſmall.

O that I had but every day,
ſome bit of bread to eat;
Though ne'r ſo moldy black, or brown,
my comfort would be great:
Yea, albeit I took it up,
trod down in dirt and mire,
It would be pleaſing to my taſte,
and ſweet to my deſire.

God Lord how happy is the Hind,
that labours all the day,
The drudging Mule, the Peaſant poor,
that at command do ſtay:
They have their ordinary meals,
they take no heed at all,
Of thoſe ſweet crumbs and cruſts that
do careleſly let fall. (they,

How happy is that little Chick,
that without fear may go,
and pick up thoſe moſt precious crumbs
which they away did throw:
O that ſome pretty little Mouſe,
ſo much my friend would be,
To bring ſome old forſaken cruſt,
into this place to me.

BUt oh my heart it is in vain,
no succesour can I have,
No meat, nor drink, nor water eke
my loathed life to save,
O bring some bread for Christ his sake,
some bread, some bread for me,
I dye, I dye, for lack of food,
none but stone walls I see.

Thus day and night he cryed out,
in most outragious sort,
That all the people far and near,
were grieved at his report;
And though that many friends he had,
and Daughters in the Town,
Yet none durst come to succour him,
fearing the Emperors frown.

Yet now behold one daughter dear,
he had as I do find,
Who liv'd in his displeasure great,
for matching against his mind:
Although she lived in mean estate,
she was a vertuous Wife,
And for to help her Father dear,
she ventured thus her life.

She quickly to her Sisters went,
and of them did intreat,
That by some secret means they would
convey their Father meat;
Our father dear doth starve (she said)
the Emperors wrath is such,
He dies alas for want of food,
whereof we have too much.

Sweet sisters therefore use some means
his life for to preserve,
And suffer not your father dear,
in prison for to starve:
Alas (quoth they) what shall we do
his hunger to sustain,
You know 'tis death for any one
that would his life maintain.

And though we wish him well, qd. they,
we never will agree,
To spoil our selves, we had as lief
that he should die as we:
And sister if you lose your self,
let this attempt alone,
Though you do ne'r so secret work,
at length it will be known.

O hath our fathers brought us up,
and nourisht us (quoth she)
And shall we now forsake him quite,
in his extremity:
No, I will venture life and limb,
to do my father good,
The worst that is, I can but dye.
to sit a tyrants mood.

With that away in hast she hies,
and to the Prison goes;
But with her woful father dear,
she might not speak God knows.
Except the Emperor would grant
her favour in that case,
The Keeper would admit no wight
to enter in that place.

Then she unto the Emperor hies.
and taking on her knee,
With wringing hands, & bitter tears,
these words pronounced she:
My hopeless Father gracious Lord,
offending of your grace;
Is judg'd unto a pining death,
within a woful place.

Which I confess he hath deserv'd,
yet mighty Prince (quoth she)
Vouchsafe in gracious sort to grant
one simple boon to me:
It chanced so I match'd my self,
against my fathers mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
as fortune hath assign'd.

And seeing now the time is come
he must resign his breath;
Vouchsafe that I may speak with him
before his hour of death:
And reconcile my self to him,
his favour to obtain,
That when he dyes I may not then
under his curse remain.

The Emperor granted her request,
conditionally that she;
Each day unto her father came,
should throughly searched be.
no meat nor bread she with her brought
to help him there distress:
But every day she nourisht him
with milk from her own breast.

Thus by her milk he was preserv'd
a twelve month and a day.
And was most fair and fat to see,
yet no man knew which way:
The Emperor musing much thereat,
at length did understand,
How he was fed, and not his Law,
was broke at any hand.

And much admired at the same,
and her great vertue shown,
He pardoned him, and honoured her,
with great preferments known.
Her father ever after that
did love her as his life,
And blest the time that she was made,
a loving wedded wife.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

The Wandring

O R

The Old Hiſtorian His Brief Declaration, Made in a m
Since *William*'s Invaſion, For no great Occaſio

To the Tune of, *Our Pr*

William Conq. William Rufus. Henry 1. Stephen. Henry 2. Richard 1. Jo

Henry 6. Edward 4. Edward 5. Richard 3. Henry 7. Henry 8.

WHen William Duke of Normandy
With all his Normans gallantly
this Kingdome did ſubdue;
Full fifteen years of age I was,
And what e're ſince hath come to paſs,
I can repeat for true.

I can remember ſince he went
From London for to Conquer Kent,
where with a walking Wood,
The men of Kent compaſſed him,
And he for aye confirm'd to them
King Edwards Laws for good.

Likewiſe, I William Rufus knew,
And ſaw the Arrow that him ſlew
hard by a Foreſt ſide:
I well could tell if I lift,
Or better tell you if I will,
who next to him did ride.

Firſt Henry I. and Stephen knew,
Who no man here but I did view,
I ſaw them Crown'd and dead;
I can remember well alſo,
The ſecond Henry's Royal ſhow,
that day that he was Wed.

Likewiſe was at Woodſtock Bower,
And ſaw that ſweet and famous flower,
Queen Elenor ſo did ſpight,
I found the clew of thread again,
After that worthy Knight was ſlain,
'twas green, blew, red and white.

I ſaw King Richard in his Shirt
Pull out a furious Lyons heart,
whereby his ſtrength was try'd;
I ſaw King John, when as the Monk,
Gave him the Poyſon which he drunk,
and then forſooth he dy'd.

I mark'd the Barrons when they ſent
For the French Doulphin, with intent
to put third Henry down:
I ſaw the Earl of Leiceſter Kont,
(Call'd Simon Munford) with his Tent
beſiege fair London Town.

And I have the firſt Edward ſeen (bare
Whoſe Legs I full thought to have had
a yard and maze in length:
With him I into Scotland went,
And back again incontinent
which he ſubdu'd by ſtrength.

I knew Carnarven's Winſon dear,
And ſaw th. fall of Mortimeer,
with all the Barons Wars.
And likely was to have been ſent,
At Burton Battel upon Trent,
where I receiv'd thoſe ſcars.

Third Edward and his valiant Son,
By whom great feats of arms were done
I ſaw on Creſſy Plain
Which day, when bows and arrows keen
Grew ſcant, with mighty ſtones I ween,
were many French men ſlain.

I knew Wat Tyler
And I the Mayor
in Smith-field
I was at Pomfret
The ſecond Richar
whoſe death
I ſaw when Henr
The Crown and
which he becau
I ſaw when Henr
And many Lords
were ſlain in
I ſaw the braby
(Whoſe death I
Henry the fifth
And I can give
how many Fren
were in one
I ſaw the Whit
And Warwick g
in the fifth He
And preſent was
When Henry wa
by crook'd-ba
I in a Gold-ſm
Fourth Edwards
whoſe name
I ſaw when Ric
Did put her to
and I was gr

ng Jevvs Chronicle:

OR

n a m fashion, of each Coronation, That pass'd in this Nation,
ecasion But meer Recreation, To put off Vexation.

Our Pr[illegible]e is welcome out of Spain.

[illegible]at Tyler and Jack Straw,
[illegible]Mayor London saw,
[illegible]-field by ch him flew:
[illegible]Pomfret Castle, when
[illegible]d Richard there was slain,
[illegible]eath's t[illegible]nce I rue.

[illegible]n Henry Bullingbrook,
[illegible]on and [illegible]epter on him took,
[illegible]s becam[illegible] full well:
[illegible]n Henry Hotspur he,
[illegible] Lords Shrewsbury,
[illegible]in in B[illegible]tel fell.

[illegible]brad[illegible]rious Princes,
[illegible]eath I [illegible]e bewail'd o're sines)
[illegible]e fifth [illegible]ream:
[illegible]ide you[illegible]ll respect,
[illegible] French Agencourt
[illegible]ses Ba[illegible] slain.

[illegible]White, [illegible]e Red-Rose fight
[illegible]ick gre[illegible]n Armour bright,
[illegible]th Henr[illegible] Reign:
[illegible]t was t[illegible]ery hour,
[illegible]ry was [illegible]London Tower,
[illegible]d-back[illegible]ichard slain.

[illegible]d-smith[illegible]hop have seen,
[illegible]wards [illegible]rious Concubine
[illegible]me wa[illegible]ir Jane Shore:
[illegible]n Richa[illegible]ceusity
[illegible]r to g[illegible] misery,
[illegible]s gri[illegible] therefore

Also I was at Bolworth field,
Well armed there with spear and shield
meaning to try my force:
Where Richard losing Life and Crown,
Was naked born to Leicester Town,
upon a Colliers Horse.

To the seventh Henry then I was,
A servant, as it came to pass
to serve him at his need:
And while I did in Court remain,
I saw in the eighth Henry's Reign,
full many great men bleed.

I as a Souldier bold with him
O're Neptunes curled head did swim
unto the Realm of France:
I help't to ransack Bulloign Town,
And many places of Renown,
yet home I came by chance.

I knew fair Edward or a Child,
Whose countenance was very mild,
a hopeful Prince he was:
I knew Queen Mary in her Reign,
Put Protestants to mickle pain,
and re-set up the Mass.

And (to my comfort) I have seen;
Elizabeth that Maiden-Queen,
Queen Mary's only Sister:
Though she raign'd four and forty years
Her Subjects shew'd well by their tears,
that they too soon had her.

I saw King James come from the North
Like to a Star that shineth forth,
to glad the Peoples sight:
He brought a Salve to cure our wounds,
And made Great Brittain safe and sound,
through equity and right.

He was in truth a Prince of peace,
And made all former jars to cease,
'twixt English-men and Scots,
The English-men sung merry Sonnets
The Scots threw up their Bonnets,
for joy of these good lots.

In Scotland born in England burst
Was Pious Prince Charles the first
who had to Wife Queen Mary
But by the rage of Rebels hate,
Murthered and Martyr'd at his Gate,
this good King dit miserly.

King Charles the second, that had spent
Many long years in Banishment,
and scap'd with life so nearly:
By Miracle and means unknown,
sits in the brightness of his Throne,
where he doth shine most clearly.

Queen Katherine his betrothed Wife,
The Lady of his Love and Life,
is likewise now come hither:
And may their bodies both encrease
In Love and Children, joy, and Peace,
long as they live together.

Print *Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clark.*

34

A worthy example of a vertuous wife, who fed her father with her own milk, being condemned to be famished to death: and after was pardoned by the Emperor.

To the tune of Flying Fame.

IN Rome I read a Noble man,
the Emperor did offend,
And for that fact he was adjudg'd
unto a cruell end:
That he should be in prison cast,
with irons many a one,
And there be famisht unto death,
and brought to skin and bone.

And more, if any one were knowne,
by night or yet by day,
To bring him any kind of food,
his hunger to allay:
The Emperour swore a mighty oath,
without remorse (quoth he)
Thou shalt sustaine the cruellest death
that may deuised be.

This cruel sentence once pronounc'd,
the Noble man was cast,
Into a dungeon darke and deepe,
with irons fettered fast:
Where when he had with hunger great,
remained ten dales space,
And neither tasted bread nor drink,
in this most wofull case.

The teares along his aged face,
most plentifully did fall,
And grieuously he did begin
for to complaine withall:
O Lord, quoth he, what shall I doe,
so hungry Lord am I,
For want of bread, one bit of bread,
I famish starue and die.

How precious were one corne of wheat,
unto my hungry soule,
One crust, one crum, one little peece,
my hunger to controle:
Had I this dungeon heap'd with Gold,
I would forgoe it all,
To buy and purchase one browne loafe,
yea were it here so small.

O that I had but every day,
one bit of bread to eate,
Though here so mouldy black or browne
my comfort would be great:
Yea albeit I tooke it up,
trod downe in dirt and mire,
It would be pleasing to my taste,
and sweet to my desire.

Good Lord how happy is the Hinde,
that labours all the day,
The drudging slaue, the peasant poore,
which at commandement stay:
These haue their ordinary meales,
they take no heed at all
Of those sweet crums and crusts, that they
so carelesly let fall.

How happy is the little chick,
that without feare may goe,
And pick up those most precious crums,
which they away doe throw.
O that some pretty little mouse,
so much my friend would be,
To bring some old forsaken crust,
into this place to me.

But oh my heart I wish in vaine,
no succour I can haue,
No meat, no drink, no water eke,
my loathed life to saue.
O bring some bread for Christ his sake,
some bread, some bread to me,
I die, I die, for lack of bread,
nought but stone walls I see.

Thus day and night he cryed out,
in most outragious sort,
That all the country farre and neere,
were griev'd at his report.
And though that many friends he had,
and daughters in the towne,
Yet none durst come to succour him,
fearing the Emperours frowne.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

YEt now behold one daughter deare,
he had as I doe find,
Which lin'd in his diſpleaſure great,
for matching gainſt his mind:
Although ſhe liu'd in meane eſtate,
ſhe was a vertuous wife,
And for to helpe her father deare,
ſhee ventured thus her life.

Shee quickly to her ſiſters ran,
and did of them intreat,
That by ſome ſecret meanes they would
conuay their Father meat.
Our father deare doth ſtarue, ſhe ſaid,
the Emperours wrath is ſuch,
He dies alas for want of food,
whereof we haue too much.

Sweet ſiſters therefore vſe ſome meanes,
his life for to preſerue,
And ſuffer not our father deare,
in priſon for to ſtarue:
Alas quoth they, what ſhall we doe,
his hunger to ſuſtaine:
You know tis death to any one,
that would his life maintaine.

And though we with him well, quoth they
we neuer will agree,
To ſpoile our ſelues, we had as liefe
that he ſhould die, as wee.
And ſiſter, if you loue your ſelfe,
let this attempt alone,
Though you doe here ſo ſecret worke,
at length it will be knowne.

O hath our Father brought vs vp,
and nouriſht vs, quoth ſhe,
And ſhall we now forſake him quite,
in his extremity:
No, I will venture life and limb,
to doe my father good,
The worſt that is, I can but die,
to ſit a tyrants mood.

With that away ſhe hies in haſte,
and to the Jayle ſhe goes,
But with her wofull father deare,
ſhe might not ſpeake God knowes,
Except the Emperor would grant
his fauour in that caſe:
The Keeper would admit no wight
to enter in that place.

Then ſhe vnto the Emperour hyes,
and falling on her knee,
With wringing hands and bitter teares,
theſe words pronounced ſhe:
My hopeleſſe Father, gratious Lord,
offending of your Grace,
Is iudg'd vnto a pining death,
within a woefull place:

Which I confeſſe he hath deſerv'd,
yet mighty Prince, quoth ſhe,
Vouchſafe in gracious ſort, to grant
one ſimple boone to me:
It chanced ſo, I match'd my ſelfe,
againſt my fathers mind,
Whereby I did procure his wrath,
as fortune falſe aſſign'd.

And ſeeing now the time is come,
he muſt reſigne his breath,
Vouchſafe that I may ſpeake with him,
before his houre of death:
And reconcile my ſelfe to him,
his fauour to attaine,
That when he dies I may not then
vnder his curſe remaine.

The Emperor granted her requeſt,
conditionally that ſhe,
Each time ſhe to her father came,
ſhould thoroughly ſearched be.
No bread no meat with her ſhe brought
to helpe him there diſtreſt,
But euery day ſhe nouriſht him,
with her moſt tender breſt.

Thus by her milke he was preſerv'd,
a twelue month and a day,
And was moſt faire and fat to ſee,
yet no man knew which way.
The Emperor muſing much thereat,
at length did vnderſtand,
How he was fed, and yet his law
not broke at any hand.

And much admiring at the fame,
and her great vertue ſhowne,
Hee pardon'd him, and honor'd her,
with great preferments knowne.
Her Father euer after that,
did loue her as his life,
And bleſt the time that ſhee was made
a louing wedded wife.

FINIS.

London Printed for E.W.

A pleaſant Song of the Valiant Deeds of Chivalry,

atchieved by that Noble Knight, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*, who for the love of fair *Phillis* became a Hermit, and dyed in a Cave of a Craggy Rock, a mile diſtant from *Warwick*.

To the Tune of, *Was ever man, &c.*

WAs ever Knight for Ladies ſake,
ſo toſt in love, as I Sir Guy?
For Phillis fair that Lady bright,
as ever man beheld with eye;
She gave me leave my ſelf to try,
the valiant Knights with ſhield and ſpear
Ere that her love ſhe would grant me,
which made me venture far and neer.

The proud Sir Guy a barren bold,
in deeds of arms the Doubtful Knight,
That every day in England was,
with ſword and ſpear in field to fight:
An Engliſh-man I was by birth,
in faith of Chriſt a Chriſtian true;
The wicked Laws of Infidels,
I ſought by power to ſubdue.

Two hundred twenty years and odd,
after our Saviour Chriſt his birth,
When King Athelſton wore the Crown,
I lived here upon the earth:
Sometimes I was of Warwick Earl,
and as I ſaid in very truth:
A Ladies love did me conſtrain
to ſeek ſtrange vertues in my youth.

To try my fame by feats of Arms,
in ſtrange and ſundry heathen Lands,
Where I atchieved for her ſake
right dangerous conqueſts with my hands.
For firſt I ſail'd to Normandy,
and there I ſtoutly won in fight,
The Emperors daughter of Almany,
from many a valiant worthy Knight.

Then paſſed I the Seas of Greece,
to help the Emperor to his right.
Againſt the mighty Soldans Hoaſt,
of puiſſant Perſians for to fight:
Where I did ſlay of Sarazens,
and heathen Pagans many a Wan;
And ſlew the Soldans Couzin dear,
who had to name, daughty Caloron.

Ezkeldred that Famous Knight,
to death likewiſe I did purſue,
And Almain King of Tyre alſo,
moſt terrible too in fight to view.
I went into the Soldans Hoaſt,
being thither on amballage ſent,
And brought away his head with me,
I having ſlain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon in the Land,
which also I my self did slay;
As he a Lyon did pursue,
most fiercely met me by the way:
From thence I past the Seas of Greece,
and came to Pavy land aright;
Where I the Duke of Pavy kil'd,
his hainous treason to requite.

And after came into this land,
towards fair Phillis Lady bright;
For love of whom I travelled far
to try my manhood and my might:
But when I had espoused her,
I staid with her but forty days,
But there I left this Lady fair,
and then I went beyond the Seas.

All clad in gray in Pilgrim sort,
my voyage from her I did take,
Unto that blessed Holy Land,
for Jesus Christ my Saviours sake:
Where I Earl Jonas did redeem,
and all his Sons, which were fifteen:
Who with the cruel Sarazens
in Pyllon for long time had been.

I slew the Gyant Amarant
in battel fiercely hand to hand,
And Daughty Barknard killed I,
the mighty Duke of that same Land:
Then I to England came again,
and here with Colbron fell I fought,
An ugly Gyant, which the Danes,
had for their Champion thither brought.

I overcame him in the field,
and slew him dead right valiantly;
Where I the Land did then redeem
from Danish tribute utterly:
And afterwards I offered up
the use of weapons solemnly;
At Winchester, whereas I fought
in sight of many far and nigh.

In Windsor Forrest I did slay,
a Boar of passing might and strength;
The like in England never was,
for hugeness both in breadth and length;
Some of his bones in Warwick yet,
within the Castle there do lie;
One of his shield bones to this day,
hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunsmore-heath I also slew,
a monstrous wild and cruel beast,
Call'd the Dun Cow of Dunsmore-heath,
which many people had oppress:
Some of her bones in Warwick yet,
still for a monument do lie,
Which unto every lookers view,
as wondrous strange they may espy.

Another Dragon in the Land,
I also did in fight destroy,
Which did both men and beasts oppress
and all the Country sore annoy:
And then to Warwick came again,
like Pilgrim poor, and was not known,
And there I liv'd a Hermits life,
a mile and more out of the town.

Where with my hand I hew'd a house,
out of a craggy rock of stone;
And lived like a Palmer poor,
within that Cave my self alone:
And daily came to beg my food
of Phillis at my Castle Gate,
Not known unto my loving Wife,
who mourned daily for her mate.

Till at the last I fell sore sick,
yea sick so sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of gold,
by which she knew me presently:
Then she repairing to the Cave,
before that I gave up the Ghost;
Her self clos'd up my dying eyes,
my Phillis fair, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
to bring my corps unto the Grave,
And like a Palmer dyed I,
whereby I sought my life to save:
My body in Warwick yet doth lie,
though now it be consum'd to mold,
My stature there was graven in stone,
this present day you may behold.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, *J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

Tryal of skill, performed by a poor decay'd Gentlewoman,

who cheated a rich Grasier of sevenscore pound, and left him a child to keep.

If you will know, then listen a while, | And you shall know that which will make you smile.

The Tune is, *Rigged and Torn.*

KInd Country-men list to my Ditty,
I pray you what ever you be,
I know that my case you will pity,
I pray then take warning by me;
Sevenscore pounds I did loose,
besides a fine Wab-at-home,
My Sweet-heart she did me abuse;
and left me no Coyn in my purse.
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

I brought some Cattel to Town.
and sold them for seventy pound,
But money-less then I went home,
with sorrow incompassed round:
A dainty fine Cloak-bag I had,
within it my treasure I laid,
My fortune now maketh me sad;
to think how I was betray'd.
Take heed, &c.

As through Cheap-side I did pass,
mistrusting no manner of harm,
I met with a poor decay'd Lass,
with a pretty fine child in her arm:
She seemed in habit to be
a Gentlewoman to be made poor,
She asked relief then of me,
then I thought to make her my whore.
Take heed, &c.

Quoth she pray yield some relief,
these words then unto me she said,
Unto a pray wretch full of grief,
a poor Gentlewoman decay'd:
Fair Sister, quoth I. I do grieve,
to see you distressed to be,
But I all your wants will relieve,
if you will be ruled by me:
Take heed, &c.

Go with me unto my Inn,
and there you shall lye at your ease,
You never was brought up to spin,
but Gentlemens humours to please:
He tell them that you are my wife,
and this is my Child that you have,
Twas I that did breed all the strife,
and with my self plaid the knave.
Take heed, &c.

She seem'd to be overjoy'd,
and cast a sheeps-eye upon me,
She could not be better imploy'd,
and so we did quickly agree:
When unto the Inn I did come,
her fingers did itch at my self,
I call'd for a large fair Room,
for my wife, my child, and my self.
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men overthrown,
And rich men are often made poor,
when as they keep more then their own.

A Dainty fine supper we had,
and brought up unto us with speed,
But all the charge lay upon me,
I paid for it soundly indeed:
Now when we had supp'd I kist her,
and she was as willing as I,
But would to God that I had mist her,
and her decay'd gentility:
Take heed of bad women therefore,
by women are men over thrown,
And rich men are often made poor,
by keeping of more then their own.

Down stairs then softly she went,
and call'd for my Cloak-bag with speed,
This Harlot was surely bent,
for to undo me with speed:
My Night-cloaths are in it, quoth she,
such mischief in Harlots are rife,
He gave her my Cloak-bag most free,
as thinking she had been my wife:
Take heed, &c.

She cunningly slunk out of doors,
when no body did her mind,
I may bid a pox of all Whores,
for leaving her Bastard behind:
Now farewel my fourscore pound,
Lul-a-by must be my Song,
I'm left like a Horse in the pound,
'tis I that must suffer the wrong;
Take heed, &c.

I call'd her to come unto bed,
not thinking I had been undone,
I looked like a man had been dead,
when as I perceiv'd she was gone:
I fretted, I fum'd, I swore,
the child had got a new Dad,
And when I began for to roar,
the people did think I was mad:
Take heed, &c.

The Chamberlain run up amain,
sir, what is the matter, quoth he,
O call back that woman again,
for she hath quite ruined me:
She leaveth her Bastard behind her,
on purpose to shorten my life,
O prethee see if thou canst find her,
for why? she is none of my Wife:
Take heed, &c.

But where is my Cloak-bag I pray,
for therein lies all my gains,
I gave it your wife by my fay, (pains.
then would you were hang'd for your
You call'd her your wife and your honey,
why should not your wife then be bold,
To have the command of your Money,
your Cloak-bag, your silver and gold.
Take heed, &c.

The Child lay crying apace,
and I lay swearing as fast,
To understand rightly my case,
the Inn-keeper came at the last:
When he understood the matter,
he said he was glad 'twas no worse,
He told me that he would not flatter,
for I must provide me a Nurse:
Take heed, &c.

I'm sorry you met with this Harlot,
the cause of your sorrow and grief;
But you would have made her your harlot
if she had not proved a thief:
You wanted a Bit for your Cat,
to purge out your mad melancholly,
I pray you think wisely of that,
for you have paid well for your folly:
Take heed, &c.

This was all the comfort he gave,
I was never before so beguil'd,
The folks in the house did out-brave me,
and bid me provide for my Child:
I carried my Child unto Nurse,
to end all the trouble and strife,
With never a Groat in my purse,
I went home unto my wife.
Take heed, &c.

No wonder that meat is so dear,
the Grasier so pincheth the poor,
But now it doth plainly appear
the Grasier maintaineth a Whore:
Since Wenches so chargeable are,
the Grasier had need to be witty,
If ever it should be his care,
to fetch his loss out of the City:
Take heed of bad women therefore, &c.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clarke.*

The Laſt News from *France*,

Being a true Relation of the eſcape of the King of Scots from *Worceſter* to *London*, and from *London* to *France*, who was conveyed away by a young Gentleman in womans Apparel: The King of Scots attending on this ſuppoſed Gentlewoman in manner of a Serving-man.

The Tune is, *When the King injoyes*, &c.

ALL you that do deſire to know
what is become of the King of Scots,
I unto you will truly ſhow
after the fight of Northern Rats,
'Twas I did convey
His Highneſs away,
And from all dangers ſet him free,
In womans attire
As reaſon did require,
And the King himſelf did wait on me.

He of me a ſervice did crave,
and often times to me ſtood bare,
In womens apparel he was moſt brave
and on his chin he had no hare;
Where ever I came
My ſpeeches did frame,
So well my watting-man to free,
The like was never known
I think by any one,
For the King, &c.

My Watting man a Jewel had
which I for want of money ſold,
Becauſe my fortune was ſo bad,
we turn'd our Jewel into gold,
A good ſhift indeed
In time of our need,
Then glad was I, and glad was he,
Our Cauſe it did advance
Until we came to France,
And the King, &c.

We walked through Weſtminſter-Hall
where Law and Juſtice doth take place,
Our grief were great, our comfort ſmall,
we look't grim death all in the face,
I looked round about
And made no other doubt
But I and my man ſhould taken be,
The people ſtill knew
As I may tell to you,
That the King himſelf did wait on me.

FRom thence we went to the fatal place
where his Father lost his life,
And there my man did weep apace
and sorrow with him then was rife,
I bid him peace
Let sorrow cease
For fear that we should taken be,
The Gallants in VVhite-Hall
Did little know at all,
That the King himself did wait on me.

The King he was my Serving man
and thus the plot we did contrive,
I went by the name of Mistris Anne
when we took water at Queen-Hive,
A Boat there we took
And London forsook,
And now in France arrived are we,
We got away by stealth,
And the King is in good health,
And he shall no longer wait on me.

The King of Denmark's dead they say
then Charles is like to Rule the Land,
In France he will no longer stay
as I do right understand,
That Land is his due
If they be but true
And he with them do well agree:
I heard a bird sing:
If he be once their King,
My man will then my Master be.

Now heaven grant them better success
with their young King than England had,
Free from war and from distress
their Fortune may not be so bad,
Since the case thus stands
Let neighbouring Lands
Lay down their Arms, and at quiet be,
But as for my part
I am glad with all my heart,
That my man must now my Master be.

And thus I have declar'd to you
by what means he escap'd away,
Now we bid our cares adieu
though the King did lose the day,
To him I was true
And that he well knew,
'Tis God that must his comfort be,
Else all our Policy
Had been but foolery,
For the King no longer waits on me.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

The Famous Sea-fight between Captain *Ward* and the *RAINBOW*.

To the Tune of, *Captain Ward.*

STrike up you lusty Gallants,
with Musick and sound of Drum
For we have descryed a Rower,
upon the Sea is come.

His name is Captain Ward,
right well it doth appear,
There has not been such a Rower,
found out this thousand year.

For he has sent unto our King,
the first of January,
Desiring that he might come in,
with all his company.

And if your King will let me come,
till I my tale have told,
I will bestow for my ransome
full thirty Tun of Gold.

O nay, O nay, then says our King,
O nay, this may not be,
To yield to such a Rower,
my self will not agree.

He has deceived the Frenchman,
likewise the King of Spain,
And how can he be true to me,
that hath been false to twain.

With that our King provided
a Ship of worthy fame,
Rainbow she is called,
if you would know her name.

Now the gallant Rainbow,
she rows upon the Sea,
Five hundred gallant Seamen
to bear her company.

The Dutch-man and the Spaniard,
she made them for to flye,
Also the bonny French-man,
as she met them on the Sea.

When as this gallant Rainbow,
did come where Ward did lye,
Where is the Captain of this Ship,
this gallant Rainbow did cry.

O that am I says Captain Ward,
there's no man bids me lye,
And if thou art the Kings fair Ship,
thou art welcome unto me.

Ile tell the what says Rainbow,
our King is in great grief,
That thou should'st lye upon the Sea
and play the arrant thief.

AND will not let our Merchants pass as they did before, (ships
Such tydings to our King is come, which grieves his heart full sore.

With that this gallant Rainbow, she shot out of her Pride,
Full fifty gallant brass pieces, charged on every side.

Although these gallant Shooters prevailed not a pin,
Though they were brass on ẏ outside yet Ward was steel within.

Shoot on, shoot on, says Captain ward your sport well pleaseth me,
And he that first gives over, shall yield unto the Sea.

I never wronged an English Ship, but Turk and King of Spain,
For and the Jovial Dutch-man, as I met on the main.

If I had known your King, but one two years before,
I would have sav'd brave Essex's life whose death did grieve me sore.

Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus from me,
If he reign King of all the Land, I will reign King at Sea.

With that the gallant Rainbow shot and shot and shot in vain,
And left the Rowers company, and returned home again.

Our Royal King of England, your Ships return'd again,
For Wards Ship is so strong, she never will be tane.

O everlasting says our King, I have lost jewels three,
Which would a gone unto the Seas and brought proud Ward to me.

The first was Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland,
The second was the Lord Mountjoy, as you shall understand.

The third was brave Essex, from field would never flee,
Which would have gone unto ẏ seas, and brought proud Ward to me.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vine-street*, neer *Hatton-Garden*.

Londons Glory, and *Whittingtons* Renown

OR,

A Looking-Glass for Citizens of *LONDON.*

Being a Remarkable Story, how Sir *Richard Whittington* (a poor Boy bred up in *Lancashire*) came to be three times Lord Mayor of *London* in three several Kings Reigns, and how his rise was by a Cat, which he sent for a Venture beyond Sea. Together with his Bountiful Gifts and Liberality given to this Honourable City: And the vast Sums of Money he lent the King to maintain the VVars in *France*. And how at a great Feast to which he invited the King, the Queen, and the Nobility, He Generously Burnt the Writings, and freely forgave his Majesty the whole Debt.

Tune of, *Dainty come thou to me.*

BRave London Prentices,
come listen to my Song,
'Tis for your glory all,
and to you doth belong,
And you poor Country Lads,
though born of low degree
May by gods providence,
what you in time may be.

Hear must I tell the praise,
of worthy whittington,
Known to be in his dayes,
thrice Lord Mayor of London,

But of poor parentage,
born was he as we heare,
And in his tender age,
bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London, then,
came up this Simple lad,
Where with a Merchant-man,
soon he a dwelling had,
And in a Kitchen plac'd
a Scullion for to be,
Where a long time he past,
in drudging slavery.

His dayly service was,
turning spitts at the fire,
And to scour potts of Brass,
for a poore Scullions hire,
A sharp Cook Maid there was,
that beat him day by day,
Which made him in his mind,
think for to run away.

So from the Marchant-man,
Whittington secretly,
Towards his Country ran,
to gaine his liberty.
But as he went along,
in a faire Summers morn,
Londons Bells sweetly rung,
Whittington back return.

Evermore sounding so,
turn again Whittington,
And then in time shall be,
Lord Mayor of London
Whereupon back againe,
Whittington came with speed,
Prentice to remaine
as the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the Bells,
this was his daily Song,
Which my good fortune tells,
most sweetly hath they rung.
If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my Love shall see,
and my large bounties find.

But for this happy chance,
Whittington had a Cat,
Which he a venture sent
and got his wealth by that.
For from Forreign Land
where Rats & Mice abound.
They brought him for his Cat
many a fair thousand pound.

When as they home were come
with their Ship Laden so,
Whittington's wealth began,
by this Cat thus to grow:
Scullions life he forsook,
to be a Merchant good,
And soon he began to look,
how well his credit stood.

Soon after he was chose
Sheriff of the City here,
And then he quickly rose
higher as did appear.
For to this City's praise,
Sir Richard VVhittington,
Came to be in his days,
thrice Lord Mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
thousands he lent his King,
To maintain Wars in France
honour from thence to bring.
And after at a Feast,
which he the King did make
Burnt the Bonds as a jest
and would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave,
to his Prince willingly,
And would no penny have
for his kind courtesie:
As God thus made him great,
so he would daily set,
Poor people fed with meat,
to shew his Charity.

Prisoners poor, Cheriſht were,
widows sweet, comfort found,
Good deeds both far and neer
of him do still resound:
VVhittingtons Colledge is
one of his Charities,
And a fair Church he built
to lasting memories.

New-gate he builded faire,
for Prisoners to lye in;
Christs Church he did repair,
Christian lods for to win.
Many more such like deeds,
were done by Whittington,
Which joy and comfort breeds
to all that look thereon.

Let all brave Citizens
who do this story read,
By his example learn,
always the poor to feed,
What is lent to the Poor,
the Lord will sure repay,
And Blessings keep in store
until the latter day.

Lancashire thou hast bred,
this flower of Charity,
Though he be dead and gone,
yet lives his Memory.
Those Bells that call'd him so,
turn again Whittington,
Would they call many mo
such men to fair LONDON.

London, Printed for *R. Burton.* at the Horse-shoe in West Smith-field.

The Life and Death of Famous *Thomas Stukely*, an

Engliſh Gallant, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, who ended his life in a Battel of three Kings of *Barbury*. The Tune is, *King* Henries *going to* Bullion.

IN the Weſt of England,
Born there was I underſtand,
a famous Gallant was he in his days,
By birth a wealthy Clothiers Son,
Deeds of wonder he had done,
to purchaſe him a long and laſting praiſe.

If I ſhould tell his ſtory,
Pride was all his glory,
and lucky Stukely was he cal'd in Court:
He ſerv'd a Biſhop in the Weſt,
And did accompany the beſt,
maintaining of himſelf in gallant ſort.

Being thus eſteemed,
And every where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis he was called then,
to whom a Suitor gallantly he came.

When he her perſon eyed,
He could not be denyed,
ſo brave a Gentleman he was to ſee:
She was quickly made his Wife,
In weal or woe to lead her Life,
her Father willing thereto did agree.

Thus in ſtate and pleaſure,
Full many days they meaſure,
till cruel death with his regardleſs ſpight
Bore old Curtis to the Grave,
A thing that Stukely wiſht to have,
that he might Revel all in gold ſo bright.

He was na ſooner tombed,
But *Stukely* he preſumed,
to ſpend a hundred pound a day in waſte,
The greateſt Gallants in the Land,
Had Stukelies purſe at their command,
thus merrily the time away he paſt.

Taverns and Ordinaries,
Were his chiefeſt braveries,
golden Angels there flew up and down:
Ryots were his beſt delight
With ſtately feaſting day and night,
in Court and City thus he won Renown.

Thus waſting Land and Living,
By this Lawleſſe giving,
at laſt he ſold the pavements of the Yard:
Which covered were with blocks of Tin
Old Curtis left the ſame to him,
which he conſumed lately as you heard.

Whereat his Wife sore grieved,
Desired to be relieved,
make much of me dear husband she did say,
I'le make much more of thee, said he,
Then any man shall verily,
I le sell thy Cloaths and so i'le go away.
Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travel d into Italy with speed:
There he flourisht many a day,
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.
It was the Ladies pleasure.
To give him goods and treasure,
to maintain him in great pomp and fame
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battel in Barbury,
and he would valiantly go see the same.
Many a Noble gollant,
Sold both Land and Tallent,
to follow Stukely in this famous fight:
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within this battel shew themselves in fight.
Stukely and his followers all,
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen,
The King affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
and bore his Royal Standard now & then.
Upon this day of honour,
Each King did shew his Banner,
Morocco and the King of Barbury,
Portugal and all his train,
Bravely glittering on the plain,
and gave the On-set there most valiantly.
The Cannons they resounded,
Thundring Drums rebounded,
kill, kill, then was all the Souldiers cry.
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the Sun likewise was darkned in the sky.
Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but took us off Gods heavy wrath did show
That he was angry at this War,
He sent a fearful Blazing Star, (knows.
whereby the Kings might their misfortunes
Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful Murder, (were slain,
where six score thousand fighting men
Three Kings within this battle died,
With forty Dukes and Earls besides.
the like will never more be fought again.
With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding,
this bloody sacrifice of souls that day:
He sighing said, I woful wight,
Against my conscience here do fight,
and brought my followers all unto decay.
Being thus molested,
And with Grief oppressed,
those brave Italians did sell their Lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture Life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdring hands.
Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow swounded,
and to them he made his heavy moan:
Thus have I left my Country dear,
To be so vilely murdred here, (known
even in this place whereas I am not
My Wife I have much wronged,
Of what to her belonged,
I vainly spent in idle course of Life:
What I have done is past I see,
And bringeth nought but Grief to me,
therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.
Life I see consumeth,
And death I feel presumeth,
to change this Life of mine into a new:
Yet this my greatest comfort brings
I liv'd and dy'd in love of Kings,
and so brave Stukely bids the world adue.
Stukelie Life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a Souldier buried gallantly:
Where now there stands upon the grave,
A stately Temple builded brave,
with golden Turrets piercing to the sky.

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Vine-street, neer Hatten-Garden.

Lord WILLOUGHBY.

OR,

A true Relation of a Famous and Bloody Battel fought in *Flanders*, by the Noble and Valiant Lord *VVilloughby*, with 1500 Engliſh, againſt 40000 *Spaniards*, where the Engliſh obtained a Notable Victory; for the glory and Renown of our Nation. *To the Tune of*, Lord Willoughby.

THe fifteen day of July,
with glittering ſpear and ſhield,
A famous fight in Flanders,
was foughten in the field:
The moſt couragious Officers;
was Engliſh Captains three;
But the braveſt man in battel,
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
a valiant man was he,
The other Captain Turner,
that from field would never flee:
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
alas there was no more,
They fought with forty thouſand then,
upon the bloody ſhore.

Stand to it noble Pike-men,
and look you round about,
And ſhoot you right you Bow-men,
and we will keep them out.

You Muſquet and Calliver men,
do you prove true to me,
I'le be the foremoſt man in fight;
ſays brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy,
they fiercely did aſſail:
And fought it out moſt valiantly,
not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both ſides fell,
moſt piteous for to ſee,
Yet nothing could the courage quell,
of brave Lord Willoughby.

For ſeven hours to all men view,
this fight endured ſore,
Untill our men ſo feeble grew,
that they could fight no more:
And then upon dead Horſes,
full ſavourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
for no better they could get.

When they had fed so freely,
they kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly,
for the favour they had found;
And bearing up their Colours,
the fight they did renew,
And turning toward the Spaniard,
five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel pointed Arrows,
and Bullets thick did flye,
Then did our Valliant Souldiers,
charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
they thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour,
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all,
if that we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,
with courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground,
for all the Devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy,
was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
and rout their forces quite:
And at last they gave a shout,
which ecchoed through the sky,
God and St George for England
the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England,
with all the speed might be.
And told unto our gracious Queen,
of this same Victory:
O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
my love hath ever won,
Of all the Lords of honour
'tis he great deeds hath done.

For Souldiers that were maimed,
and wounded in the fray,
The Quæn allowed a Pension,
of eighteen pence a day:
Besides all costs and charges,
she quit and set them free,
And this she did all for the sake,
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage noble English men,
and never be dismaid,
If that we be but one to ten,
we will not be afraid:
To fight with forraign Enemies,
and set our Country free,
And thus I end this bloody bout,
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vine-Street*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

Prides fall: Or, A Warning for all Engſiſh Women.

By the Example of a ſtrange Monſter, born of late in *Germany*, by a Merchants proud Wife in *Geneva*. The Tune is, *All you that love good fellows.*

ENglands fair dainty Dames,
see here the fall of Pride,
Wantonneſs leave in time,
that God may be your guide:
I was a Dutch-land Drow,
ſhining in beauty bright,
And a brave Merchants Wife,
in whom he took delight.
All things I had at will,
my heart could wiſh or crave,
My dyet dainty fair,
my garments rich and brave:
No wife in Germany,
where I in pleaſure dwel'd,
For golden bravery
my perſon ſo excel'd.
My Coaches richly wrought,
and deckt with pearl and gold,
Carried me up and down
whereas my pleaſure would:
The earth I deem'd too baſe,
my feet to tread upon,
My blooming Criſon cheeks
felt neither wind nor ſun.
My beauty made me think,
my ſelf an Angel bright,
Framed of heavenly mold,
and not an earthly wight:
For my ſouls happineſſe,
Gods Holy Bible Book,
I had my Looking-Glaſſe,
where I moſt pleaſure took.
There was no faſhion found,
that might advance my pride;
But in my Looking-glaſſe,
my fancy ſoon eſpy'd:
Every vain fooliſh toy,
changeth my wanton mind,
And they beſt pleaſed me,
that could new faſhions find.
Yet all theſe earthly joys,
yeilded me ſmall content,
In that dame Nature had,
ne'r a Child to me ſent,
That makes my heart to bleed,
for which offence to God,
He therefore grievouſly
ſcourged me with his Rod.
And in my tender womb,
of ſo pure fleſh and blood,
Created he, ſtrange to ſee,
a moſt deformed brood:
That women of wanton pride,
may take example by,
How they in faſhions fond,
offend the Lord on high.
When the Babe came to light,
and I brought to my bed,
No coſt was ſpar'd that night,
to ſtand me in my ſtead:
My Nurſes young and fair,
fit for a Royal Queen,
Gave all attendance there,
as it was daily ſeen.
Never had Merchants Wife,
of Ladies ſuch a train,
That came in gentle ſort,
at the hour of my pain:
But when my ſwelling Womb,
yielded up natures due,
Such a ſtrange Monſter then,
never man hardly knew.

4°. C. 12. 28.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

FOr it affrighted so,
all the whole company,
That e're one said in heart,
vengeance now draweth nigh,
It had two faces strange,
and two heads painted fair,
On the brows curled locks,
such as our wantons ware.
One hand held right the shape
of a fair Looking-glasse,
In which I took delight
how my vain beauty was:
Right the shape of a Rod,
scourging me for my sin:
The other seem'd to have,
perfectly seen therein.
Theis womens wantonnesse,
and their vain foolish minds,
Never contented are
with that thing God assigns:
Look to it London Dames
God keepeth plagues in store,
And now the second part
of this song sheweth more.
Grief and care kills my heart
where God offended is,
As the poor Merchants wife,
did worldly comforts misse:
Strange were the miseries
that she so long endur'd,
No ease by womens help,
could be as then procur'd.
Hereupon speaks the Child,
with a voice fearfully,
Mother, your wanton Pride,
brings this your misery:
Let your life soon amend,
or else the mighty God,
Will scourge your wantonnes,
with a more sharper Rod.
About his neck a flaunting Ruff,
it had now gallantly,
Starched with white and blew,
seemly unto the eye:
With laces long and broad,
as now are Womens bands,
Thus heavy wanton Pride
first in Gods anger stands.
The brest was plated o're,
as still the Merchants be,
Now as lewd women wear,
to hide adultery:
Every part, every limb,
had not true natures frame,
But to shew to the world
this my great sin and shame.
From the head to the foot,
monster-like was it born,
Every part had the shape
of fashions daily worn:
On the feet pinked shoes
instep had Roses red:
Which in silk now is us'd,
so vainly are we led.
Thus hath my flesh and blood,
nourisht now near my heart;
Puts me in mind of sin,
and bids me now convert:
O let all women then,
take heed of wanton pride:
Angels have fallen from heaven
and for that sin have dy'd.
No sooner brought to light,
was this fruit of my Youth,
But to the Councel house
it was brought for a truth:
Where to the Magistrates,
in a most fearful sort:
Began a loud to speak,
and these words did report.
I am a Messenger,
now sent from God on high,
To bid you all repent
Christ comming draweth nigh,
Repent you all with speed,
this is a Message sure,
The world seems at an end,
and cannot long endure.
Pride is the Prince of sin,
which is our chief delight,
Man-kind repent with speed,
before the Lord doth smite;
This is my last adieu,
repentance soon provide:
These were his latest words:
and so the Monster dy'd.
Great was the fear of those,
that these same speeches heard,
God grant all Christians may,
have their minds well prepar'd
With true repentance,
Gods mercy to implore,
That never woman-kind
may bring such fruit forth more.
And you fair English Dames,
that in pride do excel,
This woful misery,
in your hearts print full well:
Let not pride be your guide,
for pride will have a fall:
Maid and Wife, let my Life,
be warning to you all.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *I. Wright*.

A Memorable Song on the unhappy hunting in *Chevy-Chase*, between Earl *Piercy* of *England*, and Earl *Dowglas* of *Scotland*. Tune of, *Flying Fame*.

GOd prosper long our Noble King,
our lives and safties all,
A woful hunting once there did
in Chevy Chase befall:
To drive the Deer with hound & horn
Earl Piercy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborn,
the hunting of that day.
The stout Earl of Nurthumberland
a vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish Woods
three summers days to take.
The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
to kill and bear away,
These tydings to Earl Dowglas
in Scotland where he lay. (came,
Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
he would prevent his sport,
The English Earl not fearing this,
did to the woods resort,
With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need,
to aim their shafts aright.
The gallant gray-hounds swiftly ran
to chase the Fallow Deer.
On Munday they began to hunt,
when day light did appear,
And long before high noon they had
an hundred fat bucks slain,
Then having din'd the Drovers went
to rouze them up again.
The Bow-men mustred on the hills
well able to endure,
Their backsides all with special care
that day were guarded sure,
The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the nimble Deer to take,
And with their cries the hills & dails
an Eccho shrill did make.
Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer,
Quoth he, Earl Dowglas promised
this day to meet me here,
But if I thought he would not come,
no longer I would stay.
With that a brave young Gentleman
thus to the Earl did say.
Lo yonder doth Earl Dowglas come,
his men in armour bright,
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
all marching in our sight,
All men of pleasant Tividale
fast by the River Tweed.
Then cease your sports E. Piercy said,
and take your bows with speed.
And now with me my Countrymen,
your courage forth advance,
For never was their Champion yet,
in Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse-back come
but if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a spear.
Earl Dowglas on a milk-white Steed
most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
whose armour shone like gold,
Shew me (he said) whose men you be
that hunt so boldly here,
That without my consent do chase
and kill my fallow Deer.
The man that first did answer make
was noble Piercy he,
Who said we list not to declare,
nor shew whose men we be:
Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
thy chiefest Harts to slay,
Then Dowglas swore a solemn oath
and thus in rage did say.
Ere thus I will outbraved be,
one of us two shall dye,
I know the well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I;
But trust me Piercy pitty it were,
and great offence to kill,
Any of these our harmless men,
for they have done no ill.
Let thou and I the battel try.
and set our men aside,
Accurst be he Lord Piercy said,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said he would not have it told
to Henry our King for shame.
That e're my Captain fought on foot
and I stood looking on.
You be two Earls, said Witherington
and I a Squire alone.
I'le do the best that do I may,
while I have power to stand,
While I have power to weil'd my
I'le fight with heart & hand. (sword

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

Our english archers bent their bows
their hearts were good & true,
At the first flight of Arrows sent,
full threescore Scots they slew.
To dryve the Deer with hound & horn
Earl Dowglas had the bent
A Captain mov'd with mickle pryde
the Spears to shivers went.
They clos'd full fast on every side
no slackness there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
lay gasping on the ground.
O Christ it was great grief to see,
and likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore
and scattered here and there.
At last these 2 stout Earls did meet,
like Captains of great might,
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
and made a cruel fight.
Thy fought until they both did sweat
with swords of tempered steel,
Until the blood like drops of rain,
they trickling down did feel.
Yield thee Lord Piercy, Dowglas said
in faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
by James our Scottish King,
Thy ransome I will freely give,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious Knt.
that ever I did see.
No Dowglas, qd Earl Piercy then,
thy proffer I do scorn,
I will not yield to any Scot
that ever yet was born.
With that there came an arrow keen
out of an English Bow.
Which struck E Dowglas to ẏ heart
a deep and deadly blow,
Who never spoke more words then
fight on my merry men all, (these
For why my life is at an end.
Lord Piercy sees my fall.
Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
the dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Dowglas for thy life,
would I had lost my Land.
O Christ my very heart doth bleed,
with sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more renowned Knight,
mischance did never take.
A Knt. amongst the Scots there was,
which saw Earl Dowglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow re-
upon the Earl Piercy. (venge,
Sir Hugh Montgomery was he cal'd
who with a Spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
ran fiercely through the fight.
And past the English archers all
without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercies body then
he thrust his hateful Spear.
With such a vehement force & might
ẏ did his body gore,
The spear went through ẏ other side,
a large cloth yard and more.
So thus did both these nobles dye,
whose courage none could stain,
An English archer then perceiv'd
the Noble Earl was slain.
He had a Bow bent in his hand,
made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloath yard long,
unto the head drew he.
Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
so right his Shaft he set,
the grey-gose wing that was thereon
in his heart blood was wet.
This fight did last from break of day
till setting of the Sun.
For when they rung the evening bell,
the battle scarce was done.
With ẏ Earl Piercy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton.
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron.
And with sir George & good sir James
both Knights of good account,
Good sir Ralph Rabby there was slain
whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I
as one in doleful dumps, (wail,
For when his legs were smitten off
he fought upon his stumps.
And with E. Dowglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel ẏ from the field
one foot would never flye.
Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too
his sisters Son was he,
Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd
yet saved could not be.
And the Lord Markwel in likewise
did with Earl Dowglas dye,
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
scarce fifty five did flye.
Of fifteen hundred English men
went home but fifty three,
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase
under the Green-Wood tree.
Next Day did many Widdows come
their Husbands to bewail, (teares
They washt their wounds in brinish
but all would not prevail.
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they bore with them away,
They kist them dead a thousand times
when they were clad in clay.
This news was brought to Edenburg
where Scotlands King did reign,
That brave Earl Dowglas suddenly
was with an arrow slain.
O heavy news King James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any Captain more,
of such account as he.
Like tydings to King Henry came,
within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
was slain in Chevy-Chase.
Now God be with him, said our King
sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm,
five hundred as good as he.
Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
but I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Earl Piercies sake.
This vow full well the K. perform'd,
after on Humble Down,
In one day fifty Knights were slain,
with Lords of great renown.
And of the rest of small account
did many hundreds dye,
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-
made by the Earl Percie. (Chase
God save the King and bless the land
in plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'twixt Noble men may cease.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere,* and *J. Wright.*

The Popes Great Year of Iubilee.

OR, The Catholicks Encouragement for the Entertainment of Porery.

With an Account of an Eminent Mart or Fair, which is to be kept by his Holineſs, where all ſorts of Indulgencies, pardons, Remiſsions, Relicks, Trash, and Trumperies, are to be expoſed to Sale, and may be had for ready mony at any time of the day; With the uſual ceremonies thereunto appertaining.

Therefore ſuch ſons as are deſirous to imbrace the kind proffers of their holy Mother; are adviſed in the nick of time to, come all away. Tune is, Have at all.

LEt me extol (theſe fickle times,)
The Church of Rome in ballad rimes,
And ſing her glory and her praiſe,
Whilſt we lye basking in her Rays,
For now's the time without delay,
Th' the invites, kind Proſelites,
Come all away, come all away.

For now with you I ſhall be free,
This is the year of Jubilee,
Where all are welcome to their charge,
For we our Coffers ſhall inlarge,
Good wares we proffer every day,
Which you may try, before you buy,
Come all away, come all away.

[illegible]ons and indulgencies,
[illegible]Relicks and ſuch rarities,
[illegible]ou but ready money bring,
[illegible] ſhall not want for any thing,
[illegible]ur Holy Father we'l obey,
[illegible]ſer be't [illegible] leek, great and ſmall,
[illegible]come all away.

If that a Church you chance to rob,
Although it is an untoward job;
For ſacrilege we'l give ou cure,
And penance ſmall you ſhall endure;
If that your money down you lay,
A piece or ſo, 'tis touch and go,
Come all away, come all away.

Or if th[illegible]hance to fall at ſtrife,
an[illegible]arther father, ſon, or wife;
In private you abſolv[illegible]hall be,
'Tis but inlarging of your [illegible]
So ſhall you end the bloody ſtrife,
And have a check, to ſave your neck;
Come all away, come all away.

Or any ſin that you can name,
To keep you from all publique ſhame;
If that your pockets lined be,
Our abſolutions ſhall be free.
Who would not obey,
That when he pleaſe
Come [illegible] of eaſe,

ſecond part, ſame tune.

NExt Joſephs breeches you may ſee,
Though out of faſhion now they be.
With milk came from the Virgin Mary,
And St. Iohn Baptiſts cloak all hairy;
These things are very rare you'l ſay,
But many more, we have in ſtore,
Come all away, come all away.

Therefore all thoſe that will repair,
And come to traffick at this fare;
Be ſure you money with you bring,
For that we count the only thing;
This holineſs muſt have they ſay,
New cloaths moſt fine, againſt the time,
Come all away, come all away.

And now for to indulge you more,
Who near was entertain'd before;
In our religion you ſhall find
Enough for to content your mind;
Freedom and liberty each day,
Sin to refrain, or ſin again,
Come all away, come all away.

We have a place cal'd purgatory,
Though fools do count it a vain ſtory;
In which if you be purged well,
You need not fear the jaws of hell:
I muſt confeſs 'tis hot they ſay,
But money will do't, and bring you out,
Come all away, come all away.

Good Friday's faſh is but a play,
What e're the rabble rout may ſay,
And quickly too it is forgot,
For on Eaſter-day we hang on the pot;
And with sharp ſtomacks then we ſay,
We need not faſt now lent is paſt,
Come, &c.

Then you which by our Churches paſs,
I ſay come in and hear a maſs,
And ſee the Prieſts how clear they ſup,
The healing ſacerdotal cup;
Then if you'l not the Pope obey,
My labours loſt, and I am croſt,
Go your way, Go your

Poor Robins Dream commonly call'd Poor Charity;

I know no reaſon but this harmleſs Riddle
May as well be Printed as ſung to a Fiddle.
To a compleat Tune well known by Muſitians and many others, or game at Cards.

HOw now good fellow what all amort?
I pray thee tell me what is the news:
Trading is dead and I am ſorry for't
which makes me look worſe then I uſe. (penny
If a man hath no employment whereby to get:
He hath no enjoyment if that he wanteth mone.
And Charity is not uſed by many.

I have nothing to ſpend nor i've nothing to lend.
i've nothing to do I tarry at home,
Sitting in my chair drawing near to the fire
I fell into a ſleep like an idle drone,
And as I ſlept I fell into a dream
I ſee a play acted without e're a theam.
But I could not tell what the play did mean.

But afterwards I did perceive
and ſomething more I did underſtand,
The Stage was the World wherein we live
the Actors they were all mankind, (thing
And when the play is ended the Stage down they
Then there will 'e no difference in this thing
Eetween a Beggar and a King.

The firſt that acted I proteſt
was time with a Glaſs and a Sithe in his hand,
With the Globe of the World upon his breaſt
to ſhew that he cou'd the ſame command:
Their's a time for to Work, & a time for to p'ay
A time for to borrow, and a time for to pay
And a time that doth cell us all away.

Conscience in order takes his place
and very gallantly plays his part,
He fears not to fly in a Rulers face
although it cuts him to the heart:
He tells them all this is the latter Age
Which put the Actors into such a Rage,
That they kickt por Conscience off the Stage.

Plain-dealing presently appears
in habit like a simple Man,
The Actors at him mocks and jears
pointing their fingers as they ran:
How came this fellow into our Company
Away with him many a Gallant did cry
For Plain-Dealing will a Beggar dye.

Dissimulation mounted the Stage
but he was cloathed in gallant attire,
He was acquainted with Youth and Age
many his company did desire:
They entertain'd him in their very breast
there he could have harbor and quietly rest
For Dissemblers and Turn-coats fares the best.

Then cometh in por Charity
methinks she looked wondrous old,
She quiver'd and she quak't most piteously
it griev'd me to think she was grown so cold,
She had ben i'th City, and in the Country
Amongst the Lawyers and Nobility
But there was no Room for por Charity.

Then comes in Truth not cloathed in Wool
but like unto youth in his white lawn sleeves,
And says the Land it is full, full, full,
to full of Rebels worse then Theeves: (pride
The City's full of poverty, the French are full of
Fanaticks full of envy which order can't abide
And the Usurers bags are full beside.

Hark how Bellona's Drums they do beat
methinks it goes rattling through the Town,
Hark how they thunder through the Street
as tho they would shake the Chimbneys down,
Then comes in Mars the great God of War
And bids us face about and be as we were
But when I awak't I sate in my Chair. Finis

Printed by J. Lock for J. Clark at the Harp and Bible in West-Smith-field. With Allowance.

An Old Song of the Old Courtier of the Kings, With a New Song of a new Courtier of the Kings.

The Tune is, The Queens Old Courtier.

Old.

AN old song made, of an old aged pate,
Of an old Gentlemen, who had a wealthy estate;
Who kept an old House, at a bountiful rate,
Like an old Courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings old courtier.

New.

A new flourishing Gallant newly come to his Land,
And can take up a thousand pound on his own new Wand,
Who keeps two painted creatures at his own command,
Like a new courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings new courtier.

Old.

An old Lady whose anger, one word allwages,
And every quarter pays her old Servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to Coach, Footmen, nor Pages,
But keeps fifty two stout fellows in blew Coats and badges,
Like an old courtier, &c.

New.

A new Lady whose face is beautiful and fair,
And never knew what belong to house-keeping nor care;
But buys a new Fan to play with the wanton Air,
And several new dressings of other womens hair.
Like a new courtier, &c.

Old.

An old Hall hung round, with Pikes, Bills, and Bowes,
Swords, blades, and bucklers, that have endured stout blows,
And an old Frizadow Coat to cover his worships Trunck-hose,
And an old cup of Sherry to burnish up his honourable Nose,
Like an old courtier, &c.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

New.

A new Hall built where the Old Hall ſtood,
Hung round with pictures, that does the poor but little good,
And a new Chimney that never burnt Cole nor Wood,
And a new Shufle-board table whereon meat never ſtood.
Like a new Courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings new courtier.

Old.

And an old Study ſtuft full of Old, learned books,
And an old reverend Chaplain, you might know him by his looks
And an old Kitching that maintains half a dozen old Cooks,
And an old buttery hatch worn off the old hooks,
Like an old courtier, &c.

New.

A new Study ſtuft full of Pamphlets and plays,
And a new drunken Chaplain ſwears faſter then he prays.
And a new buttery hatch opens once in four or five days,
Like a new courtier, &c.

Old.

An old faulkner, a Huntſman, and a kennel of hounds,
And his worſhip did never hawk nor hunt,
But in his Grane-Fathers grounds,
And when he dyed left every child, a thouſand of old pounds,
Like an old courtier, &c.

New.

A new faſhion when Chriſtmas was drawing on,
This new Knight and his Lady to London muſt be gone,
And left none at home, but the new Porter John,
To relieve poor people with a thump on the back with a cold ſtone,
Like a new courtier, &c.

Old.

An old faſhion when Chriſtmas was drawing on,
Calls all his Neighbours and tenants together with bagpipe and drum,
And meat enough to furniſh every old room,
And Beer that will make a Cat ſpeak, and a wiſe man dumb.
Like an old courtier, &c.

Old.

And when he dyed, to his Son and heir he aſſign'd,
To be good to his Neighbors, and to his Tennants kind.
And to keep ſtill the ſame bountiful mind,
Like an old courtier, &c.

New.

A new Gentleman Uſher, whoſe carriage is compleat,
And the Coachman, Grooms, & Footmen to carry up the meat,
And when they din'd left them little to eat.
Like a new Courtier of the Kings,
And the Kings new courtier.

FINIS.

Written by T. Howard, Gent.

London, Printed for F. *Coles*, in Wine-ſtreet, on Saffron-Hill, neer Hatton-Garden.

The Great Boobee.

To a pleaſant New Tune: Or, *Sallengers Round.*

My Friend, if you will underſtand
my Fortunes what they are,
I once had Cattel, Houſe, and Land,
but now I am never the near;
My Father left a good eſtate,
as I may tell to thee,
I couzned was of all I had,
like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
and for to learn my Book,
And all the day I went to play,
in it I never did look:
Full ſeven years, or very nigh,
as I may tell to thee,
I could hardly ſay my Chriſt-Croſs-Row,
like a great Boobee.

My Father then in all the haſte,
did ſet me to the Plow,
And for to laſh the Horſe about,
indeed I knew not how:
My Father took his Whip in his hand,
and ſoundly lashed me,
He call'd me Fool and Country Clown,
and great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
for I will Plow no more,
Becauſe he had ſo laſhed me,
and made my ſides ſo ſore:
But I will go to London Town,
ſome Faſhions for to ſee,
When I came there they call'd me Clown
and great Boobee.

But as I went along the ſtreet,
I carried my Hat in my hand,
And to every one that I did meet,
I bravely buſt my hand:
Some did laugh, and ſome did ſcoff,
and ſome did mock at me,
And ſome did ſay I was a Woodcock,
and a great Boobee.

Then did I walk in haſt to Pauls,
the Steeple for to view,
Becauſe I heard ſome people ſay,
it ſhould be builded new;
Then I got up unto the top,
the City for to ſee,
It was ſo high it made me cry,
like a great Boobee.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

FRom thence I went to Weſtminſter,
and for to ſee the Tombs,
Oh, ſaid I, what a houſe is here,
with an infinite light of Rooms?
Sweetly the Abby Bells did ring,
it was a fine light to ſee,
Methought I was going to Heaven in a (ſtring,
like a great Boobee.

But as I went along the ſtreet,
the moſt part of the day,
Many Gallants did I meet,
methought they were very gay:
I blew my Nole, and pift my Hole,
ſome people did me ſee,
They ſaid I was a Beaſtly Fool,
and a great Boobee.

Next day I through Pye-corner paſt,
the Roaſt-meat on the Stall,
Invited me to take a taſte,
my Money was but ſmall:
The Meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt,
as I may tell to thee,
He beat me ſore, and made me rore,
like a great Boobee.

As I through Smithfield lately walkt,
a gallant Laſs I met,
Familiarly with me ſhe talkt,
which I cannot forget:
She proffer'd me a pint of Wine,
methought ſhe was wondrous free,
To the Tavern then I went with her,
like a great Boobee.

She told me we were neer of Kin,
and call'd for Wine good ſtore,
Before the reckoning was brought in,
my Couſin prov'd a Whore:
My Purſe ſhe pickt, and went away,
my Couſin couzned me,
The Vintner kickt me out of doors,
like a great Boobee.

At the Exchange when I came there,
I ſaw moſt gallant things,
I thought the Pictures living were
of all our Engliſh Kings:
I doft my Hat, and made a Leg,
and kneeled on my Knee,
The people laught, and call'd me Fool,
and great Boobee.

To Paris Garden then I went,
where there is great reſort,
My pleaſure was my puniſhment,
I did not like the ſport:
The Garden Bull with his ſtout horns,
on high then toſſed me,
I did bewray my ſelf with fear,
like a great Boobee.

The Bear-heard went to ſave me then,
the people flockt about,
I told the Bear-garden-men,
my guts were almoſt out:
They ſaid I ſtunk moſt grievouſly,
no man would pitty me,
They call'd me witleſs Fool and Aſs,
and great *Boobee*.

Then o're the Water did I paſs,
as you ſhall underſtand,
I dropt into the Thames alas,
before I came to Land:
The Water-man did help me out,
and thus thus did ſay to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd,
like a great *Boobee*.

But I have learned ſo much wit,
it all ſhorten all my cares,
If I can but a Liſcence get,
to play before the Bears:
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thee,
Then who dares call me Fool or Aſs,
or great *Boobee*.

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vvine-ſtreet*, on *Saffron-hill*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

The Papiſts Lamentation for

the loſs of their Agent *William Viſcount Stafford*, together with the dread they are poſſeſſed with, fearing that more will quickly follow him the ſame way.

Preparations will be made
For thoſe that curſed Plots have laid,
} For to be brought to Tryal fair,
} And now they'r filled with diſpair

Tune of, Fair Phillis your prevailing charms, or A Fig for France.

Lament, lament you Saints of Rome,
Since Stafford hath receiv'd his doom,
And we poor Souls are left behind
Perplext and troubled in the mind,
We ſee that God did ſtrangly blaſt,
And brought to light your Plot at laſt.
Sure 'tis he hates ſuch horrid things
As Maſſacres, and killing Kings.

Let us lament his Rigid Fate,
Alas for Rome's cauſe we know of late
Did like a ſtubborn Papiſt dye
In hopes to live eternally,
But in our Conſciences we know
It is unlikely to be ſo,
For God doth hate ſuch bloody things
As Maſſacres, &c.

Some others daily we Expect,
That took ſuch courſes indirect,
Muſt follow him the ſelf ſame way,
And on the Block their Heads muſt lay,
But if impartially we ſpeak,
The Devil did their ruine ſeek,
For God doth hate ſuch bloody things
As Maſſacres, &c.

See how the Stratagems of Rome,
Have wrought theſe bloody Actors down,
That have been fifteen years about,
What ſome few years have quite brought out,
And Stafford he hath led the Van,
A Traytrous wretch and wicked man,
'Tis ſure God hates ſuch bloody things
As Maſſacres, &c.

This is a Tenet of our Faith
No other Church in Europe hath,
Never to rest till we have done
The work the Devil sets us on,
Yet though in Plots our lives we spend,
They'l come to nothing in the End.
For God doth hate such bloody things
As Massacres, &c.

Though all the Wits of France and Spain
More Plots contrive, 'twill be in vain,
And let his holiness the Pope,
On whom we Papists fix our hope,
Spend all his dayes in such designs,
The Heavens will still find Countermines
And blast such wicked bloody things
As Massacres, &c,

The Protestants we plainly see,
Protections have of high degree,
That none can do them any wrong
Who in their faith are firm & strong,
But idle worshippers do fall
By hellish Plots, in deadly thrall.
For God doth blast such bloody things
As Massacres, &c.

Then let us all renounce and fly
From this our strange Idolatry,
That our designs may prosperous be
Else 'tis in vain we plainly see,
For who with heaven doth not advise
In vain are their conspiracies.
For God doth hate such bloody things
As Massacres, &c.

But we have stubborn hearts and do
Resolve against what's just true,
Since Popes can Absolution give
For our misdeeds we do believe
This makes us all less care to take
Though oft it makes the Actors quake,
For God doth hate such bloody things
As massacres, &c.

'Tis strange to think what Friends we had
In England where our hearts now sad,
Were once with joy compleatly fill'd,
To think what blood would there be spill'd,
And in a moment we were lost,
Our Plots discover'd, all things crost.
For God doth hate such bloody things,
As Massacres, and killing Kings.

London printed for J. Conyers at the black Ravenin Duck-lane.

Long lookt for is come at laſt

People were fill'd with Diſcontent,
Wanting their wiſht for Parliament:
But call'd by *Charles* our Gracious King,
Merrrily now they Laugh and Sing.
To the Tune of, *Let Bumpers go round, &c.*

Papiſts *ſhall here receive their fatal Doom,*
***Becauſe they've acted for the* Pope *of* Rome.**

NOw the Parliament Sits, Traytors look to your Hits,
there's no doubt but they'l call you to Queſtion,
Some do boldly declare, that in Earneſt you were,
and I hope they will not go in Jeſt on:
Then come to the Bar, ſince Invited you are,
and freely acknowledge your Plots;
For your great Friend the Pope, is almoſt out of Hope,
and in each of your Scutcheons there's Damnable Blots:
Give Traytors their Due,
Give Traytors their Due,
or elſe we ſhall find Loyal hearts but a few;
For it is a ſad thing,
To Murther a King,
and Deſtroy, and Deſtroy Religion too.

The Great Gun-powder-Plot, will ne'r be forgot,
nor the Cruelties Papiſts intended,
And no Man can tell, what would us have befell,
if the Heavens had not us befriended:
All bile for Mercy we pray'd, it was not Delay'd,
but we found to our comfort and Joy,
That God would us keep, both Awake and Aſleep,
and the Pope and his Agents could not us Deſtroy:
Give Traytors their Due,
Give Traytors their Due,
or elſe we ſhall find Loyal hearts but a few,
For it is a ſad thing,
To Murder a King,
and deſtroy, and deſtroy Religion too.

Since the Parliament then, is made up of brave men,
and none Sits but are bravely eſteemed;
Let us Laugh and Rejoyce, at this Noble brave Choice,
and thank God we from Foes are Redeemed:
Live long then great Charles, with your Lords and your Earls
who our Religion do ſtrive to Defend,
When the Pope doth come in, will our Sorrows begin,
and there's no Man can tell when our Torments ſhall end:
Give Traytors their Due,
Give Traytors their Due, &c.

Then Blow merry Gales, for to fill up the Sails,
and Transport all our Foes from the Nation;
For they Comfort will find, that are all of one mind,
and Division's the Devils Creation:
Sure he's not very Wise, who doth Shapes Idolize,
or suppose that the Pope can Forgive;
For he is but a Man, and pray tell me how than,
can he the Sin-loaded poor Sinner Relieve?
Give Traytors their Due,
Give Traytors their Due, &c.

But since at the worst, we by them are Accurst,
and all Hereticks we are supposed;
Were it well understood, they do thirst after Blood,
our Creator he certainly knows it:
What Devices they had for to make their Hearts glad,
they did Surfeit with hopes to Destroy,
This Plot we do know, was laid long ago,
but the Heavens did Smile, and now fills us with joy:
Give Traytors their Due,
Give Traytors their Due, &c.

Long lookt for at last, to the Plot gives a Blast,
and the Parliament now doth befriend us,
And doth seperate those, whom we lookt on as Foes,
what Mistery then can attend us:
Let us pray Night and Day, since God found out a way,
to Deliver us from Sword and Fire;
And we are not Bereft, but have Witnesses left,
to Attest what the Papists did freely Decree:
Give Traytors their due,
Give Traytors their due, &c.

But this proves a great Cross, and the Papists sad Loss,
thus Strangely to be Disappointed,
When they thought they were sure, to bring us to their Lure,
their whole Frame it was strangely Disjointed:
And their Friends (as they thought) have our Happiness wrought,
then give the Almighty the Praise,
Who takes no Delight, in such Deeds of Dark Night,
but Discovery's made us by several ways:
Give Traytors their due,
Give Traytors their due, &c.

And now for to Close, let us pray for our Foes,
that God would be pleas'd to Indue them
With a sight of their Sins, since all Europe begins
with a Circumspect Eye for to view them:
Oh, let them Repent, for their Wicked Intent
was the Innocent Blood for to spill;
But our Great God above, who's the Author of Love,
declares 'tis against his most Heavenly Will.
Give Traytors their due,
Give Traytors their due, &c.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clark, W. T. and T. P.

'Tis Money that makes a Man:

OR, The Good-Fellows Folly.

Here in this Song Good-Fellow thou mayst find,
How Money makes a Man, if thou'rt not blind?
Therefore return e're that it be too late,
And don't on Strumpets spend thy whole estate,
For when all is gone, no better than wilt be:
But Laught to scorn in all thy poverty.

To a pleasant new Tune: Bonny black Bess: Or, Digby. *By J. Wade.*

Oh what a madness 'tis to borrow or lend,
Or for strong Liquor thy Money to spend;
For when that is wanting thy courage is cool,
Thou must stand Cap in hand to every fool:
but if thy pockets can jingle, they will take thy word
Oh then thou art company for Knight or yet Lord:
Then make much of a Penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'rt counted no man.

Then listen a while and I'le tell you in brief,
The most of my sorrow, my care, and my grief;
I had an estate I'le make it appear,
Besides all my stock, was worth fifty a year:
But so soon as I to drinking then fell,
My Land I then Morgaged, my Cattle did sell;
No sooner the money I for them had took,
But it went to the Ale-house I'le swear on a book.

Thus in a short time my money did waste,
And I found my self not a pin better at last;
Whilst other Tradesmen were working full hard,
I from an Ale-house could not be debar'd;
There would I sit tipling day after day,
And my Wife she unto me full often would say,
Make much of a Penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'lt be counted no man.
But the words that she spoke I'd regard not a straw
But would kick her, & beat her, & keep her in awe;
My children at home might eat the bare wall,
Whilst I in an Ale-house for strong liquor did call:
And my Hostis forsooth must needs sit on my knee
though my wife she hath twice more beauty then she
Yet that would not please my letcherous mind,
Because for my Money my Hostis was kind.

But in the conclusion here comes all my care,
My back it grew thin, and my pockets grew bare;
Then I told my Hostis my pitiful tale,
In hopes that my sorrows she would bewail:
But she turn'd up her nose; and she looked a squoy,
You might have been wiser she straight did reply;
This was all the comfort that I got from she,
That always pretended my friend for to be.

THerefore all young-men that loves the Ale-(bench
Some counsel I'le give them before they go hence;
If thou sit'st day an night, & drink'st never so fast
Yet thou'lt find thy own home is the best at last:
It is but for your money they wait you upon,
And when that is wanting you're lightly lok't on;
If she sees but two-pence you run on the score,
She'l swear by her troth she will trust you no more

Then have a care young-men, be ruled in time,
Left drink overcome thee, in old days you pine:
For you see Good-fellows how thread-bare they go
And what good-husbandry brings a man to;
For some lives most brabely tho means they have (small,
An some that has hundreds do quickly spend all;
Then make much of a Penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting thou'rt counted no man.

'Tis money you see makes a Lord, or yet Earl,
'Tis money you see that sets out a young Girl;
Likewise 'tis money makes the Lawyer to prate,
& 'tis money doth make the man love his wife Kate
And 'tis money breeds love where never was none,
Although she be old, yet money makes her young:
A Knight or a Begger, whatever they be
If they have but money they're welcome to me.

Thus money you see, and do well understand,
If a poor man can but get it, he buys house and land
But it must not be those that works hard all day,
And at night in an Ale house doth throw it away.

Nay, that will not serve, but twice as much more
If his word it will pass, he runs on the score;
Then all the week after, though then he don't feed
He wanteth bread-corn his poor children to feed,

Therefore be advised boon Companions all,
For you see the worlds so they laugh at a mans fall
With speed your old haunts may begin for to shun
Take warning by others the which are undone:
You'l say a good-fellow it is a brave name,
But many a man doth pay dear for the same:
The which hath all spent, now in Goal he doth lye,
And none will relieve him in his poverty.

But some men have got such a spark in their throat
That I would not be him that should quench't for a
All the fair words his wife can him give, (groat;
Yet he'l not be ruled though poor he doth live;
Hang money he crys, till all on't is gone,
As for house and Land I mean to buy none;
I must see my Wastis to go neat and fine,
Although that my family doth starve and pine.'

And thus have I told you the conditions of some,
That all long of strong liquor will never keep home
His stock it decays, although his wife cries,
And in the conclusion a begger he dies:
but a good husband's means you see doth increase
He maintains his houshold in joy and in peace;
Then make much of a penny as near as you can,
For if that be wanting, thou'lt be counted no man

FINIS.

With Allowance, Ro. L'Estrange.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger.

The Claret-Drinkers Song;

OR,

THE GOOD-FELLOWS DESIGN.

Being a Pleaſant New Song to the Times. *Written by a Perſon of Quality.*

Wine the moſt powerfull'ſt of all things on Earth,
Which ſtifles Cares and Sorrows in their Birth:
No Treaſon in it harbors, nor can Hate
Creep in where it bears ſway, to hurt the State:
To the Tune of,
Though Storms grow high, ſo Wine is to be got,
We are ſecure, their Rage we value not:
The Muſes cheriſh'd up ſuch Nectar, ſing
Eternal joy to him that loves his King.
Let Cœſar Live long.

45 b 22 [illegible]

A Pox of the Fooling and Plotting of Late,
What a pudder and ſtir has it kept in the State?
Let the Rabble run Mad with Sulpitous and Fears,
Let 'em Scuffle and Rail till they go by the Ears;
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
So I but enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

I mind not the Members and makers of Laws,
Let 'em Sit or Prorogue as his Majeſty pleaſe;
Let 'em Damn us to Woolen, I'le never repine,
At my Wages when Dead, ſo Alive I have Wine:
yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To blame them for making my Claret ſo dear.

What Coxcombs were thoſe that would ruine their caſe
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Waker, and Mals?
For at Tyburn they never had needed to ſwing,
Had they been but true Subjects to drink and their King
A friend and a Bottle is all my Deſign,
'Tis no room for Treaſon that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not Grave Alles who Idly Debate,
About Rights and Succeſſions th' Trifles of State:
We've a good King already, and he deſerves Laughter,
That will trouble his Head with who ſhall come after:
Come here's to his Health, and I wiſh he may be
As free from all Care and all Troubles as we.

What care I how Leagues with Hollanders go,
Or Intreagues 'twixt Mouſieurs or Dons for to
What concerns it my drinking if Cities be ſold, (know,
If the Conquerer takes them by Storming or Gold;
From whence Claret comes is the place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of France that aſpires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and by vent'ring his own:
Let him fight till he's ruin'd, make Matches, and Treat
To afford us ſtill News, the dull Coffee-houſe cheat:
He's but a brave Wretch, whilſt that I am more free,
More ſafe, and a thouſand times happier then he.

In ſpight of him, or the Pope, or the Devil,
Or Faggot, or Fire, or the worſt of Hells evil:
I ſtill will drink Healths to the Lovers of Wine,
Thoſe ſobial briſk Blades that do never repine;
I'le drink in Defiance of Napkin or Halter,
Tho' Religion turn round ſtill, yet mine ſhall ne'r alter.

But a Health to Good-fellows ſhall ſtill be my care,
And whilſt wine it holds out we no bumpers will ſpare;
I'le ſubſcribe to Petitions for nothing but Claret,
That that may be cheap here's both my hands for it;
'Tis my Province, and wich it I only am pleas'd,
With the reſt ſcolding Wives let poor Cuckolds appeale

No doubt 'tis the beſt of all Drinks, or is ſoon
It ne'r had been choſe by the Man in the Moon;
Who drinks nothing elſe both by night and by day,
But Claret, briſk Claret, as moſt people ſay:
Whilſt Glaſſes brim full to the Stars they go round,
which makes them ſhine bryter with red juice ſtill crowned

For all things in nature does live by good Drinking,
And he's a dull Fool and not worthy my thinking,
That does not prefer it before all the Treaſure
The Indies contain, or the Sea without meaſure:
'Tis the Life of Good-fellows, for without it they pine,
When noughts can revive 'um but Brimmers of Wine.

I know the refreſhments that ſtill it does bring,
Which have oftentimes made me as great as a King;
In the midſt of his Armies, where e're he is found,
Whilſt the Bottles and Glaſſes I'be muſtered round:
Who are Bacchus's Warriors a Conqueſt will gain,
Without the leaſt Bloodſhed of Wounded or ſlain.

Then here's a good health to all thoſe that love Peace,
Let Plotters be damn'd, and all Quarrels now ceaſe;
Let me but have Wine, and I care for no more,
'Tis a Treaſure ſufficient, there's none can be poor,
That has Bacchus to's friend, for he laughs at all harms
Whilſt with high-proofed Claret he does himſelf Arm.

Printed for *J. Jordan*, at the Angel, in *Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet*.

The Jealous old Dotard :

OR,

The Diſcovery of Cuckoldry :

A Pleaſant New Song.

Old Men beware when you young Wenches wed,
Leaſt Luſty Gallants do aſcend your Bed ;
And horn your palſie-pates, for Youthful Blood
Fair Venus's *paſtime never yet withſtood:*
'Tis fit that all old Men ſhould Cuckolds *be,*
Who think young women Love a ſapleſs Tree.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

Whether art thou going my old man?
my old man, I will call him my Lamb,
And whether art thou going my ſweet old man?
my ſweeteſt man alive?
To the Ale-houſe you Who----
When wilt thou come home my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb;
And when wilt thou come home my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
At night you Slu----

What wilt thou have for Supper my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb:
& what wilt thou have for ſupper my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
Eggs you Who----
Where ſhall I boyl them my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb,
And where ſhall I boyl them my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
In the Fur..ace you Slu--

How many wilt thou have my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb;
And how many wilt thou have my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
A thouſand you Who----

I fear they will ſurfeit thee my old man,
my old man, I will call him my Lamb;
I fear they will ſurfeit thee my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive.
Then i'le dye you *Slut*---

And why wilt thou dye my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb;
And why wilt thou dye my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
Cauſe i'le be bury'd you Who---

And where wilt thou be bury'd my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb;
And where wilt thou be bury'd my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
In the Chimney-corner you *Slut*---

Why wilt thou be bury'd there my old man
my old man? I will call him my Lamb,
Why wilt thou be bury'd there my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
Cauſe i'le hear the Pot boyl you Who--

Why art thou ſo croſs my old man,
my old man? I will call him my Lamb;
Why art thou ſo croſs my ſweet old Man,
my ſweeteſt man alive?
'Cauſe you Cuckold me you *Slut*--

Leave off your jealouſie my old man,
my old man, I will call him my Lamb;
Leave off your jealouſie my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
I amHorn-madyou Who---

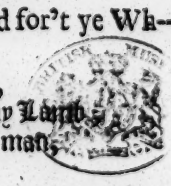
Oh pray ſay not ſo my old man,
my old Man I will call him my Lamb:
Oh pray ſay not ſo my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt Man alive:
I know its true ye *Slut*---

Who told you of it my old man,
my old man I will call him my Lamb;
Who told you of it my ſweet old Man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
I peep'd through the Key-hole ye Wh---

Alas but with who my old man,
my old man, I will call him my Lamb:
Alas but with who my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
With a nimble Weaver ye *Slut*---

He's young and luſty my old Man,
my old man I will call him my Lamb;
He's young and luſty my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
Why am not I ſo too ye *Slut*—

No you're e'n ſapleſs, my old man,
my old man I will call him my Lamb;
No you're e'n ſapleſs my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
And muſt I be horn'd for't ye Wh--



Yes, I can't help it, my old man,
my old man I will call him my Lamb;
Yes, I can't help it my ſweet old man,
my ſweeteſt old man alive:
Then all the Town ſhall know't ye *Slut*—

FINIS.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, in Weſt-ſmithfield.

The Letters Three:

A young man walking forth in this merry Month of May, *finding his True Love was gone astray, all his desire was to speak with her, before that he was gone to Sea.*

To a pleasant new Tune; Or, Letters Three.

WIth Letters three I do begin,
my mind to write, and then
The first is B, for me and me, (to try,
the second D, the third a Y.
But if to me,
She will prove true,
I'le never change, i'le never change,
I'le never change her for a new.

As I was walking in a Grove,
three pretty birds all in a Spring,
One pretty bird did in that place,
unto my thought most sweetly sing,
and in her song,
she told me so,
whom I love best, whom I love best,
whom I Love best I must forgo.

Standing a while amaz'd thereat,
musing from whence this ecchо came,
Feeding my flocks upon the plain,
thinking it had been but a dream.
But in her Song,
she told me so,
whom I Love best, whom I Love best,
whom I Love best, I must forgo.

Quoth he, I will to her again,
and hear what she will to me say,
Perhaps she will more constant prove,
although at first she said me nay.
but if to me,
she will prove true,
I'le never change, I'le never change,
I'le never change her for a new.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

I Beg and crave, with cap in hand,
falling upon my bended knee,
I vow to be at her command,
if ſhe will grant her love to me:
but all my labour
is but in vain,
She will not yield, i've Loſt the field,
And am requited with diſdain.

Now will I leave off loving quite,
until a more conſtant friend I find,
Of one that will more conſtant prove,
and will not waver with the wind,
the cauſe of this
that I complain,
Is to ſeek relief, to admit my grief,
I Loved, and was not Loved again.

You Lovers all, where e're you be,
give ear unto my doleful note:
With letters three perhaps you might,
and ſo you may give in your vote:
the Proverbs true
which now I find,
Once out of ſight, once out of ſight,
Once out of ſight, quite out of mind.

My ſtory pen'd, I now will end,
praying unto the Gods above:
Wiſhing the next true love ſhe have,
may prove as conſtant in his love:
one thing more,
I had to indite:
But for the tears, but for the tears,
Fell on the paper, I could not write.

By *M. S.*

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*:
and *J. Clarke*.

A Merry Dialogue between *Thomas* and *John*.

In the praiſe, and diſpraiſe of Women, and Wine.

Thomas againſt the Women doth contend, | You'l all confeſs that which I write is true,
But *John* moſt ſtoutly doth their cauſe defend, | I know no reaſon, but that without deſpute,
Young and Old, read theſe lines that enſue, | This may as well be printed, as ſung to Lute.

To a gallant delightful new Tune, well known amongſt Muſitioners, and in Play-houſes. Called, *Women and Wine*.

Thomas.

SOme Women are like to the Wine,
like the Sea, and like the Rocks;
But they that proves them, ſoon may find 'em
like the Wine and Weather-Cocks:
But if you'l believe me
i'le tell you true,
What light Women are like unto,
Wine, Wine, Women and wine,
thus may you compare them too.

John.

Women moſt conſtant then do find,
not like the Sea, but like the Rocks,
They are evermore loving and kind,
not like the Wine and Weather-Cocks,
But if, &c.

Thomas.

Women have hooks, & Women have crooks,
ſo hath the Wine, ſo hath the Wine,
Which draws great Lawyers from their books,
ſo will the Wine, ſo will the Wine.
But if, &c.

John.

Women have beauty and fair looks,
ſo hath the Wine, ſo hath the Wine,
Far ſurpaſſing the Lawyers books,
more then the Wine, more then the Wine.
But if you'l believe me,
i'le tell you true,
What good Women are like unto,
Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
thus may you compare them too.

Thomas.

WOmen are witches when they may,
so is the Wine, so is the Wine,
Which causeth men from their wives to stray
so will the Wine, so will the Wine.
But if you'l believe me
i'le tell you true,
What light Women are like unto,
Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
thus may you compare them too.

John.

Womens tongues do speak sweet words,
so doth not Wine, so doth not Wine,
They can perswade from damned Oaths,
so will not Wine, so will not Wine.
But if, &c.

Thomas.

Women they do use to change,
so doth the Wine, so doth the Wine,
And oftentimes abroad do range,
when Sun doth shine, when Sun doth shine,
But if, &c.

John.

Good Women they will never change,
so will the Wine, so will the Wine,
For profit they abroad will range,
Hail, Rain, or Shine, Hail, Rain, or Shine
But if, &c.

Thomas.

Women they will fight and brawl,
fill'd with Wine, fill'd with Wine,
Their Husbands they will Cuckolds call,
inflam'd with Wine, inflam'd with Wine.
But if, &c.

John.

Good women they will comfort all,
like the best Wine, like the best Wine,
What ever sorrow doth befall,
so will good Wine, so will good Wine.
But if you'l believe me,
i'le tell you true,
What good Women are like unto,
Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
thus you may compare them too.

John.

Women are witty when they may,
so is not Wine, so is not Wine,
And causeth Men at home to stay,
so doth not Wine, so doth not Wine.
But if, &c.

Thomas.

Women have arms for to imbrace,
so hath the Wine, so hath the Wine,
Which brings brave Gallants to disgrace,
so doth the Wine, so doth the Wine.
But if, &c.

John.

Women most sweetly do imbrace,
more then the Wine, more then the Wine,
And save their Husbands from disgrace,
so doth not Wine, so doth not Wine.
But if, &c.

Thomas.

Womens tongues are like sharp swords,
so is the Wine, so is the Wine,
Which urgeth men to swear damn'd Oaths,
so doth the Wine, so doth the Wine,
But if, &c.

Printed for J. Williamson, at the Sun and Bible, in Cannon street, neer London-stone.

The Country Miſs new come in Faſhion;

Or,

A farewel to the Pockifi'd Town *Miſs.*

A Country Girl in a Paragon Gown,
That never yet knew the tricks of the town;
Did lately delude a taring Gallant,
Who juſt ſuch an Innocent Virgin did want,
And ſince he's enjoy'd her I heard him proteſt
That of all other Miſſes ſhe pleaſed him beſt.

To an excellent new Play-houſe Tune,

Called, The Mock-Tune to the French Rauth. With Allowance.

GIve me the Laſs that's true Country bred,
With paragon gown, ſtraw Hat on her head;
Feeding upon good Bacon and Beans,
But never knew what ſitting means.

What though her skin be twany and courſe,
Flocks ſhe lyes on, ſhe'l kiſs ne'r the worſe;
Clap ſhe ne'r had like Miſs of the Town,
Tha.'s painted and patcht, and lyes up and down

What though her ſpeech be ſimple and plain,
She knows not what flattering complements
If bawdy you ſpeak, ſhe blushes and ſmiles, (mean;
Such innocent charms ſtead of beauty beguiles.

Free from diſtempers in every part.
Where ever ſhe likes ſhe loves from her heart,
She's not for a minute like thoſe of the Trade.
For pleaſing enjoyment for ever ſhe's made.

She has not the trick of forcing delight,
But acts with like pleaſures each day & each night
Each moment ſhe's dying, ſo hot is her fire,
And never does kiſs but with perfect deſire.

So ſound is her Nature, ſhe's alwaies in health,
Her kiſſes are ſweet which ſhe gives me by ſtealth
When e're I am dull, and ſit ſighing alone.
She ſing me a ſong of young Tommy and Jone,

The hair of her head is as black as a Crow,
She's very well shap'd, not too high nor too low;
All parts are inviting in e'ry degree.
Especially those we are forbidden to see.

My Nanny and I (for that is her name)
So equally manage now each others flame,
That neither's deceiv'd nor can ever be cloy'd,
But both a like brisk after pleasure's enjoy'd.

Our Pilles o'th' Town act contrary-wise,
They ne'r take delight but in hopes of a prize;
Their desire is pall'd before they begin.
Because they each day make a Trade of their Sin.

Their blood is corrupted, their bodies are foul,
They swear lewd enough to damn body and soul:
They clap all their Cullies, and their pockets pick,
And send the young fop home for a while to be sick.

With a dose of rare Pills & some other fine slaps
They keep 'em selves under the notion of Claps,
Which else would arrive to the bridge of the nose,
But that they prevent by a Turpentine dose.

My Nanny and I are free from disease,
We ne'r are in danger let's do what we please:
We hugg and we kiss, we sport and we play,
And for pleasures we study to find a new way.

What though her country Tones does seem rude
And cannot with eloquence others delude.
'Tis no matter for that, she has won my heart so,
I shall love her for ever for a trick that I know.

Beyond all expressing the sweetens our joys.
And doubtless she's full of fine Girls and fine boys
She's kind and she's true, & so constant does prove
She ne'r will admit any Rival in Love.

The Butter flye Misses may scoff if they will,
And swear that my Country Nanny wants skill:
To sport and to kiss, but 'tis now she's deceiv'd,
She has judgement enough if I may be believ'd.

Such harmless embraces would ravish ones soul,
Though old age and envy stand by to controul.
Her kisses a man almost dead will revive,
No better are had from no woman alive.

All that I have said of my Nanny is true
And more she deserves if I gave her her due,
But this shall suffice, and my labour 'tis save,
Lest you all fall a longing for what you can't have

FINIS.

London Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Gallantry All-a-Mode:

Or, *The Bully to the Life.*

Here Fops & Boiſtrous Bully-Rocks are ſhown; | *They paſs their Golden hours away in pleaſure,*
The Gallant Feats they Practice in the Town; | *Deteſt thoſe doting Fools that live by meaſure.*

To a New Play-houſe Tune: *Viz. Let the Traytors Plot on.*

LEt the Cinick Zealots,
Impoſe on Dull Sots,
Rub Bethyens Gumbs with falſe Corals,
Let the Dull Bearded Crowds,
Inſult and grow proud,
And Preach up their Wheedling Morals:
Let the Grave Block-heads ſit,
Muſter up all their Wit,
To Poach on the Sniveling Siſter;
Whilſt that Stout Hectors we
Do court, the jolly ſhe
That with fiery ſparkling Carbuncle do's
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (gliſter.
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilſt thus double armed we ſtand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare, (ground,
Bawk his Liquor and ſpare;
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilſt Bumpers go round.

Let the Ralcals declaim,
Shew the gay punks their ſhame
Cry down their Paint & their patch-bores
Let the Block-heads repine
At our brisk ſparkling Wine,
And covet our Goddeſs like Dores:
Let each whining dull Rogue,
Fawn, Decoy, and Cologue,
And wiſh to depoſe his old Gown Sir,
Quit all Dyers, turn Bully,
And at length prove a Cully,
And like Bullyrocks to go roar about town
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (Sir:
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilſt thus double armed we ſtand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare, (ground
Bawk his Liquor and ſpare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out
Whilſt Bumpers go round.

Whilst like Rockets we rove,
We do imitate Jove,
Both handsome and ugly we plunder,
With drawn trusty Steel,
The streets we do Reel,
Like Cannons with shouts we do thunder:
Our sole joys are Kisses,
Bestow'd by brisk Misses,
We Lavish and wallow in Pleasure,
We detest the dull Fool,
That does moap like an Owl,
whose poor prisoner soul is confined by mea-
Ch. Let Bumpers, *&c.* (sure:

We storm the fools track,
Whilst we Revel in Sack,
And in natures full plenty do lavish,
Our labouring Souls,
We refresh with full Bowls,
Whilst other poor Mortals live slavish
All the night we do play,
And sleep all the day,
And we know no end of our Morning.
Our full Bowls do weep,
Every each Star asleep,
And with drowzy bowls we salute the dull
Cho. Let Bumpers, *&c.* (Morning:

Bright jewels we have,
Then why should we crave
The treasuries of the Magull, Boys,
Our Moles do swell,
With pure Carbuncle,
Then why do we sit all so dull Boys?
If the Moon hide her head,
Our Moles so Red,
Directs our light heels as we stagger,
And whilst that we're Drunk
With a brisk bouncing Punk,
Like the young jolly God we look big & do
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (swagger
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilst thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go round.

To the Play-house we reel,
Then about we do wheel,
And All-a-mode of the brisk Monsieur.
In the midst of the Pit,
Like our selves we do sit,
That is right Bully-rocks of the town sir
We cringe and then shew,
Shapes Proteus ne'r knew,
And with Golly shots we do thunder:
Glass windows in rage,
We oft do ingage,
And a piping-hot Quean we do hire to lye
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (under.
Let Bumpers go round,
While thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go round.

Then oftimes the Watch
Us Hectors does catch,
And nabs us in this late Ren'counter,
With Swords and with stones,
We break the Loons bones,
And so frye the Cage or the Compter:
Thus like Pyrates o'th town,
We roam up and down,
And scowre the main Sea of the City,
And he that durst beat
The late Watch in the street,
Among us Bully-rocks, is accounted for
Cho. Let Bumpers go round, (witty.
Let Bumpers go round,
Whilst thus double armed we stand to our
And the dull Rogue that dare (ground
Bawk his Liquor and spare,
Kick him out,
Kick him out,
Whilst Bumpers go round.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke.*

Constance of Cleveland:

A very excellent Sonnet of the most Fair Lady *Constance of Cleveland*, and her disloyall Knight. To the tune of *Crimson Velvet*.

IT was a youthfull Knight
lov'd a gallant Lady,
Fair she was and bright,
and of vertues rare,
Her self she did behave
so courteously as may be,
Wedded they were brave,
joy without compare.
Here began the grief,
Pain without relief,
her husband won her love forsook
To women lewd of mind,
Being bad inclin'd,
he only lent a pleasant look:
The Lady she sate weeping,
While that he was keeping
company with others moe.
her words, my Love beleeue not,
Come to me and grieve not,
wantons will thee overthrow.

His fair Ladies words,
nothing he regarded,
Wantonnesse affords
such delightfull sport.
While they dance and sing,
with great mirth prepared,
She her hands did wring,
in most grievous sort.
O what hap had I,
Thus to wail and cry?
unrespected every day.
Living in disdain,
While that others gain
all the right I should injoy,
I am left forsaken,
Others they are taken,
ah my love why dost thou so?
her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me and grieve not,
wantons will the overthrow.

The Knight with his fair peece,
at length the Lady spied,
Who did him daily fleece
of his wealth and store.
Secretly she stood,
while she her fashions tryed,
With a patient mind,
while deep the strumpet swore.
O sir Knight quoth she,
So dearly I love thee,
my life doth rest at thy dispose.
By day and eke by night,
For thy sweet delight,
thou shalt me in thy arms inclose.
I am thine for ever,
Still I will persever
true to thee where ere I go,
her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me and grieve not,
wantons will thee overthrow.

The vertuous Lady mild,
enters then among them,
Being big with child
as ever she might be.
With distilling tears,
she looked then upon them,
Filled full of fears,
thus replyed she,
Ah my Love and dear,
Wherefore stay you here,
refusing me your loving wife.
For an harlots sake.
Which each one will take, (strife
whose vile deeds provoke much
Many can accuse her.
O my Love refuse her,
with thy Lady home return,
Her flatteries beleeve not,
Come to me and grieve not,
wantons will thee overthrow

All in a fury then,
the angry Knight up started:
Very furious when
he heard his Ladies speech.
With many bitter terms,
his wife he ever thwarted
Using hard extreams
while she did him beseech.
From her neck so white,
He took away in spite,
her curious chain of purest gold,
Her Jewells and her rings,
And all such costly things,
as he about her did behold.
The harlot in her presence,
He did gentle reverence
and to her he gave them all.
He sent away his Lady,
Full of woe as may be, (fall
who in a swound with grief did

AT the Ladyes wrong,
the Harlot fleer'd & laughed
Baticements are so strong,
they overcome the wise,
The Knight nothing regarded
to see the Lady scoffed,
Thus was she rewarded
for her Enterprize.
The Harlot all this space,
Did him oft imbrace,
she flatters him & thus doth say,
For thee Ile dye and live,
For thee my Faith Ile give,
no woe shall work my loves decay,
Thou shalt be my Treasure,
Thou shalt be my pleasure,
thou shalt be my hearts delight
I will be thy darling,
I will be thy worldling,
in despight of Fortunes spight.

A young and proper Lod,
they had slain in secret,
For the Gold he had
whom they did convey
By a Ruffian lewd
to that place directly.
Where the youthfull Knight.
fast a sleeping lay.
The bloody Dagger than,
Wherewith they kill'd the man,
hard by ỹ knight he likewise laid,
Sprinkling him with blood;
As he thought it good,
& then no longer there he stayd.
The knight being so abused,
Was forthwith accused,
for this murder which was done
And he was condemned,
That had not offended.
shamefull death he might not shun

O my Leige quoth she,
grant your gracious favour,
Dear he is to me,
though he did me wrong;
The King reply'd again,
with a stern behaviour,
A Subject he hath slain,
dye he shall ere long.
Except thou canst find.
Any one so kind,
that will dye and set him free.
Noble King she said,
Glad am I apaid,
that same person will I be.
I will suffer duly.
I will suffer truly,
for my Love and husbands sake
The King thereat amazed,
Though he her beauty praised;
he bad from thence they should her take

Thus he did remain
In wakfull great expences,
Till it bred his pain,
and consum'd him quite.
When his Lands were spent,
troubled in his sences,
Then he did repent
of his late lewd life.
For relief he hyes
For relief he flyes, (Gold,
to them on whom he spent his
They do him deny,
They do him defie, (hold
they will not once his face be-
Being thus distressed,
Being thus oppressed,
in the fields that night he lay.
Which the harlot knowing,
Through her mallice growing,
sought to take his life away.

When the Lady bright,
understood the matter,
That her wedded Knight,
was condemn'd to dye.
To the King she went,
with all the speed that might be
Where she did lament
her hard destiny.
Noble King (quoth she)
Pitty take on me,
& pardon my poor husbands life.
Else I am undone.
With my little Son,
let mercy mitigate this grief:
Lady fair content thee,
Soon thou wouldst repent thee.
if he should be saved so.
Sore he hath abus'd ther,
Sore he hath misus'd thee,
therefore Lady let him go.

It was the Kings command,
on the morrow after.
She should out of hand,
to the Scaffold go:
Her husband was,
to bear the sword before her
He must eke alas
give the deadly blow.
He refus'd the deed,
She bid him proceed,
with a thousand kisses sweet
In this wofull case.
They did both imbrace (place
which mov'd the Ruffians in ỹ
Straight for to discover
This concealed murder,
whereby the Lady saved was.
The harlot then was hanged,
As she well deserved
this did vertue bring to pass.

Printed for F. Coles, J. W. T. Vere W. Gilbertson

Love and Honeſty :

OR,

The Modiſh Courtier.

What's here to do? a pretty Modiſh ſong
Turn'd to a Ballad? in troth I think e're long,
A fourth part of the Town will Poets be,
If that a line of Wit they can but ſee :
To a pleaſant new Tune, called,
They muſt be medling and add further ſtill,
And never leave till all that's ſence they kill :
Yet if I Iudge aright, the vulgar ſort
Are mightily beholding to them for't.
The Duke of *Monmouth*'s Jigg.

With Allowance, Ro. L'Eſtrange. *Feb.* 8. 1676.

A Curſe on the zealous and ignorant crew,
Who languiſh all day,
And with paſſion obey,
The ſenceleſs decrees that Platonicks purſue.
How poor and unhappy;
Unhappy are thoſe pretenders,
Who fearful of ſcandal and vulgarly ſhame,
Diminiſh their flame.

But bleſt be the man who with freedom enjoys,
A Beauty whoſe Eyes,
Like the Stars in the Sky,
Procures new delight till his appetite cloyes.
How happy unhappy,
How happy are thoſe pretenders,
Who fearleſs of ſcandal or vulgar reproach,
Purſue their debauch.

Elizium's a grief and a torment, compar'd
To thoſe that can prove,
The enjoyment of Love,
Where Lovers in raptures do meet a reward.
The tales of the antients,
Of Elizian fields are ungrounded,
In Loves kind fruition where ſouls have acceſs,
Oh there's the true bliſs.

Thoſe conquering beauties more pleaſure afford,
To ſuch as are free,
At their own liberty,
Then Uſurers Cheſts which with plenty are ſtor'd.
Then happy be ſtill,
Noble Lads that are natures adorers,
Whilſt envy and avarice ſtarve and repine,
We'l frolique in Wine.

Those that the confinement of Wedlock refuse,
May live at their ease,
And enjoy when they please,
Being free from the strict matrimonial noose.
The bawling of brats,
Shall not injure his rest nor his quiet,
But when with delights his fierce appetite's cloy'd,
Then rest is enjoy'd.

No wonder why clowns who of sence are debar'd,
Remain till they dye,
Like a Hog in a Stye,
And ne'r understand a brisk Lovers reward.
'Tis those that have souls,
Of the modish new stamp that are witty,
All others are drudges and never are blest,
Till death gives them rest.

'Tis Love that does give us true sence of our life,
And makes us proceed,
In each generous deed,
Protected with love, or are freed from all strife.
But those that ne'r knew,
The delights of an amorous Lover.
Can't truly be said to have liv'd out an hour,
If free'd from Loves power.

Those that for abundance do match with a wife,
Are troubled with an itch,
To be wealthy and rich,
Which keeps them in torment all days of their life.
They never enjoy,
But still grumble at every misfortune,
Whilst wisdom creates in a generous mind,
Joys they cannot find.

God Cupid for ever thy name I'le adore,
For now I can see,
That in thy Deity,
Are blessings (for those that deserve them) in store.
A passion that's noble,
Shall ever receive satisfaction,
But ignorant fools who abandon thy name,
Extinguish their flame.

In liberty all men have cause to rejoyce,
If mingled with Love,
Ever happy 'twill prove,
What fops do count folly, we think our best choice.
A cup of the creature,
Will make our bloods warmer and warmer,
Like senceless Fanaticks we'l never repine,
Of Love and good Wine.

Printed for *E. Oliver*, at the *Golden-Key*, on *Snow-hill*, over-a-gainst St. *Sepulchres-Church*.

The young mans approbation againſt the wiſe fortune-teller.

Wherein he ſhows to all Batchellors rare
To chuſe a Wife that's civil by her hair,
Take not a red, nor a ſandy do not chuſe
But flaxen or brown thy love will not abuſe.
Tune of, Corridons Complaint. J. Wade

DId you not hear a fellow
that writ againſt all thoſe;
Which had a tallow face
or had a fiery noſe,
He thought to pleaſe young Maidens
but yet let me you tell,
Young Mens cauſe I'le vindicate
wherever they do dwell,
And what here's writ they ſhall find fit
to pleaſe their humours well.

Then liſten young Men
and to you I will ſhow,
To take heed of ſubtle Damſels
when you intend to Woe:
For Maids are grown ſo cunning
and hath ſuch luring eyes,
They'l kiſs and court and with you ſport
and make of you a prize,
But never truſt a ſandy-pate
if that you be wile.

No nor yet do not chuſe one
that hath red hair,
For if you ſhould chance to tell her
ſhe'l be no Market ware,
Beſides like to Acteon
ſhe thy head will horn,
And when that ſhe has done it
ſhe'l laugh thee to ſcorn,
Then thou wilt rue the time boy
that ever thou was born.

ALso beware and take good héed
of a fleering looks,
She has more baits then the Fisher men
to catch you with her hooks,
She'l tell you many stories
but none you true shall find,
And when that you have Wedded her
she soon will change her mind,
And if she can get Master
she will beat thee blind.

Moreover let me tell thee
if thou wilt be rul'd,
How to chuse a civil Wife
that you may not be fool'd,
Take not one that hath a Nose
that is both sharp and high,
Nor one that hath two blobber lips
his mouth is never dry,
But yet they'l serve at Supper
instead of Tripes to fry.

Likewise honest young Men
I more to you will tell,
Cause I'de have none to do amiss
but all should do well:
When as you go a Wooing
and intends to have a mate,
Beware of frowning Sarah
also of scolding Kate,
For if in the least you cross her
she will break thy pate.

Therefore 'tis good for all Men
in time for to take heed,
The better you do look about
the better you may speed,
An honest Girl she is worth Pearl
but of such there is but few,
And for to find out one of them
a man shall have much ado,
He'd as good to seek St. Dennis out
these words I speak are true.

There's Sarah, Sue, and Betty
are of a merry mood,
But tho they are so pretty
they have more ways then's good,
They'l lout and pout, they'l scoul & frown
if a man he don't them please,
And when they list then they can be
sick of the same Disease,
But the brown-hair'd Girl I do protest
is better then all these,

A black brow'd Girl is lovely
and seemly to behold,
But the flaxen hair's without compare
and worth her Want in Gold,
And he that gains her to his Wife
'twas much for her i'le say,
Of all the Maids in our Town
she bears the bell away,
At singing or at dancing
or else at Stool-ball play.

Thus much honest Batchellors
I hope you all do hear,
How to chuse a civil Wife
by'th colour of her Hair,
You know true blew will never stain
no more won't an honest Wife,
And he that gains such a one
he lives a merry Life,
But a scolding dame is void of shame
and given much to strife.

Printed by *J. Lock* for *J. Clarke* at the Bible and Harp in *West-Smith-Feild.*

The Patient Husband, and the Scoulding Wife,

Shewing how he doth complain of hard fortune he had to marry such a cross grain'd Quean as she was and he wishes all young men to be advised to look before they leap.

You Batchellors where ere you be — Chuse not a wife that's too pe'cise
This Counsel here now take of me — For fear she should puck out your eyes.

To the tune of, Bonny bonny bird.

All you gallants in City or Town
come listen a while to my song
To you ile relate with sacking a mate
how that I my self a done wrong brave boys
how that I my self a done wrong.

When as I was single as some of you be
& I was beloved like other young men,
I liv'd at my ease and I did what I pleas'd
and the world it went well with me then brave boys
and the world it went well with me then

could kiss a young Maid and she'd never be sham'd
and sometimes she would kiss me again,
& perhaps at the last I could get her a boy
& the world it went well with me then, &c.

Thus bravely I liv'd without any controul
and had Liber Gods Gaze bring by,
I could sing & be merry drink White wine & sherry
then who but sweet William and I, &c.

Yet I could not be content but a wooing I'd go
to get me a Wife of my own,
I got one at the last but she proves a shrew
and sets horns where there never was none brave boys
and, &c.

I married in haste but at leasure repent
I would be control'd by a wife;
She'l pout and she'l frown and look lower
then I dare not stir for my life brave boys
then, &c.

When I went to Church I was led by two Pages
and the Musick did play gallantly,
My Wife she did dance and her tail she bare
and she skipt up and down like a fly, brave boys
and the, &c.

But e're we'd been married one month to an end
to search my Pockets she then was be gun,
She took me by the ears, and she nt me to seals
oh the world it went ill with me then, &c,

She turn'd me about and she gave me a rout
such a one as I ne're had before,
Her hands were so quick my sight she did lick
and did beat me till I did roar, &c.

The more I did pray for those storms they might cease
the lower I think they did rise,
The more I did pray that we might live in peace
the more mischief she still did devise, &c.

If that in an Ale-house I chance for to pay
then presently comes all my fears,
I'm sure to have blows also bitter Oaths,
If I be not wrung by the ears, &c.

One day we'd a bout, and I held her to't
till with the Ladle she broke all my pate,
May worse then all this, my self I bewist,
and in truth I beso wl'd both my hose, &c.

Surely there's no man that liveth on earth
that hath such a cross wife as she,
Which makes me to swear, young men have a care
for the case it is alter'd with me, &c.

Thrice happy is he that hath a good wife
but far better's that young man
That settles himself to live a single life
then would I was unmarried again, &c.

For these Saints are so false a man can't them trust
and so much they are given to lies,
If a man he don't please them at every turn
then they're ready to pluck out his eyes, &c.

They'l kick fling & thrash, they'l fret & they'l frown
as if they was going mad you would swear
And some Girls on their bellies more means will
in one week than they'l get in a year, &c. (contains

The more honest young men had need to beware
for my part my own ruine I've brought,
And of flattering Damsels to have a great care
for wits never good till 'tis bought, &c.

For by experience I plainly do find
what troubles some men do uphold'd
That hath a cross wife he's ne're sure of his life
to live quiet in bed nor at board, &c.

If she hant her humour in every thing
then his head with the Ladle she'l greet,
And at night I suppose if he dont loll close
then she'l kick him out at the beds feet, &c.

So Watches Boys all now my leave I'le take
this counsell is good for all honest young men
If I was shut of this quean you knew what I mean
oh the world wou'd go well with me than, brave
oh the world wou'd go well with me then. (boys

Printed for W. Thackeray at the Golden Sugar-Loaf in Duck-Lane.

Beautys Overthrow:

OR,

The Rejoyc'd Libertine.

When Pride and Beauty do together meet,
They make that bitter which would elſe be ſweet:
The fervent Lover when too much abus'd,
Bids Love farewel, deſires to be Excus'd.
To a New Play-houſe, called; **Cloath** *your Pride abate.*

CLoah your Pride abate,
kind Beams diſcover,
Frowns purchaſe all mens hate,
but gain'd no Lover:
Nature and Feature
deſign'd you fare,
But whilſt you'r Proud,
you are not fair:
Nor can the joys of paſſion prove
For pride will ever be a foe to Love.
To Court where Tyrants ſway,
who'd venture thither?
Or who would put to Sea,
in Stormy Weather?
Graces and Faces
no Luſtre own,
When shadowed by
diſdainful Frown:
Ne'r to the Sun had the Perſian bow'd
Had he his his glory behind a Cloud.
Nor ſhall your Beauty great,
while you'r Diſdainful,
Make my poor heart to ake,
or my Life Painful:
Cupid is Stupid,
thinks he to Charm,
His Golden Darts
me cannot harm:
nor can your blooming cheeks bear ſway
When beauty is gone your Pride muſt decay.

4- 6 28 44.

Think you Ingratitude
clouds not your Beauty,
Whilst you did me delude,
love was my Duty:
Sleeping or waking,
Cloah was there
Till Pride did say
she was not fair:
And then my passion I soon recal'd,
No longer would I be to pride inthral'd

You did your self Destroy,
and made me wander,
Now I am fill'd with joy,
love's no Commander:
Witty and Pitty,
to me you seemed,
But I your Prisoner,
am now Redeemed:
No Rosie cheeks shall me e're betray,
Although at your foot-stool once I lay,

Freedom I now do prize,
and scorn my Fetters,
I'le no more Dolize.
like Cupids Debtors:
Sobbing and Throbbing,
made me look pale,
But now I'm freed
from a terrible Goal:

I'le no more Beauty value at all,
since Princes thereby have been brought
in thrall.

You that would conquer all,
when Age shall meet you,
Into Dispair you'l fall,
none then will treat you:
Desire like Fire.
will you possess,
And Men will prove
so Pittiless,
That you shall then renounce your birth
& wish that you never had lived on earth

But if that you'l return,
and see your Folly,
You'l have no cause to mourn,
no Melancholly
Shall seize to Displease
Cloah's kind Breast,
But she for ever
shall live at rest:
When death shall make thy beauty yield
Thou'lt post to the fair Elizium Field.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Clarke*, at the *Golden Lyon*, between the *Hospital-gate*, and *Duck-Lane-end*.

Tom and Will.

OR,

The Shepherds Sheepfold.

Both doated on a beautiful Lass,
Both were alike respected;
Both thought themselves i'th better case,
Both were at last neglected.
To a pleasant new Country Tune.

TOm and Will were Shepherds Swains,
who lov'd and liv'd together;
When fair Pastora grac'd the Plains,
alack why come she thither?

For though they fed two several Flocks,
they had but one desire,
Pastora's eyes, and amber locks,
set both their hearts on fire.

Tom came of honest gentle race,
by Father and by Mother,
Will was noble, but alas,
he was a younger Brother.

Tom was toilsome, Will was sad,
no Hunts-Man, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held the proper Lad,
but Will the better Bowler.

The scorching flames their hearts did bear,
then they could no longer smother,
Although they knew they Rivals were,
they still lov'd one another.

Tom would drink her health and swear,
this Nation will not want her,
Will could not take her by the ear,
and with his voice inchant her.

Tom keeps always in her sight,
and ne'r forget his duty;
Will was witty and could write,
some sonnets on her beauty.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

THus did ſhe handle Tom and Will,
who both did dote upon her;
For graciouſly ſhe us'd them ſtill,
and ſtill preſerv'd her honour.

Yet ſhe was ſo ſweet a ſhe,
and of ſo ſweet behaviour,
That Tom thought he, & Will thought he,
was chiefly in her favour.

Paſtora was a loving Laſs,
and of a comely feature,
Divinely good and fair ſhe was,
and kind to every creature.

Of favour ſhe was provident,
and yet not over-ſparing,
She gave no leſs encouragement,
yet kept them from deſpairing.

Which of theſe two ſhe loved beſt,
or whether ſhe lov'd either,
'Tis thought they'l find it to their coſt,
that ſhe indeed lov'd neither.

She dealt her favour equally,
they both were well contented,
She kept them both from jealouſie,
not eaſily prevented.

Tale-telling fame hath made report,
of fair Paſtora's beauty,
Paſtora's ſent for to the Court,
there for to perform her duty.

Unto the Court paſtora's gone,
it had been no Court without her,
Our Muſes amongſt all her train had none
not half ſo fair about her.

Tom hung his Dog, and threw away,
his Sheep-crook and his Wallet,
Will burſt his Pipes, and curſt the day,
that e're he made a Sonnet.

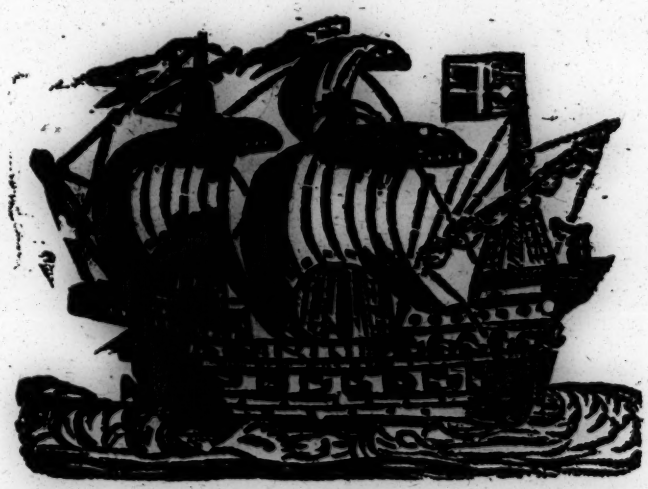
Their nine-pins & their bowls they break,
their joys are turn'd to fears;
'Tis time for me an end to make,
let them go ſhake their ears.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, in Wine-ſtreet, on Saffron-hill, near Hatton-Garden.

The Seamans Adieu to his Dear.

This Man was preſt to ſerve upon the Seas,
Which did his Deareſt very much diſpleaſe,
She importun'd the Captain on her knee,
And proffered Gold to have her Love ſet free:
But all would not prevail, the Captains ear
Was deaf, the Maids complaint he would not hear;
When no entreaty could move his hard heart,
She ſadly took her leave, and ſo they part.
To the Tune of, *I'le go to Sir Richard.*



COme all loyal Lovers that's faithful and true,
obſerve where ever you be,
A pattern I here have preſented to you,
it is good to be conſtant you ſee.

'Tis far better ſtaying with me on the ſhore,
where pleaſures and joys do abound,
Then for to venture where Cannons do roar,
in the depth of the Seas to be drown'd.

But cheifly to thee my own deareſt I ſpeak,
with patience my abſence to bear,
For now I am preſt to ſerve on the Seas,
and I muſt bid adieu to my dear.

Be not ſo cruel (my love) for to fight,
but tarry my deareſt with me -
We'l find out a way in loves wars for to fight,
and I'le ſtrive for to ſet my love free.

Our King muſt have Seamen and Souldiers (moſt ſtout
his enemies hearts for to fear,
And I for my honour will venture a bout,
and I muſt bid adieu to my dear.

Man.

All that thou canſt do my love will not procure
my freedom I ſolely do fear,
But I muſt the hardſhip of ſervice endure,
and I muſt bid adieu to my dear.

Maid.

O tell me not ſo mine own deareſt I pray,
for loves ſake take pitty on me,
I'le do my endeavour to pleaſe thee alway,
if that I may have my love free.

My Captain by no means will let me go free,
he likes me ſo well I do hear,
Therefore it's in vain to beg my liberty,
for I muſt bid adieu to my dear.

45. b. 50. 96.

Maid.

ILe go to thy Captain and fall on my knee,
perhaps he'l take pitty on me,
If five pounds or ten pounds will buy thy Dis-charge,
he shall have it to set my love free.

Captains Answer.

Not 10 pounds nor 20 will buy his Discharge,
fair Maid you must patiently bear,
ye shall go to Sea for his King to ingage,
and he must bid adieu to his dear.

Ile have him to serve me upon the salt Main,
in battel with foes for to fight,
Then cease pitty Maiden and do not complain,
for the Wars is a souldiers delight.

maid.

Behold noble Captain the sorrowful tears,
that down my cheeks trickle amain,
To move your hard heart to release me of fear,
and to grant me my love once again.

No maidens heart ever was so full of woe,
then good Sir take pitty on me,
And let him no further unto the wars go,
but be pleased to set my love free.

Captain.

Cease thy suit Damosel and be not so sad,
let reason thy mind now asswage,
Ten thousand such Seamen e're long must be had,
all against the proud foes to engage.

man.

My dearest why dost thou the Captain offend,
thou seest he by no means will yield,
And I am resolved my blood for to spend,
upon the salt Sea or in Field.

Therefore be contented and cease thy sad moan,
take comfort and do thou not fear,
If fortune befriend me when as I am gone,
I shall once again see mine own dear.

maid.

My dearest since thou must be parted from me,
and here must no longer remain,
the thought of thy love all my comfort shall be,
until I do see thee again.

Each hour for thy welfare to God will I pray,
that he will in safety preserve
My own dearest Lover by night and by day
whilst he on the Ocean doth serve.

This token I prethee Love for my sake keep,
remember me when you it wear,
This parting kiss take which doth cause me to weep,
and so heavens bless mine own dear.

man.

Adieu my dear jewel, thy love I have found,
our parting doth grieve me full sore, sound,
The Drums they do beat, and the trumpets do
and I must stay no longer on shore.

FINIS.

Printed for *F. Coles*, in *Vine-Street*, near *Hatton-Garden*.

The Yong Mans Vindication

Againſt the Virgins Complaint.

She rail'd againſt young Men in paſſion great,
But he more mildely ſeems with her to treat.
Young men are not ſo falſe as ſhe would make them,
Some Maids are full as bad, how e're you take them.

To the Tune of, the Virgins Complaint, or Cupids Courtiſie.

SWeet Virgin hath diſdain
mov'd you to paſſion:
Ne'er to love man again,
but for the faſhion.
Was your abuſe ſo great,
beyond all meaſure:
That you can quite forget
to think of pleaſure.

Though one falſe-hearted man
not to be named.
Made you look pale and wan,
muſt all be blamed:
As if ſcarce one were good
in a whole City,
Your peeviſh angry mood
I can but pity.

Men are not half ſo bad
as you would make them,
Nore Maidens may be had
if you forſake them:
Therefore I tell you plain,
be not diſdainful;
If Cupid ſhoot again,
you'l finde it painful.

Young men had need beware,
leſt they be taken,
And drawn into a ſnare,
and ſo forſaken:
Many maids prove untrue,
take it for certain,
T'will be too late to rue
of a bad bargain.

A.B.B.C.D.D.E. E.F. F.G.H.I.K.K.L.L.M.N.
N.O.P.Q.R.R.R.S.T.T.V.V.W.W.X.Y.Z.Z.&

Maidens falſe-hearted are,
I can report it:
Their craft they will not ſpare,
when they are courted:
They'l bend unto your bowe,
their wits are nimble,
It's very hard to know
when they diſſemble.

They'l powder, prank, & paint,
with each new fangle;
Sometimes ſit like a Saint,
for to intangle.
Their pretty wanton eyes
are ſo alluring,
Life and death in them lies,
killing and curing.

Their beauty's like a charme,
lovers intrancing;
No man receives more harm,
than by their glancing.
Like Syrens they will ſing,
their voices raviſh;
They make the Eccheos ring,
their tongues are laviſh.

By ſuch alluring baits
young men are taken,
And then it is their fates
to be forſaken:
For theſe inticing Girles
are ſo unconſtant.
They're won and loſt again
all in an inſtant,

I have experience had
of their falſe dealing,
Some of them are ſo bad
they're not worth ſtealing:
If one in half a ſcore
prove to be vertuous,
She ſhall have Suiters more,
her love is precious.

Now tell me which are beſt
young men or Maidens,
I think 'tis here confeſt
both have their failings:
Therefore be rul'd by me,
ſcorn not a young man
There's as much truth in him,
as in a woman.

Virgins take my advice,
be not diſdainful;
Neither be coy and nice
ſquemiſh, nor ſcornful.
'Tis but a pettiſh ſtrain
for to love no man;
If e're you love again,
pray love a young man.

I am reſolved now,
though ſome miſcarry,
I'le have a Virgin too,
with her I'le marry.
From Love I'le not refrain,
though it be common:
But when I love again,
I'le love a woman.

London, Printed for Rich. Burton at the Horſhoo in Weſt-Smithfield.

The conſtant Country Maid,

OR

Innocent Love at length Rewarded.

Which by theſe Lines is here ſet forth in part
The conſtant love, that lodged in her heart;
Which was by no means for to be remov'd,
Since ſhe would venture all for him ſhe lov'd:
For which he did reward her at the laſt,
And made amends for all her Sorrows paſt.

Tune of *True Love rewarded with Loyalty.*

YOu Country Damſels, fine and gay,
Which o'r the Meadows trip along,
Whilſt that the little Lambs do play,
come give attention to my Song.

I am a ſimple harmleſs Maid
being with Sorrow ſore oppreſt,
The God of Love, hath me betray,
and ſo depriv'd me of reſt.

Whilſt I injoy'd my liberty
and was not bound in Cupids thral,
In floods of ſweet proſperity,
I ſwam, and took no care at all.

But now my poor and tender heart
is unto Love a Captive made,
In ſorrow I muſt bear a part
until my Dearſt bring me aid.

WHen first his person I did view,
and to his melting words gave ear.
Each time he did his suit renew
it did rejoyce my heart to hear.

His flaxen hair like threds of Gold,
his Ruby lips, and rouling Eyes,
Amazed me for to behold,
and of my heart did make a prize.

He is both proper, strait and tall,
who did my love at once subdue:
Compleat in every limb with all,
as my pore eyes did find it true.

When he appear'd upon the Green
amongst the Youth each Holy-day,
He was so comely to be seen,
that still he bore the Bell away.

But now his absence makes me mourn,
because I know no reason why
That he should leave me here alone,
for to bewail my misery.

Perhaps he doth it for to try
if that my love be firm, and true,
Which he shall find untill I dye,
though with disdain he me pursue.

For sooner shall the Mother dear
her Babe forget that sucks her breast,
Then he out of my mind shall wear,
whom I have always loved best.

The winds shall sooner cease to blow,
and Starrs their wonted course refrain,
E'r I will falsify my Vow,
untill I see my Love again.

The Ocean Sea shall break its bound
And mountains from their places move,
The course of Nature shall turn round
e'r I forget my dearest Love.

No Strangers suit that I will mind
nor to temptations once give ear,
Untill my dearest love I find
my sad lamenting heart to chear.

You Nymphs who through the woods do stray
take pitty of my grievous moan,
Bring back my love without delay
that for no cause is from me gone.

Let every gentle Shepherd Swain
which doth his harmless flocks infold,
Strive for to bring my love again
that I his face may once behold.

For never shall I rest in peace
untill his person I do see,
Each day my sorrows will increase
untill he come and pitty me.

Her Lover hearing of her plaint
no longer could from tears refrain,
But from a Birtle-grove he came
to ease her of her grief and pain.

Quoth he my love I understand
thy love is constant, firm, and true,
Loe here I give thee heart and hand
i'll never change thee for a new.

These words did much revive her heart,
and hand, in hand, away they went,
Resolving never more to part,
But to injoy their hearts content.

London, Printed for *W. Whitwood* at the *Bell* in *Duck-lane*. Finis.

The Conſtant Maidens Reſolution; Or,
The Damſels loyal love to a Seaman
With the Seamans kind anſwer thereunto.

This Damſels heart is on a Seaman bent,
Becauſe none other can give her content;
And he her love moſt kindly doth imbrace,
And ſo they are united in ſhort ſpace.

Tune of, I love thee dear but I dare not ſhow it.

AN amorous Damſel in Briſtol City,
Whom Cupid wounded without all pitty:
At length ſhe met with her own true Lober,
And her affection did thus diſcober.

WEll met my deareſt ſince that I love thee,
my mind now I will make known unto thee:
Altho' me watcht by a jealous Father,
I hope the fruits of my Love to gather.

I muſt be gone Lobe, I muſt forgo thee;
I muſt be ſtrange Lobe, I muſt not know thee:
I love thee dear, but I dare not ſhow it,
Do thou the like, but let no man know it.

I wiſh I were upon ponders mountain,
Where Gold & Silber great ſtore is counting:
Then would I think upon my own dear Honey,
Whom I love better then Gold or money.

A thouſand times Lobe I think upon thee
And in deſpight of the World I'le own thee;
Since there is none that I lobe beſid thee,
I will prove conſtant what e're betide me.

A Seaman he is of all men neareſt,
And in my eye is the moſt compleateſt:
Then what care I for a miſers money?
So I injoy but my own dear Honey.

A Hundred pound Love I have you know it,
And on a Seaman I will bestow it:
For in a Seaman I take more pleasure
Then in a Goldsmith with all his Treasure.

I care not for my Fathers anger
If I be married 'tis but nine days wonder:
Then come my Dearest let us be merry
We'l drink a health in good Sack and Sherry.

I do not care for the love of many
I'le have a Seaman if I have any,
And i'le drink a health to my own dear Honey
Whom I love better then Gold or money.

Then prethy dearest let me not languish
Nor feel the smart of a Lovers anguish,
And so adieu my own dear Sweeting
Until the next of our merry meeting.

The Seamans kind Answer.

my dearest Joy and my lovely Betty
methinks thy looks are wondrous pretty,
It much rejoyceth my heart this instant,
To find thy love so firm and constant.

'Tis not their frowns, nor thy friends displeasure
Shall rob me of thee, my chiefest Treasure:
'Ile draw my Sword, and i'le lay about me,
Before that I will go without thee.

Long time my Dear, I have plow'd the Ocean
And by my Valor have gain'd promotion,
Then let my presence a little more thee,
Because with joy I am come to love thee.

Thou sayest my Dearest and I believe thee,
None but a Seaman shall ever have thee:
And for thy choice I do much commend thee,
Since no man living can more befriend thee.

A Valiant Seaman will shun no danger
But venture life against any stranger,
Of Gold and Silver to make a seizure
And bring it home to his chiefest Treasure.

most like a Lady I will maintain thee
In Silks and Sattins when I have gain'd thee,
And whatsoever thou dost require
Thou strait shalt have it at thy desire.

I'le strive at all times to content thee,
Thou shalt not for thy love repent thee:
But thou shalt find a brave Seamans proffers
Is better far then a misers Coffers.

Then Dearest cast away care behind thee
For a true Lover thou shalt find me,
I value neither thy Gold nor money,
So I injoy thee my onely Honey.

I fear not but by my good behavior,
In time to gain thy old Fathers favour,
We'l sing old Rose then, and be full merry
And drown our sorrows in Sack and Sherry.

We'l bid our Neighbours to our Wedding,
And we will have a most costly Bedding:
So for the present farewel my Sweeting,
A thousand thanks for this happy meeting.

With Allowance.

Printed by J. L. for J. C. at the Bible and Harp in West-Smith-Field.

Fancy's Freedom.

OR

The true Lovers bliſs.

Exactly ſet forth in the faithful and conſtant affection of a Gentlemans daughter, who fell in Love with her Fathers Serving-man, ſhe having a Thouſand pound left her by an Uncle, and how they were married (notwithſtanding all oppoſition) and liv'd happily to their hearts content.

In ſpite of Fate True Love ſhall crowned be
And wear a Garland for its loyalty.

Tune of, *Amarillis, or, Phillis on the new made hay, &c.*

ALL in the Weſt of England fair
I heard a ſtory of a pair,
Of Lovers that united were,
in heart and true affection,
'Twas Cupids darts did wound their hearts
and brought them in ſubjection.

A young man being left forlorn
Though of good Parents he was born,
Yet did he count it for no ſcorn
to look out for a Maſter,
For every ſore muſt have a ſalve
and every wound a Plaiſter.

He many days had not remain'd
Before a ſervice he had gain'd
And by-a-by he was entertain'd
the ſtory is apparent,
A Maſter free, of high degree
did take him for his ſervant.

Where he behav'd himſelf ſo well
That all the reſt he did excel:
Now who but John muſt bear the bell
his Maſter lov'd him dearly:
Both great and ſmall would for him call
'twas he they fancy'd clearly.

BUt mark what after came to pass,
Hys Masters only Daughter was,
A gallant buxome lively Lass
and fancy'd John most neatly,
Cause he was gay, and knew the way
to please a Maid compleatly.

O John quoth she, I must be bold
My mind to thee for to unfold,
Thy Love I value more then Gold
then prethy John befriend me,
For why thou hast my heart in hold
grant love or death will end me.

When John had heard her speak the same
He thought it best to mind his game,
Quoth he most dear, and Lady fair
I think you do but jeer me,
To bring me into Cupids snare
and leave me there I fear it.

Besides you know my fortunes low,
And you are far to high to bow,
If that your father should it know,
what think you would betide me,
Some would-be Sparks besides his Mare
he never would abide me.

Pish sye quoth she you know I have,
Enough to keep us fine and brave
What though my father rage and rave
we need not fear his anger,
Since we have Gold thou must be bold
therefore delay no longer.

A thousand pound my own must be
Left by my Uncle unto me,
All which I freely give to thee
if thou wilt join in marriage,
Because I see, thou art to me
a man of comely carriage.

Then Lady her's my heart and hand
I am your servant at command,
Your meaning well I understand
which sets my heart on fire,
Though friends oppose, I fear no foes
you shall have your desire.

And then they did exchange a kiss
In token of true Lovers bliss
And there agreed that with all speed
in hast they will be married,
Because delays doth danger breed
they long enough had tarried.

Next morning John did steal away
His dearest love and Lady gay,
Whilst the Sun shin'd for to make hay
for fear of blustring weather,
Where at that tide, he wed his bride
and they were joyn'd together.

But when her father heard the news
For very grief he could not chuse,
I do presume but fret and fume
he almost was distracted,
Because his only Daughter was
unto his man contracted.

But by perswasions of a friend
They brought the matter to good end
Her father he at last did bend
and yeilded to assist them
Since 'twas too late, to cross their fate
or strive for to resist them.

And now they live in mirth and joy
Free from care and all annoy,
Belov'd of all both great and small
the Country round about them,
The old man he will not agree
to live one day without them.

Printed for W. Whitwood at the Golden-Lyon in Duck-Lane.

The New married Scotch Couple
OR,
The Second Part of the Scotch *Wedding.*

They now begin in time for to conſider,
How they muſt live, now they are joyn'd together,
And ſo they ſet their Grath in as geud order,
To a New Northern Tune; Or, In January laſt, &c.

As any twa upon the Scotch Border;
Then buy it ſince the price is but a penny;
'Tis love between a Scotch-man and his honey.
VVith Allowance.

AS Jenny Crack and I,
together ligg'd in Bed,
Sy Jenny then, quo I,
how lik'ſt thou to be wed?
We now may tack of love our fill,
there's nean can troubled be,
Then let me kiſs thy Bonny Brow,
and cuddle cloſe to me.

Then Jenny ſmiling ſaid,
my Jo I find it true,
That I too long did live a Maid,
which now full ſore I rue;
Had I but ken'd that it had been,
ſo ſweet for to be wed,
I would not then a been ſo leath,
to looſe my Maiden-head.

But Jenny that's not all,
now we are come together,
We muſt what e're befall,
provide againſt cold weather.
There's mare belongs, my Granny ſaid,
unto a wedded life,
Then four bare legs in a bed,
to keep us free from ſtrife.

Ne'r rack for that, quo ſhe, my Jo,
we never ſhall be poor,
Sea lang as we have leave to do,
as others did before;
We ſomething have for to begin
the world though 'tis but ſmall,
Then if it is thy mind my Jo,
our gear weel reckon all.

WHy then, quo he, I have in ſtock,
three Yows aw big with Lamb,
Twa Grices to make up the ſtock,
that never ſuckt the Damm:
Beſides a dainty filly foal,
which thou ſhalt ha my Jenny,
If yean would ligg it in my hand,
I wad nea tack a Guinny.

Quo ſhe, my Jo, now well I wot,
that I do like it weel,
And for my own part I ha got,
my Grannams Spinning-Wheel:
Beſides a Cale-pot and a Chiene,
beath ſpick and ſpankin new,
I and Skeel to ſetch in Burne,
and Veſſels for to Brew.

My Jenny thou haſt won my heart,
to tell me ſike a Tale,
For weel I do perceive by that,
that we mun ſell good Ale;
If that the Malt-man ſtand my friend,
we'l have it briſk and brown,
There ſhall nea ſike a Coague of Ale,
be brew'd in aw the Town.

Let me alane, quo Jenny than,
gud cuſtome to invite,
For I ken many a Gentleman,
and many a Leard, and Knight
That often leuk me in the
and ſaid that I was
Then let us eene
we need not
Printed for VV. Thackeray, T. Paſſinger, and VV. VVhitwood.

Nay hold, quo he, for by nea means,
I can of that allow,
That thou to any Gentleman,
or Leard or Knight ſhud bow:
I wad nea for the warld it ſelf,
ſo quickly horned be,
Then prithee Jenny have a care,
for to prove kind to me.

Ne'r rack, quo ſhe, I'le keep a Lafs,
ſhall blith and bonny be,
And i'le git her a Leuking-glaſs,
her beauty for to ſee;
Each morn ſheel don a Kerchief clean,
and ſleek her Bonny Brow,
By that you knaw what I do mean,
what think you on it now.

O brave, quo he, my Jenny dear,
thou makes me for to laugh,
For when theſe merry days appear,
i'le ſit, and ſmeuk, and quaff;
And ſteel my noe ſtrom morn to night,
until the ground leuk blew,
And ſwear, and ſwagger, drink and fight,
amang the jobial crew.

Then let us gang about it ſtreight,
for ſince that we are married,
We mun nea ligg too long in bed,
this pace will never carry't;
When we are up about our wark,
mare ways we may deviſe,
Then Jenny let us don our cleaths,
for it is time to riſe.

The pining Maid

OR

A Pattern for Lovers

Giving a brief account of the unfortunate death of a young Man living in *Coventry*, Shopkeeper, who drowned himself for the Love of a Maid daughter to a Captain of the said City, because she denyed her promise and would not yeild to be his wife and now she lives in a most sad condition and is very much troubled in her mind the Poet having a hint of some of her grief composed those lines into meeter, according to her directions and so caused it to be Printed for all young men and maids, to take example by the same.

The tune is, *alack for my Love I must dye.*

COme all young Men & Maidens
and listen unto me,
I briefly will declare
how I'm plung'd in misery,
And all through my own seeking
I well may say truly,
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.

There was a gallant young Man
in Coventry did dwell,
He was a brave Shop-keeper
as it is known full well,
He loved me so dearly the
truth of it to tell,
And &c.

Three years in Love together
was this young Man and I,
Our hearts in one were linked fast
I cannot it deny,
But I was the first breaker
of the bands of amity,
And, &c,

He was as well beloved
as any Man could be,
He was civil in his carriage
to'th high and low degree,
Yet for all this poor soul
he could find no Love
And, &c.

[illegible] to the same tune.

My Parents they [illegible]
that I should [illegible]
Alle I was contracted
with him to lead my life
But my Pride and Ambition
did seek this deadly strife
And 'tis for my Love that I mourn.

His heart was [illegible]
or could rest but by my sight
He sought all means to please me
and feed my fond delight
At last for to reward him
I paid him with despight,
And, &c.

For when that Marriage it grew nigh
then I did him forsake,
And gave him a flat answer
then he these words did speak,
Oh Mary don't deceive me
and cause my heart to break
And, &c,

He wept & wail'd he wrung his hands
and thus to me did say
Sweet Mary if thou lovest me
oh cast me not away,
But still with a scornful look
his words would not obey,
And, &c.

He seeing no perswasions
my stony heart would move,
He sighing sadly went away
I did it him to prove
I thought he did dissemble
but he did mean true Love
And, &c.

He laid himself upon the bed
but there no rest could be,
In's mind he was perplexed
as plainly you may see,
That very night he drown'd himself
all for the love of me,
And, &c,

[illegible] things it was brought me
[illegible] it was so,
[illegible] has tormented
[illegible] what to do
Yet all things I kept secret
and made me outward show,
And, &c.

Within a small time after
appeared in my sight
His ghastly Ghost that lov'd me
and did me sore affright,
And groaning cry'd now I do come
for my own hearts delight,
And, &c.

Into such a damp it struck me
and wounded so my heart,
If a thousand swords had pierc't me
I could not a felt more smart
Nor can all the Physitians
yet cure me with their art,
And, &c.

My friends they much do blame me
and all the Town besides,
Those that which I kept company
now cannot me abide
Because I would not yield
to be his Bride
And, &c.

Now I have made a solemn Oath
and mean to keep it truly,
Because he lov'd me so well
for his sake a Maid to dye
My self I will refrain
from all bad company
And, &c.

I'le live on bread and water
good dyet I'le forsake,
In the world I live in misery
sweet Christ me ready make,
Oh John I come, I come
all this is for thy sake
And, &c.

The first I made light of it
yet now it doth grieve me sore
That I, should cast a man away
that lov'd me long before
I was the cause of his death
which was worth worlds and more
And, &c.

I hope I soon shall follow him
whom I do love so dear,
Though then I made light of him
and for him did not care
I thought love but an idle toy
but now I find it dear
And &c.

Young Maidens all both great & small
to you these lines I send,
Be faithfull in your promise
and true unto your friend
Least at the last you're forced
to cry out in the end
And, &c.

Trust not Love o're much
I speak it flat and plain,
Run not the hazard of it
but constant still remain
For fear it be too late
to call yesterday again
And, &c.

For though foolish fancy
as many well do know,
I wrought my love's destruction
I sought his overthrow
Now in Coventry fair City
my love doth lye full low
And, &c.

So adieu you faithful lovers
where ever that you be,
Be sure to keep your promise
in every degree,
Though I remain upon the earth
yet still my heart with thee
And 'tis for my love that I mourn.

Printed for Phillip Brooksby near the Hospital-gate in West-Smith-field.

The Seamans Renown in Winning his Fair Lady.

Brave Marriners by this you may behold
What 'tis to be a Seaman stout and bold.
Their Seaman won a Lady by his valour,
And with his Sword he curl'd her Fathers Choller:
Therefore go boldly on when you begin,
And know Faint-heart did ne're fair Lady Win.

Tune of, *A Week before* Easter.

THere was a bold Seamen, a ship he could steer
Of such a brave Seaman you never did hear
And he lov'd a Lady of beauty so clear,
and now you shall hear of his wooing.

Seaman.

O pitty fair Lady, let pitty thee move,
I'm deep in affection, and tossed in Love,
And you are my Lady, my Turtle, and Dove,
on you I do set my affection.

Lady.

O hold thy peace Seaman, for that may not be,
For I am a match for a higher degree.
And thy blood and my blood can never agree,
then Seaman take this for an answer.

Seaman.

O Lady your answer doth make me to grieve,
Tis true that we all came from Adam and Eve,
O is lodging in bed to my life is a reprieve,
although I am in Cupids Prison.

Lady.

Oh why should you say you'r a prisoner to me,
O hold, forbear Seaman, for that may not be,
We both may have matches fit for our degree.
then forbear and take this for answer.

Seaman.

O no, for an answer I will it not take,
Although your denial doth make my heart ake,
I'le rather lay down my own life at the stake,
to obtain thy good favour sweet Lady.

Lady.

It is a meer madness thy life to lay down,
For people will say there's an end of a Clown,
That past many dangers till fortune did frown,
that dy'd like a Prodigal Lover.

Seaman.

The name of a Clown in my heart I do scorn,
Being nobly descended, and a Gentle-man born,
Yet I am a Seaman and must like forlorn,
unless you can love me fair Lady.

Lady.

O Pardon me Seaman for I did not know,
I thought that thy Parentage had been but low,
But I may requite thee before we do go,
and give thee a kiss for a favor.

Seaman.

He took her by th' hand and he kissed her twice,
Quoth he, Dearest Lady you have been too nice,
To value my love at no higher a price,
but now I do hope you'l requite me.

Lady.

Well Seaman, I see that thou hast a good heart,
And art a compleat man in every part,
If my Father know this, we should suffer smart,
he would be so highly inraged.

Seaman.

If you are but willing for to be my Bride,
My Sword and my Pistol ile take by my side
And then to the Church we in private will ride,
where we will be married fair Lady.

She then gave consent, and away they did ride,
The valiant bold Seaman, and his lovely Bride,
Not fearing of anger, or what might betide,
their hearts were united together.

Being married, they back again came speedily;
But riding along they her Father espy,
Quoth he to the Seaman I vow thou shalt dye,
for deluding away my Dear Daughter.

Come on (quoth the Seaman) 'tis no time to prattle
I see by your Weapons you are for the battle.
With Sword & with Pistol he made him to rattle,
in the place where he gain'd his fair Lady.

He cut him and slasht him, and there he did stand,
Then quoth her Father, hold Seaman thy hand,
If you'l give your Daughter ten thousand in land,
Ile spare you as I am a Seaman.

O Seaman quoth she 'tis a portion too small,
O peace (quoth the Lord) for that shall not be all,
I'le give him great riches what ever befall,
because he's a Noble stout Seaman.

They put up their Swords, and at last did agree,
And strait way the Lady did fall on her knee,
And beg'd that her Father would not angry be,
although she had married a Seaman.

Her Father unto her was there reconcil'd
And gave her his blessing as she was his child,
Which made the brave Seaman glad that he smil'd,
when he see he had gain'd his Lords daughter.

They afterwards lived in joy and content,
The Lady had never no cause to repent,
They passed their time away in merriment,
and lovingly they lived together.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

A Tryal of True Love:

Or,

The Loyal Damoſels Reſolution.

Wherein ſhe doth declare, her Mind is ſuch,
No Pains or Travel ſhe at all will grutch;
To follow her dear Love, in Weal or Woe,
To the Remoteſt Climate ſhe will go:
A Pattern to all Maidens, for to ſee,
The ſweet Effects of Love and Conſtancy.

Tune of, *The Flatteries of Fate*: Or, *Fenny, Fenny*, &c.

YOu Loyal young Damoſells
whoſe Lovers are bent,
To ſerve in the wars
with a valiant intent,
Hear my reſolution
where ever you be,
And ſay that my mind
is a Kingdom to me.
I ſtill will be conſtant
And true to my Friend,
For I will go with my love
To the worlds end.

I can have no Comfort
in ſtaying behind,
But Sorrows and Anguiſh
to trouble my mind,
Therefore for my fancy
with him I will go
Who now is my deareſt
and ever was ſo.
I ſtill will be conſtant &c.

Since he is reſolved
his foes to Ingage,
Although that I am but
of a tender Age,
His loving Sweet company
I'le not forgo,
But I will march with him
in weal or in wo.
I ſtill will be Conſtant &c.

I value not dangers
my temper is free
All hardſhip whatever
to take patiently,
I'le find a reward
for my Labour and pain
If once we return
to old England again.
Therefore I'le be conſtant
And true to my friend,
For I will go with my love
To the worlds end.

THe wars they are Irkſome
to Maidens we know,
But yet ſo much love
to my deareſt I owe,
That I am contented
with him to abide,
And never forſake him
what ever betide.
I ſtill will be conſtant
And true to my Friend,
For I will go with my love
To the worlds end.

His Love and his valour
to me hath been ſhown,
His vertue, and Courage,
through England is known,
To fight for his King
he will venture his blood.
And I my ſelf with him
will croſs the Salt Flood,
I ſtill will be conſtant &c.

If that I were minded
to tarry behind,
I might have a Husband,
though not to my mind,
But for his dear ſake
I will venture my life
So he will be faithful
and make me his wife,
I ſtill will be conſtant &c.

In France or in Flanders,
where ever it be,
In ſtorms and in Tempeſts,
in croſſing the Sea,
With patience I'le Suffer
what falls to my Share,
No hardſhip nor danger
with love may compare.
I ſtill will be conſtant &c.

Then father, and mother
I pray be content,
Of my Reſolution
I ne'r ſhall repent,
Then grant me your Bleſſing
pray let it be ſo,
That well I may proſper
where ever I go.
I ſtill will be conſtant &c.

Dear Brother, and Siſter,
it grieveth my heart
That from my relations
I now muſt depart,
But I am in hopes
for to ſee you again,
If that I do live
To come over the Main,
I ſtill will be conſtant, &c.

Parthenia to Argulas
ne'ar was more free
Then I will unto my dear
conſtant ever be,
'Tis love that doth cauſe me
ſuch dangers to try,
Since I am not fearful
But willing to dye,
I ſtill will be Conſtant, &c.

And now my own deareſt
to thee I declare,
That I am reſolv'd
in thy fortune to Share,
Then let thy kind anſwer
all ſorrows remove,
That I may have pleaſure
and joy in thy love.
For I will be Conſtant
And true to my Friend,
And I will go with my Love
To the Worlds end.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Amorous *Bettys* Delight:

OR,

No Name can compare unto Sweet *William.*

This Maid hath chosen, she doth think, the best,
Yet other Mai ens may do what they will,
Sweet William's the Man she loves, she doth protest,
And of Kisses plenty he shall have his fill.

To a New West-Country Tune, or, The Watermans Delight. By John Wade.

COme all you pretty Maids
where ever you do dwell:
If you'l draw near I will declare
what man I do Love well:
I have had Suitors store,
declare their Names I shall;
But honest Will, i'le say so still
he doth exceed them all.

The first Suitor I had
was smiling Anthony;
He was a bonny proper Lad,
yet I did him deny:
He told me that his wealth
and substance was not small:
But honest Will, &c.

Then Robin come came,
who did much honor win:
But when that I did know his name
I did not let him in.
Though he knockt with might and main
at my Window he did call.
Yet honest Will, &c,

There's Wat the Weavers Son
and Tame the Taylor he:
Has made a match a Race to Run,
which shall my true Love be:
But though they are at strife,
deceive them both I shall,
For honest VVill, &c.

Humphery is full of Grief,
like to a silly elf.
And Roger the Miller that brave thief,
will needs go hang himself:
All is forth-love of me,
but I doubt the Ropes to small:
For honest VVill, i'le say so still,
he doth exceed them all.

And likewise stampering Hugh,
he swears by day or night:
Before he'l lose his Love so true
he is resolv'd to fight:
But though he is so stout',
and the weakest goes to'th wall',
Yet honest VVil', &c.

Peter and Simon too
might Live well on their means,
But this is all the marks they do
to follow Whores and Queans:
And Roger is as bad,
though of stature he is small.
So honest VVill, &c.

There's John and Jonathan,
some Maids on them do prove:
But if they knew what I do know
they'd out of doors them shove:
For if all be true thats told
their Knavery is not small.
So honest VVil', &c.

The Reason if you'd know
I in brief will tell;
Why I do praise sweet VVilliam,
or do Love him so well:
He is of favor fair,
he is neither too short nor tall.
So 'tis honest VVill, &c.

He is of a comely feature,
for beauty he wants none:
He is his fathers only heir
and well esteemed on:
This makes [illegible] forth his praise,
Forty thousand on a row,
adorned near so fine,
Theres none can make so brave a show
like to the Love of mine:
Besides he's valiant stout and strong
none can him Coward call.
So 'tis honest VVill, &c.

Had I ten ships on sail',
all laden with Rich Pearl,
Away from my Love i'de never steal,
but be his dearest Girl:
No means should me intice
him out on's name to call,
For tis honest VVill, &c.

For so long as I have Life,
or breath Remains in me,
Ile be his true and Loving wife,
in every degree:
His Credit i'le not stain,
but i'leave him still I shall,
For tis honest VVill, &c.

And thus you pritty Maids
my mind I have you told',
How I love he that doth love me,
far better then Rich Gold:
But chuse you who you please,
to grieve me it never shall,
For tis honest VVill, I'le say so still',
that doth exceed them all.

FINIS.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horseshoe,
in VVest-smith-field.

The Two Conſtant Lovers:

Or, A Pattern of true love expreſt in this Dialogue between *Samuel* and *Sarah*.
To a pleaſant New Tune.

As I by chance was walking,
on a Summers day:
I heard two Lovers talking,
and thus they did ſay:
With a mournful ditty,
ſhe began her tale,
Which mov'd my heart with pitty
her for to bewail.

Sarah.

My Love I have deſired
for to ſpeak with you,
My heart within was fired,
until that I knew:
Whether you were living
in good health or no:
My heart it was Grieved
until that I did know.

Samuel.

What, ſweet-heart, what ails thee
thus for to complain?
Let not ill befall thee
thou ſhalt me obtain:
Though I were abſented
from thee for a ſpace:
I'le not be prevented
of thy comely face.

Sarah.

Samuel my own ſweeting
I to thee muſt tell,
In a heavy Greeting
what hath us befell:
My friends do grudge and murmer
and to me they ſay,
That we muſt part aſunder,
or elſe they'l thee deſtroy.

Samuel.

My Love be not grieved,
though thy friends did frown,
Thou ſhalt be Relieved,
none ſhall put thee down:
I for thy ſweet ſavor
will adventure much,
Though thy friends and brother
do againſt me Grutch.

Sarah.

O my own dear ſweeting,
I am Griev'd in heart,
That I give thee ſuch Greeting
for to breed my ſmart:
Barnwel my own brother,
Captain being he,
Swears that of all others
killed thou ſhalt be.

Samuel.

SArah be not fearful,
though thy brother swear,
Of thy Life be careful,
I no man do fear:
What care I for Barnwel,
though he a Captain be:
He shall find that Samuel
is as good as he.

Sarah.

O my Loving Samuel
look where he doth go,
'Tis my brother Barnwel,
now begins our woe:
Would that we together
had not met this day,
For my Judas brother
will thy Life betray.

Now comes Captain Barnwel
to these Lovers twain,
And made count that Samuel
he should soon have slain:
But it proved contrary
to his bloody mind,
In the sight of Sarah
conquest he Resign'd.

Then said he to Samuel,
what do you make here?
I'm with my sweet-heart Sarah,
put her not in fear:
Barnwel in a fury
swore he would prevent,
His own Sister Sarah
of her hearts content.

Sarah.

O my brother Barnwel
let me you intreat,
Not to wrong my Samuel
in your bloody heat:
He hath ne'r offended
you at any time,
Let him not be condemned,
save his Life, take mine.

I says Captain Barnwel,
Sarah thou shalt see;
Then he cal'd to Samuel
come and answer me:
I thy death have vowed
e're I further go,
Then sweet Sarah bowed,
saying, do not so.

Samuel.

Samuel being heedful
of his tyranny,
Says, Sarah be not fearful
thou anon shalt see:
Though thy brother Barnwel
vow my life to spill,
Thou shalt see that Samuel
hath both strength and skill.

Now these Words being spoken
they to Weapons go:
Samuel gave him a token
with a dreadful blow,
And withal inclosed
with his Enemy:
Then Barnwel he supposed
that himself should dye.

Then says Loving Samuel
are you now content,
I says Captain Barnwel
and withal consent,
That my sister Sarah
shall be made thy Wife,
So thou wilt but spare me,
and not take my Life.

Thus in peace they ceased
for the present time,
Sarah much was eased
of her troubled mind:
And injoy'd her Samuel
to her hearts content,
And her brother Barnwel
gave his free consent.

Now these Lovers twain
live in joy and peace,
Pray Heaven upon them rain
plenty and increase:
And all true Lovers
wheresoever they be,
Aid them with thy favor
that have such constancy.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere,* and *J. Wright.*

Phancies Phœnix.

OR.

The Peerleſs Paragon of the Times.

Being a young Gallants deſcription of a Lady which he hath ſettled his thoughts on, reſolving never to change, not to love any other Beauty or Face in the World.

And is perſwaded if there be.
A Phœnix in the world, 'tis ſhe.
To an amorous new Tune.

COme all you Batchelors ſo brave
that ſpend your time in Cupids Court
And with your compliments do crave,
with many Ladies for to ſport:
I am contrary to your mind,
I ever bore one ſtedfaſt mind,
She's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be,
a Phœnix in the world 'tis ſhe.

I little thought I ever could,
by any beauty e'er be won,
Nor can I now it that I would,
remove my mind on any one:
No wealth, no beauty, nor no face,
my ſtedfaſt thoughts ſhall ever diſgrace,
She's vertuous, chaſte, and if there be,
a Phœnix in the world 'tis ſhe.

I Must confess: I am in Love
Although I know I do not,
Fortune she was to me above
And made of Nature perfectest mould:
So pure so fair, and all Divine
Is quite the world to make her mine:
She's vertuous, chaste and if there be
a Phœnix in the World 'tis she.

Do you not see the Stars retreat
when Sol salutes the sky so clear
So must all beauty from us go
that shrink and with a mist them cover,
So high, so clear, that all must say
'tis fair Rosella claims the day,
She's vertuous, chaste, and if there, &c.

Her bashful Cheeks with blushing flowers,
cost such a rich be mill on eye,
That Rose and Lilly ere doth meet
each striving to the victory:
So rare, so fine, you'l scarce deny
same Nature could such colours dye
She's vertuous, chaste, and if there &c

Her eyes like sparks of Diamond clear
such glances cast in merry sort
No wanton eye in them appears
yet Cupid sure here keeps his court
'Twas from her Eyes he shot his dart
which has his power in all parts
She's vertuous, chast, and if there, &c.

But stay my Muse what need have I
to praise her beauty in such sort,
When as her fame abroad doth fly
more then I can of her report:
Were she to me as kind as fair
then might I live and not despair
But sure I think if that there be
a Phœnix in the World 'tis she

For she desires to be alone
and never to participate,
Her love she saith to any one
but single lives without a mate,
Such thoughts I think in sex remain
yet nothing her thus moves my pain
Then sure I think if that there be, &c.

Cruel she is to none I hear
no more she is not true to me
Nor proud she is not that is rare
you'l say in women for to be
She's courteous, lovely, chast, and fair,
'tis few that can with her compare
For sure I think if that there be, &c.

Then if she Phenix-like will live
and dye alone I am content
My heart to her I freely give
unto no other I consent
But in her flames my heart shall burn
and Phenix like to ashes turn,
For it is her and none but she
by whom I must revived be.

And if she will not yield at last
but still her resolution hold,
I will not think my time ill spent
nor yet my love shall ne're wax cold
So many fair such a one as she,
I think no time there lost will be,
I'd better with my fancy wed
then lodge some women in my bed.

If that you needs would know of me
whereas this Phenix doth abide
For that I must excused be
yet near the Strand she doth reside:
No other notice will I give
to any one whilst I do live,
And if she doth a Phœnix dye
look in her ashes there am I.

You roving Batchellors that be
resolved for to spend your time,
In sundral Maiden-company
when as their beauty are in prime,
Beware, beware, let her not gaze
thy to a Maid to make thy Bane:
Let not her beauty tempt your eye,
least vertue too in her you spy.

I must depart time calls away
I cannot now express my mind,
This Song is long enough you'l say
unless that she did prove more kind
She's vertuous, chaste, and therefore
resolve to love her till I die.
For sure I think if that there be,
a Phœnix in the world 'tis she.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

Loves fierce desire, and hopes of Recovery

Or, A true and brief Discription of two resolved Lovers, whose excellent wits, sutable minds, and faithful hearts one to another, shall heedfully be spoken of in this following new made paper of Verses.
To an excellent new Tune; Or, *Fair Angel of England.*

NOw the Tyrant hath stolen
my dearest away,
And I am confined
with Mopsa to stay,
Yet let Celia remember
how faithful I'le be,
Neither distance nor absence
shall terrifie me.

In volums of sighs
I will send to my Dear,
And make my own heart
correspond to my sphear,
Till the soul of my life
may be pleased to see,
How delightful her safest
return is to me.

It chærs my sad heart
to remember her love,
Though malice hath caused
this [illegible]
And my mind is resolved
what ever ensue,
Whether Sunshine or Thunder
to be constant and true.

If my Bark sayl but safely,
through this rugged Sea,
Though with contrary winds,
much tossee it be,
In the Haven of rest,
and long look't for content,
Wee'l chant forth melodious
songs of merriment.

Till then Ile retreat to
the Forrest and mourn,
Acteon shall eccho
my hound and my horn:
No Reynard shall escape me
that runs on the way,
But patience perforce
I will make him to stay.

My heart hath enquired
of every stone,
What convoy the Heavens
hath bequeath'd to my moan,
But for ought I can find
holy Angels are agreed,
To rival my hopes,
and to slaken her speed.

THerefore Ile ſit down and
bewail my ſad Fate,
Like the Turtle I'le mourn
for the loſs of my mate;
All the worlds greateſt glories
vexation to me,
Till my Celia and I
in our loves may be free.

Celia her ſweet Reply to her faithful friend.

THy preſence dear friend
I have well underſtood,
And how in exile
thou haſt wandred the wood,
But I am reſolved
thy ſorrows to free,
To make thee amends,
Ile ſon come unto thee.

'Tis neither the Tyger,
the Wolf, nor the Bear,
Nor ſhall Nylus Crocodile
put me in fear,
Ile ſwim through the Ocean
upon my bear breaſt,
To find out my Darling
whom I do love beſt.

And when I have found him,
with double delight,
Ile comfort him kindly,
by day and by night,
And Ile be more faithful
then the Turtle Dove,
Which never at all did
prove falſe to her Love.

The fierce Baſiliſks that
kills with the eye,
Shall not have the power
once thee to come nigh:
Ile clip thee and hug thee
ſo cloſe in my arms,
And Ile venture my life for
to ſave thee from harms.

My lap for thy head love,
a Pillow ſhall be,
And whilſt thou doſt ſleep
Ile be careful of thee.
Ile wake, and Ile watch, and
Ile kiſs thee for joy,
And no venemous creature
ſhall my Love annoy.

The Satyrs ſhall pipe,
and the Syrens ſhall ſing,
The wood-nimphs with muſick
ſhall make the Groves ring.

The Horn it ſhall ſound,
and the Hounds make noiſe
To fill my loves heart with
ten thouſand rare joys.

So now I am coming
to haſten the deed,
Pray heaven and goods Angels
to be my good ſpeed.
If fortune me favour, and
Seas quiet prove,
I ſoon will arrive at
the Port which I love.

Now Celia is gone to
find out her dear,
Her heart that was ſad
to comfort and cheer:
No doubt but each other
they will lovingly greet,
When as they together
do lovingly meet.

L. P.

FINIS.

Printed for *T. V.* and are to be ſold by *F. Coles*, in *Wine-ſtreet* neer *Hatten-Garden.*

The Willovv Green.

O R,

The Diſtreſſed lovers Complaint, becauſe that his true Love Compaſſion doth want.

The like to this Ditty was never read, nor ſeen,
For he weareth a Garland all of *Willow-Green.*

To a new Tune, called, The willow green, Sung by Muſitians, and in the Theator.

YOung men & maids that live in love,
come liſten to this harmleſs ditty,
And let fancy your hearts move,
for to take of me ſome pitty:
For unto you I will declare,
the ſtrangeſt thing that e're was ſeen,
Sad happineſs to prove my ſhare,
now to wear the willow green.

I'me almoſt eighteen years of age,
and ſo deep am faln in Love;
Nothing can Cupid's fire aſſuage,
except my Dear do conſtant prove:
Oft did I make ſuit unto her,
in place where we both have been,
With ſighs and tears I then did woe her
though now I wear the willow green.

Many gifts I did her proffer,
if ſhe would grant love to me,
But ſhe refuſed my kind offer,
I could not eſteemed be.
Behold how my body is waſted,
little thought I theſe days to have ſeen
So deep of loves cup oft have taſted,
and now to wear the willow green.

Search the ſtories of old ages,
from Adam to this preſent time,
That have fill'd volums and pages,
no mans caſe is like to mine;
For my Love doth prove hard hearted,
harder then Adamant I ween.
And cunningly from me is parted,
which makes me wear the willow green.

The ſecond Part; to the ſame Tune.

COme all that bears good will unto me
do ſo much as tell me how,
This green garland doth become me,
which I am forc'd to wear now:
Becauſe obdurate ſhe doth prove,
whoſe beauty might become a Queen,
And moſt unfaithful is in Love,
which makes me wear the willow green.

My deareſt when I do behold thee,
as thou paſſeſt along the ſtreet,
In mine arms I wiſh to infold thee,
with kiſſes I would thee greet:
Oh that thy heart was not obdurate,
but in Church we might be ſeen.
And be wedded by an honeſt Curate,
then I'de caſt off this willow green.

My love ſleeps on another man's pillow,
were it but for an hour or two,
Then I'de leave off this mournful willow
then Love ſee what I can do:
Was ever man more kind in tryal,
to a Laſs then I have been,
But ſhe to me doth prove diſloyal,
and makes me wear the willow green.

Thou art a Damoſel full of beauty,
rare perfections dwells in thee,
Cupid reports it is my duty,
to wait with patient conſtancy:
Many brave Damſels have I viewed,
and Laſſes rare where I have been,
But for thy love I have greatly rued,
till death I'le wear thewillow green.

Harder hap had never no man,
from the Creation until now:
To love a cruel unkind woman,
which will to me no love allow.
Both day and night I am tormented,
no reſt long time that I have ſeen,
My torture cannot be prevented,
but I muſt wear the willow green.

Faireſt of faireſt I thee implore,
on thy ſlave to take ſome pitty:
Thou art the Goddeſs that I adore,
I pray thee read my mournful ditty:
For yet e're many days be ſpent,
with thine own eyes it will be ſeen,
When to the grave thou haſt me ſent,
I'le dye wearing the willow green.

And ſome friends have lately told me,
which my ſad fates much deplore
I look like death when they behold me,
though I was jovial heretofore:
O that my love-ſick ſuit was granted,
by her that I moſt eſteem.
I ſhould enjoy what I long wanted
and leave off this willow green

I hope an anſwer to receive,
e're it be long aſſuredly,
All happineſs I thee bequeath,
and I will Love thee till I dye:
Thus I remain the faithfulleſt Lover,
that ever to this day was ſeen,
direct thine when thou haſt read this over
to him that wears the willowgreen.

Printed for J. Hoſe, over-againſt Staples-Inn in Holbourn.

The Faithful Young Mans Anſwer
TO THE
Kind hearted Maidens Reſoution,

ikewiſe how he ſhows his full intent, his valorous mind; and his action unto her whom he loves above all the rich treaſures in the world.

To the Tune of, *Fenny, Fenny.*

My fairest my dearest
I've heard what thou'st told
I value thy words more
then Silver or Gold,
Matter not for Riches
for thou shall have store,
If thou wilt go with thy Love
all the world o're.

As thou dost forsake Father
and Mother beside,
I'le make as much on thee
what ever betide,
Thou shalt be my Comrade
on Sea or on Shore,
Then come and go with, &c.

Though we Travel to Rome Love
to France or to Spain,
Yet do not you fear
but we shall turn again,
I'le secure thee from the Tyger
the Wolf and the Boar,
Then com, &c.

As thou art so constant
and steadfast in mind,
As faithful a friend
thou ever shalt find,
Then assure thy self
i'le wrong thee in no score,
Then come, &c.

And if thou goest with me
i'le promise thee fair,
Instead of one boy Love
i'le get thée a pair,
I'le hug thée and kiss thée
thy joys to restore,
Then come and go with thy Love
all the world o're.

Though Sir Guy and St. George
did venture their lives,
Ile do as much for thee
as they did for their wives,
Ile be thy Champion
against thousands and more,
Then come, &c.

He that seeks for to wrong thee
i'le venture my Life,
And you'l say a man can do
no more for a Wife,
But fight for a Sweet-heart
in battles so sore,
Then, &c.

Pawl him from his dearest
with one stir or flinch,
Or hang him if he loves her
won't fight for a Wench,
Then give us more liquor
though we run on the score,
And come &c.

I'le shew thee what fashions
Europe can devise,
It may be by our travel
we to fortune may rise,
Thou know'st not what blessings
the Lord hath in store,
Then come &c.

For to stay at home Love
and sit by the fire,
Theres no recreation
unto thy desire,
Then lets to the fair Love
where musick is store,
Then, &c.

Love never be daunted
nor yet do not fear,
But I will be faithful
unto thée my Dear,
No tongue nor yet beauty
shall thy fame abore,
Then, &c.

He that wou'd wrong thée
is worse then a Jew,
And he is a Knave
that will not prove true,
Such doings I hate
and shall love thee the more,
Then, &c.

Though I don't praise thy feature
as thou hast done mine,
Yet i'le stick as close to thée
as the Wark to the Wine,
Therefore do not tarry
but bar up the door,
Then, &c.

And thus my own dearest
i've told thee my mind,
And nothing but truth
thou by me shalt find,
Then take this kiss
for i le now say no more
But come and go with thy Love
all the world o're.

Printed for J. Clarke at the Bible and Harp in West-smith-field,

The dovvn Right Wooing,

OF,

Country *William* and his pritty *Peggy*,

William wooes *Peggy* but *Peggy* a girl
That will not be woed by Knight nor by Earl,
But *William* he tells her what means he have
And that will maintain her both gallant and brave:
At laſt ſhe conſents for to be his own
And that to all lovers the ſame ſhall be known.

The Tune is, A Fig for France.

COme pitthy Peggy let's imbrace
thou art a lufty bouncing lafs,
Thou art thy Mothers onely joy
And I'me my Fathers pittyeſt Boy
Let's make a match together I troth:
Since one another we do know
My Father'l give me a portion Round,
I'me ſure 'twill be worth ten good pounds.

Sweet Peg thou'ſt hear what means I have
And more to it I mean to ſave,
I have ten Ewes pails their lambs
The which are ſucking of their dams:
I'le a good bed to layes both in
And a wheel my dear for thee to ſpin
I'de brought ald ſtuch my Mothers Cow
For to milk her thou doſt know how.

One thing my Peggy I have forgot
I have indeed a great Porridge pot,
Diſhes I have ſome two or three
And ſpoons will ſerve both thee and me:
What I want elſe I will provide
So thou'l conſent to be my Bride,
I ne're can ſleep nor lie th' night
To think of Peggy my hearts delight.

Peggy.

In faith Willy thou muſt not jeſt
For Lovers I know can take no Reſt
But William I fear thou'l prove a Sot,
The worſt when ſure will be my lot
Then haſt ſuch whimſies in thy pate:
I know ſometimes you do woo Kate
Then you leave her and come to me,
Fye Will ſuch doings ſhould not be.

45. 6. 28. 961.

Besides your means and your attire
Deserves a wife a great deal higher,
You'l bit me o'th teeth when 'tis done
That you brought all and I brough none
Therefore I think that it 'tis best:
To leave your suit and let it rest
For in faith I cannot fancy thee
What ever doth become of me.

William.

Oh Peggy why dost thou say so
Thou'lt surely make thy friend thy foe,
Your mocks and jeers I can't abide
I am plain dealing time and tide,
Besides you do tell me of Kate
I'le rather then would break my pate
For this same thing I do protest
Thou art the Girl that I love best.

Therefore sweet Peggy be content
Thou'lt have no cause for to repent,
I'le do what's fitting to be done
I'le prove to thee a loving Man:
No beauty shall my heart insnare
From her whom I do love so dear,
All this sweet Peggy thou'lt find true
Change not thy old love for a new.

Peggy.

But one thing Will I have to say
And that tell me without delay,
Since your disposed to be wed
I doubt i'th night you'l fool your bed,
Such a thing I much do fear
For I a bird of it did hear:
Therefore Will come tell me time
Or I shall bid you it night adieu.

William.

Surely Peggy thou'rt for thy fits
Or else thou art beside thy wits,
Dost think I am a man or beast
That can't live cleanly in my neast:
What fool has tickled thee in thy ear
The same I pray thee let me hear,
No Peg that thing shall never be
For I can live as clean as thee.

Peggy.

Will why are you in such a treat
Or to be a passion great,
I dream'd the same I tell to you
Sometimes I find that dreams are true
Then blame me not for saying so,
Tho love will creep where it cannot go
Besure i'le look before I leap:
Least sorrows on me they should heap.

William.

Sorrow I hope will not come near
My Love my joy my Duck my Dear,
I'le swear thou art my hearts delight
I fancy thee both day and night:
Father and Mother nere shall move
My heart from Peggy whom I love,
Therefore sweet Peg make no delay
But let's appoint our Wedding day.

Peggy.

Now Will thou puts me to a stand
Yet take my heart also my hand,
And for to shun all further strife
I'le be thy true and loving wife.

William.

Now Peg thou'rt pleased me so well
That to thy comfort I will tell,
All things fitting we will provide
Next Thursday thou shalt be my Bride.

FINIS.

With Allowance.

Printed for W. Thackeray living near the Crown Tavern in Duck-Lane.

Corydon and Cloris

OR,

The Wanton Sheepherdeſs.

Cloris a pritty Nimph one ſummers day
By a Brook ſide under a Willow lay;
It chanc'd that *Corydon* did there Eſpy her,
And took the boldneſs for to ly down by her:
She bluſht, & call'd him rude, but ſtill the Swain
Kept cloſe; at laſt ſhe found words were in vain,
She ſighing cry'd, ah youth, what doſt thou doe?
But what he did, no matter is to you.
He pleaſ'd her well, ſhe after was his wife;
And now they live a happy quiet Life.

To a pleaſant Play-houſe new Tune: Or, *Amorett* and *Philis*.

AS Cloris full of harmleſs Thought
Beneath the Willows lay,
Kind Love a Comely ſhepherd brought
To paſs the time away;
She bluſht to be Encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
he pull'd her back again.

A ſuddaine paſſion ſeiz'd her heart,
in ſpight of her diſdaine;
She found a Pulſe in e'ry part,
and Love in e'ry veine:
Ah youth quoth ſhe what charmes are theſe,
that conquer and ſurprize?
Ah let me (for unleſs you pleaſe)
I have no power to riſe.

She faintly ſpoke, and trembling lay,
for fear he ſhould comply;
But Virgins Eyes their hearts betray,
and give their Tongues the Lye.
Thus ſhe; who Princes had deny'd,
with all their Pompous Traine.
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
and yeilded to the Swaine.

And ſince the ſweets of Love I've found,
my Bliſs I'le ne're deny:
Fair Corydon my Joyes ſhall Crown,
he Loves as well as I:
When Hymen both our hands has Joyn'd,
i'le aske him to forgive,
Becauſe that Virgins are confin'd
in Chaſtity to Live.

L. 6. 26. 162.

The Second part to the ſame Tune.

God Cupid did me over-power,
and made me try too ſoon;
Fair Croydon in lucky hour
did nip the Bud unblown:
But ſince he's conſtant to me ſtill,
who dares of me complain?
No Mortall could withſtand his will,
ſo charming is my Swaine.

The Lovely Phillis did the ſame
when Strephon came to woo.
She did not think her ſelf in blame:
may not I frollick too?
Love's powers are great I muſt confeſs,
and thoſe that ne're have try'd,
With Blushes eaſily may gueſs
ſuch Joys can't be deny'd.

Since Corydon I've made my mate,
I never ſhall repent:
But bleſs my timely happy Fate
which brought me this content:
I would not be a maid again
for Joves rich ſhower of gold:
Whilſt other Nimphs ſit and complain,
in pleaſures I am hold.

We now together ſit and ſing,
whilſt that our flocks do feed:
We hug and kiſſe like any thing,
he gives me what I need:
The neighbouring Nimphs do Garlands make,
to Crown us happy pair.
Whilſt I the choyeſt pleaſures take
with Corydon my Dear.

The Pritty Birds in pleaſant Groves
do ſweetly chirp and ſing:
They ſeem to Imitate our Loves,
and uſher in the Spring:
Fond Amoret I would adviſe
to uſe her youthful Time:
Phillis and I, have been more wiſe,
we tooke it in our Prime.

You Sheepherdeſſes of this plain,
that hear me ſing this Song,
Doe not conſume your times in vaine
by living Maids too long:
Such Joyes are in a Marry'd Life:
ſuch pleaſures do attend;
She that's a faithful Shepherds wife,
is happy to

THE END.

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Paſſinger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Come turn to mee thou pretty little one, and I will turn to thee.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

SWeet if thou wilt be
As I am to thee,
Then by Cupids Mother,
I have vow'd to have
none other the:
Then turn to me thou pretty little one,
And I will turn to thee.

Thoſe bright eyes of thine
Which do dazzle mine,
Like the ſtars of Heaven,
Which do keep their even
courſe and ſhine:
Then let us in conjunction meet
and both our loves combine.

If that lovely Face,
Will to mine give place,
That with loves devotion
We may uſe the motion
of imbrace:
Then ſit thee down my pretty little one
and let us love a ſpace.

What hurt is in this;
For to take a kiſſe
If it may be granted;
I that long have wanted
ſuch a bliſſe:
Then be not ſparing of a few,
whereas ſuch plenty is.

If thy breaſts do pant
For the milk they want,
Every Hill and Mountain
To ſupply each Fountain,
be not ſcant:
Then give to me thy lilly white hand,
and I thee mine will grant.

If ſo be that I,
May but thee come nigh,
The Vine, and Elm ſhall never,
Joyn more cloſe together
then will I,
Then ſhew thy fruits my amorous joy
and Ile with love ſupply.

If that thou doſt crave,
Silks and Garments brave
Or what rich attyre:
Could thy heart deſire
to receive:
Declare to me thou pretty little one,
thou canſt but aſk and have.

From the Indies far,
Where rich Jewels are
I will bring thee treaſure
Far beyond all meaſure
and compare:
Then be not coy my pretty little one
for I no coſt will ſpare

SWeet-heart for thy sake,
I will never make,
Choice of any other,
Then by Cupids Mother;
freely speak:
It's at thy choice my dearest Love,
either to leave or take.

If a kisse or two,
Can thee a favour do,
Were it more then twenty,
Love's undo with plenty;
Lovers know:
For thy sweet sake a thousand take,
for that's the way to woe.

I thy Mary gold;
Wrapt in many fold,
Like the golden Clyent,
To the Sun supplient,
shew it's gold:
Display the beams my glorious Sun,
and I'le to thee unfold.

It doth grieve my heart,
From thee for to part;
It is to me more pleasant,
Ever to be present,
where thou art:
Yet in the absence of a friend,
my love shall never start,

Those bright locks of hair,
Spreading o're each ear,
Every crisp and curle;
Far more rich then pearl,
doth appear:
Then be thou constant in thy love,
and I will be thy Dear.

As to me thou art kind,
Duty shall mee bind,
Ever to obey thee,
Reason so doth sway mee,
to thy mind:
Thou hast my heart where e're thou art,
although I stay behind.

Till I have possest,
Thee whom I love best,
I have vow'd for ever,
In thy absence never,
to take rest:
Deny mee not thou pretty little one,
In whom my hopes are blest.

In thy bed or bark,
I will be thy mark.
Couples yet more loving,
Never had their moving;
from the Ark:
Welcome to mee my onely joy,
all times, be it light or dark,

London, Printed for *W. Thackeray*, *T. Passenger*, and *W. Whitwood*.

Phillida flouts me.

OR, THE

Country Lovers Complaint.

Who ſeeks by all means for to win his Love,
But ſhe doth ſcorn him, and diſdainful prove;
Which makes him for to ſigh, lament and cry,
He fears for Phillida, that he ſhall dye.
To a pleaſant Tune, Or, Phillida flouts me.

O What a Plague is Love,
how ſhall I bear it?
She will unconſtant prove,
I greatly fear it:
It ſo torments my mind,
that my ſtrength faileth,
She wavers with the wind,
as the ſhip ſaileth,
Pleaſe her the beſt you may,
She looks another way,
Alas and well a day,
Phillida flouts me.

At the Fair, yeſterday,
ſhe did paſs by me,
She lookt another way,
and would not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
I could not get her,
Dick bad her to the wine
he might intreat her,
With Daniel ſhe did dance
On me ſhe would not glance
O thrice unhappy chance,
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid be not ſo coy,
do not diſdain me.
I am thy Mothers boy
ſweet entertain me.
She'l give me when ſhe dies
all things thats fitting,
Her Poultry and her Bees,
and her Geeſe ſitting.
A pair of Mallerds beds
A barrel ful of Shreds
And yet for all theſe goods
Phillida flouts me.

45. b. 28. pt 4.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

THou ſhalt eat curds & cream
all the year laſting,
And drink the Chryſtal ſtream
pleaſant in taſting,
Whig & whey till thou burſt
and bramble Berries:
Pye-lid and Paſty cruſt
Pears Plums and Cherries
Thy Garment ſhall be thin,
Made of a Wethers skin,
All is not worth a Pin.
Phillida Flouts me.

Cupid hath ſhot his Dart
and hath me wounded,
It prick't my tender heart,
and ne'r rebounded:
I was a fool to ſcorn
his Bow any Quiver,
I am like one forlorn,
ſick of a Feaver:
Now I may weep and mourn
whilſt with loves flams I burn
Nothing will ſerve my turn,
Phillida Flouts me.

I am a lively Lad
how e're ſhe take me,
I am not half ſo bad,
as ſhe would make me.
Whether ſhe ſmile or frown,
ſhe may deceive me,
Ne'r a Girl in the Town,
but fain would have me.
Since ſhe doth from me flye,
Now I may ſigh and dye,
And never ceaſe to cry
Phillida Flouts me.

In the laſt moneth of May,
I made her Poſies,
I heard her often ſay,
that ſhe lov'd Roſes.
Cowſlips, and Jilly-flowers,
and the white Lilly,
I brought to deck the bowers,
for my ſweet Philly.
But ſhe did all diſdain,
And threw them back again,
Therefore its flat and plain,
Phillida Flouts me.

Fair Maiden have a care
and in time take me,
I can have thoſe as fair,
if you forſake me.
For Doll the Dairy Maid
laught at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
favours me greatly.
One caſt milk on my cloathe
T'other plaid with my noſe,
What wanton toys are thoſe
Phillida Flouts me.

I cannot work and ſleep
all at a ſeaſon,
Grief wounds my heart ſo deep
without all reaſon,
I fade and pine away
with grief and ſorrow,
I fall quite to decay
like any ſhadow,
I ſhall be dead I fear
within a thouſand year
All is for grief and care.
Phillida Flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine
wrought with good Coventry,
Which ſhe keeps for a ſign
of my Fidelity.
But in faith if ſhe frown
ſhe ſhall not wear it,
I'le give it Doll my maid,
and ſhe ſhall tear it.
Since t'will no better be
I'le bear it patiently
Yet all the world may ſee
Phillida Flouts me.

London, Printed for F. Coles, in Wine-ſtreet neer Hatton Garden.

The Faithful Lovers Farvvell:

OR,

Private Newes from Chatham,

Described in a passionate Discourse betwixt a young Gentleman whose name was *Iohn*, and his fair Lady *Betty*, who having been newly Contracted, were suddenly seperated before Marriage, in regard that he was instantly Commanded to take Shipping in an Expedition against the DUTCH.

To the Tune of, *My Lodging is on the cold ground, &c.*

AS I in a Peddow was walking,
some two or three Weekes ago,
I heard two Lovers a Talking,
and trampling to and fro;
The Female her name was Betty,
her dearly Belov'd was Iohn,
And both of them wonderous pretty,
(Ile tell you the rest anon)

These Lovers were both combined
in mutual bonds of Love,
But Iohn was straightly injoyned
a little while to remove,
From her he did love above all things,
his fervent desire was such;
He now doth intend to do tall things,
By Engageing against the *Dutch*.

Betty.

'Twas Betty that first complained,
Oh! why will you use me so,
As soon as affection is gained,
so spedily can you go,
And leave me in pyning sorrow
distressed upon the Shore;
If you do depart to Morrow,
I never shall see thee more.

Iohn.

My dear (quoth Iohn) be not daunted,
(and smilingly lok'd upon her)
My Service it cannot be wanted,
I'le bring thee both Wealth & Honor;
I cannot now well support thee,
and live like other Men; (thee
But with Gold and Silver I will Court
When I come a Shore agen.

Betty.

(Quoth Betty) some other way studdy
to live with me here on Shore;
The Battail will be very bloody,
when all the great Guns do Roare,
Thou'lt either be drowning or burning
in Crimson Waves of Gore,
Whilst I sit here in my mourning,
And never shall see thee more.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

Iohn.

QUoth Iohn, prethée leave thy dreaming
and be an obedient Wife, (ing
I ſcorn that a Butter-box Flemming
ſhould vapour away my Life;
The Duke of Yorke ventures his life to
with all his Royalty;
Ye's a Prince that doth love his wife to
I warrant as well as I.

God Princes are great Examples
for Loyal hearts to follow:
Ye that on Authority tramples
I wiſh the Sea may ſwallow,
The Dutch-man was ever a Traitor
againſt their Soveraign;
We will make it coſt him hott water
E're I come a Shore againe.

We'l beat the Belgick-Boobies,
and gain their Guiney-Gold,
I'le bring the home Pearls and Rubies
as many as my Ship will hold;
I'le make my Betty ſhine Splendid
with Treaſuries of the Main,
And royally be attended
When I come a Shore again.

Betty.

Then Betty with a whimpring face
return'd theſe words agen,
I'le put me on a Maſculine Caſe,
and paſs for one of your Men;
I'le ſwear (if you'l believe me)
I'le fear no Wind nor Weather,
For I know it will grieve me
If both of us dye together.

Iohn.

My Dear, I prethée leave pleading,
thou ſhalt not to Sea with me,
For I can tell by my reading
it will not convenient be,
Thou rather wilt hurt, and hinder me,
when we begin the Fray,
When Cleopatra put to Sea
Mark Anthony loſt the day.

My very ſoul preſages,
we ſhall be Victorious Men,
And cut out worke for Stages
when we returne agen.

Bett. Quoth ſhe, I'le daily pray for thée
and every Power implore.

Ioh. Ile fight (ſo. he) Oh then quoth ſhe
I never ſhall ſee the more.

Iohn.

Said he, this kiſs a farwell gives
my time is drawing on,
Ye néeds muſt go whom Honour drives.

Bett. Quoth ſhe, adieu ſweet Iohn.

Ioh. Quoth he, I'le make thée a Lady
I prethée then dry thine eye: (bright
There's many a wight, is made a Knight
As little deſerves as I.

Thus ſad and heavy hearted
(their kiſſes waſh'd with tears)
Theſe faithfull Lovers parted,
no caſe ſo ſad as theirs;
Before they came to the Marriage Bed,
(ſo wofull is this Ditty)
E're ſhe had loſt her Maiden-head,
Alack, the more's the pitty. *Finis.*

With Alowance. London, Printed for *Sarah Tyus*, at the three Bibles on *London-bridg*

A Lamentable Ballad of the Little *Musgrove*, and the Lady *Barnet*.

To an Excellent New Tune.

AS it fell out on a Holly-day,
as many more be in the Year,
Little Musgrove would to the Church & play,
to see the fair Ladies there:
Gallants there were of good degree,
for beauty exceeding fair,
Most wondrous lovely to the eye,
which did to the Church repair.

Some came down in red velvet,
and some came down in Pale:
The next came down the Lady Barnet,
the fairest among them all:
She cast a look on Little Musgrove,
as bright as the Summers Sun,
Full well then perceived Little Musgrove,
Lady Barnets Love he had won.

The Lady Barnet meek and mild,
saluted this little Musgrove,
Who did repay her kind courtesie,
with favour and gentle love:
I have a Bower in merry Barnet,
bestrewed with Cowslips sweet,
If that you please Little Musgrove,
in Love me there to meet.

Within mine arms one night to sleep,
for you my love have won,
You need not fear my suspitious Lord,
for he from home is gone;
Betide me life, betide me death,
this night I will lye with thee,
And for thy sake I'le hazard my breath,
so dear is my love to thee.

What shall we do with our little Foot-page,
our counsel for to keep,
And watch for fear Lord Barnet come,
while we together sleep.
Red Gold shall be his hire, quoth he,
and silver shall be his Fee;
So he our counsel safely keep,
that I may sleep with thee.

I will have none of your Gold, he said,
nor none of your silver fee,
If I should keep your counsel Sir,
'twere great disloyalty.
I will not be false unto my Lord,
for house nor yet for Land,
But if my Lady prove untrue,
Lord Barnet shall understand.

Then swiftly ran this little Foot-page,
unto his Lord with speed,
Who then was feasting with his own friends
not dreaming of this ill deed:
Most speedily the Page did hast,
most swiftly he did run,
And when he came to the broken bridge,
he bent his breast and swum.

The Page did make no stay at all,
but went to the Lord with speed,
That he the truth may say to him,
concerning this wicked deed:
He found his Lord at Supper then,
great merriment they did make,
My Lord, quoth he, this night upon my word,
Musgrove with your Lady doth sleep.

40 b 32. 96.

IF this be true my little Foot-Page,
and true that thou tellest to me,
My eldest Daughter i'le give thee,
and wedded thou shalt be:
If this be a lye my little Foot-Page,
and a lye thou tellest to me,
A new pair of Gallows shall be set up,
and hanged thou shalt be.

If this be a lye my Lord (said he)
and a lye that thou hearest of me,
Never stay a pair of Gallows to make,
but hang me on the next tree.
Lord Barnet call'd his merry men all,
away with speed he would go,
His heart was so perplex'd with grief,
the truth of this he must know.

Saddle your horses with speed, he said,
and saddle me my white Steed;
If this be true as the Page hath said,
Musgrove shall repent this deed:
He charged his men to make no noise,
as they rode along the way,
Nor wind no horn (quoth he) on your Life,
lest our coming it should betray.

But one of them that Musgrove did love,
and respected his friendship most dear,
To give him notice Lord Barnet was come,
did wind the Bugle most clear:
And evermore as he did sound,
away Musgrove and away,
For if he take thee with my Lady,
then slain thou shalt be this day.

O hark fair Lady, your Lord is near,
I hear his little horn blow,
And if he find me in your arms thus,
then slain I shall be I know.

O lye still, lye still little Musgrove,
and keep my back from the cold,
I know it is my fathers Shepherd,
driving Sheep unto the Pinfold.

Musgrove did turn him round about,
sweet slumber his eyes did greet,
When he did awake, he then did espy,
Lord Barnet at the beds feet.

O rise up, rise up little Musgrove,
and put thy cloathing on,
It never shall be said in England fair,
that I slew a naked man.

Here's two good swords, Lord Barnet said,
the choice Musgrove shall make,
The best of them thy self shall have,
and I the worst will take;
The first blow Musgrove did strike,
he wounded Lord Barnet sore,
The second blow Lord Barnet gave,
Musgrove could strike no more.

He took his Lady by the white hand,
all love to rage convert,
And with his sword in most furious wise,
he pierc'd her tender heart:
A Grave, a Grave, Lord Barnet cry'd,
prepare to lay us in,
My Lady shall lye on the upper side,
'cause she is the better Skin.

Then suddenly he slew himself,
which griev'd his friends full sore,
The death of these worthy wights,
with tears they did deplore.
This sad mischief by lust was wrought,
then let us call for grace,
That we may shun this wicked vice,
and flye from sin apace.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.

A Lamentable Ballad of the Ladies Fall.

Declaring how a Gentlewoman through her too much truſt came to her end, and how her Lover ſlew himſelf.

The Tune is, In Peſcod time.

MArk well my heavy doleful Tale,
you Loyal Lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breſt,
a gallant Ladies fall:
Long was ſhe woo'd e're ſhe was won,
to lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrow,
before ſhe was a wife.

Too ſoon alas ſhe gave conſent
to yield unto his will,
Though he proteſted to be true,
and faithful to her ſtill:
She felt her body altred quite,
her bright hue waxed pale,
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
her ſtrength began to fail.

So that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
this beauteous Maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd her ſelf
to be conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her fathers ſight,
as cloſe as cloſe might be,
And ſo put on her ſilken gown,
none might her ſwelling ſee,

Unto her Lover ſecretly
ſhe did her ſelf bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
theſe words to him did ſay:
Behold, ſaid ſhe, a Maids diſtreſs,
my love, brought to thy bow,
Behold I go with Child by thee,
but none thereof doth know.

The little Babe ſpringS in my womb
to hear the Fathers voice,
Let it not be a Baſtard cal'd,
ſith I made thee my choice:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow
and wed me out of hand,
O leave me not in this extream,
in grief always to ſtand.

Think on thy former promiſe made,
thy vows and oaths each one,
Remember with what bitter tears
to me thou mad'ſt thy moan:
Convey me to ſome ſecret place,
and marry me with ſpeed,
Or with thy Rapier end my life,
ere further ſhame proceed.

Alas my deareſt Love, quoth he,
my greateſt joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
without a ſudden Death?
Thy friends they be of high degree,
and I of mean eſtate,
Full hard it is to get thee forth
out of thy Fathers gate

Dread not thy ſelf to ſave my fame;
and if thou taken be,
My ſelf will ſtep between the Swords,
and take the harm on me:
So ſhall I ſcape Diſhonour quite,
if ſo I ſhould be ſlain,
What could they ſay? but that true love
did work a Ladies Wane.

Ll. 6. 28. 969.

And not fear any further harm,
my self will so devise,
That I will go away with thée,
unsén of mortal eyes:
Disguised like some pretty Page,
I'le mét thée in the dark,
And all alone I'le come to thée,
hard by my Fathers Park.
And there, quoth he, I'le mét my love,
if God do lend me life,
And this day moneth without all fail,
I will make thée my wife:
Then with a swéet and loving kiss,
they parted presently,
And at their parting brinish tears,
flwd in each others eye.
At length the wished day was come,
whereas this lovely Maid,
With lovely eyes and strange attire,
for her true lover staid:
When any person she espy'd,
come riding o're the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
but all her hopes were vain.
Then did she wéep and sore bewail
her most unhappy state,
Then did she speak these woful words
when succourless she sat:
O false forswoin and faithless wretch,
disloyal to thy love,
Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
and wilt thou perjur'd prove?
And hast thou now forsaken me
in this my great distress,
To end my days in open shame,
which thou might'st well redress?
Wo worth the time I did believe
that flattering tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never sén,
the tears of thy false Eyne.
And thus with many a sorrowful sigh
homewards she went again,
No rest came in her watry Eyes,
she felt such bitter pain.
In travel strong she fell that night,
with many a bitter throw,
What woful pangs she felt that night
doth each good woman know.
She called up her waiting-Maid,
that lay at her Beds-fét,
Who musing at her Mistris woe,
did strait begin to wéep:
Wéep not, said she, but shut the doz,
and windows round about
Let none bewail my wretched case,
but kéep all persons out.
O Mistris call your Mother dear,
of women you have néed,
And of some skilful Mid-wives help,
the better you may spéed:
Call not my Mother for thy life,
nor call no women here,
The Mid-wives help comes now to late
my death I do not fear.
with that the babe sprang in her womb
no Creature being nigh,
And with a sigh that broke her heart,
this gallant dame did dye:
This living little Infant young,
the mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received breath,
to him that had him made.
Next morning came her Lover true,
affrighted at this news,
And he for sorrow slew himself,
whom each one did accuse:
The mother with the new born Babe,
were both laid in one grave,
Their Parents overcome with woe,
no joy of them could have.
Take héed you dainty damsels all,
of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name
have you a special care:
To true alas this story is,
as many one can tell,
By others harms learn to be wise,
and thou shalt do full well.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. wright* and *J. Clarke.*

An Excellent Sonnet of the Unfortunate LOVES, of *Hero* and *Leander*. Tune of, *Gerards miſtris*.

Hero.

HOw fares
My fair Leander, O vouchſafe to ſpeak,
leſt my heart break,
I baniſht am from thy ſweet company,
Tis not
Thy Fathers anger can abaſe my love,
I ſtill will prove
Thy faithful friend until ſuch time I Dye,
Though Fate
And Fortune doth conſpire,
to interrupt our love
In ſpight of fate and fortunes hate,
I ſtill will conſtant prove,
And though
Our angry friends in malice,
now our bodies parts
Nor friends nor foes, nor fears nor blows,
ſhall ſeperate our hearts.

Leander.

What voice
Is this that calls Leander from her Bower,
from yonder Tower,
The eccho of this voice doth ſure proceed,

Hero.

Leander.

Tis thy Hero fain would come to thee,
if it might be,
Thy abſence makes my tender heart to bleed,
but oh
This pleaſant river Hellſponce,
which is the peoples wonder
Thoſe wabes ſo high doth ſwell,
by parting us aſunder.
And though
There's Ferry men good ſtore
yet none will ſtand my friend,
To waft me over to that fair ſhore,
where all my grief ſhall end.

Leander.

Hero,
Though I am thy conſtant Lover ſtill
and ever will,
My angry Father is thy Enemy,
He ſtill
Doth ſtrive to keep's aſunder now and then,
poor Ferry men
They dare not waft thee over leſt they dye,
Nor yet
Dare they convey me
unto my dear now
My Fathers rage will not aſſuage,
nor will the ſame allow,
Be patient
Then dear Hero now
as I am true to thee,
Even ſo I truſt thou art as juſt,
and faithful unto me.

Hero.

Is there
No way to ſtay an angry Fathers wrath
whoſe fury hath
Bereav'd his child of comfort and content,

Leander.

O no,
Dear Hero there's no way that I do know,
to eaſe my Woe,
My days of joy and comfort now is ſpent,
You may,
As well go tame
a Lyon in the Wilderneſs,
As to perſwade my Fathers aid,
to help me in diſtreſs,
His anger
And his Riſer hath
kept us aſunder long.
He hath his will, his humour ſtill,
and we have all the wrong.

Hero.

TIs not
Thy Fathers anger, nor this River deep,
the which shall keep.
Me from the inby cements of my dearest Society
For through (friend
This silver stream, my way I mean to take,
even for thy sake,
For thy dear sake my dearest life I'le spend,
Though waves
And winds should both conspire,
mine enemies to be,
My love's so strong, I fear no wrong
can happen unto me:
Dr meet
Me in thy Garden,
where this pleasant River glides.
Lend me thy hand, draw me to Land,
what ever me betides.

Now must
I make my tender slender arms my Oars,
help watry powers,
Yea little Fishes teach me how to swim,
And all.
Ye sea-nimphs guard me unto yonder banks,
I'le give you thanks
Bear up my body, strengthen every limb,
I come
Leander now prepare
thy lovely arms for me.
I come dear love, assist me love,
I may so happy be,
But oh!
A mighty tempest rose,
and he was drown'd that Tide,
In her fair sight, his hearts delight,
and so with grief she dy'd.

But when
Her aged Father these things understands,
he wrings his hands,
And tears his hoary hair from off his head,
friend He hurts and doth forsake his meat,
his grief is so great,
And oft doth make the lowly ground his bed,
O my
Leander would that I
had dy'd to save thy life,
Or that I had when I was sad,
made thee brave Hero's wife.
It was
My trespass, and I do
confess I wronged thee;
Posterity shall know hereby,
the fault lay all in me.

But since
The waves have cast his body on the Land,
upon the sand,
His Corps shall buried be in solemn wise,
One grave (tomb,
Shall serve them both, and one most stately
she lm ke him rome,
Although her corps be breathless where she
Ye Fathers (lies
Have a special care now,
whatsoe'r you do,
For those that parts true loyal hearts,
themselves were never true.
Though Fate
And fortune crosse poor Lovers,
sometimes as we know,
Pray understand, have you no hand
even in their overthrow.

FINIS. H. Crouch.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

The Tragedy of *Hero* and *Leander*:

OR,

The Two Unfortunate Lovers.

Famous *Leander* for his love renown'd,
In croſſing of the Helleſpont was drown'd,
And *Hero* when his corps ſhe once eſpy'd,
She leapt into the waves, and with him dy'd.
To a pleaſant new Tune, Or, *I will never love thee more.*

COme mournful muſe aſſiſt my quill,
whilſt I with grief relate,
A ſtory of two Lovers true,
but ſad by cruel fate:
Death onely parts, united hearts,
and brings them to their graves;
Whilſt others ſleep within the deep,
or periſh in the waves.

Leander on the bay of bliſs,
Pontus, he naked ſtood;
In paſſion of delay he ſprang,
into the fatal flood.
The rageing ſeas, none can appeaſe,
his fortune ebbs and flows, (powers,
The heaven down ſhowres, and rain down
and the wind aloft it blows.

The Lad forlook the Land, and cry
unto the Gods complain.
You Rocks, you rugged Waves,
you Elements of Hail and Rain,
What 'tis to miſs, true Lovers bliſs,
alas you do not know,
Make me a wrack as I come back,
but ſpare me as I go.

Behold on ponder tower, ſee where,
my fair beloved lyes
This th' appointed hour, hark how
ſhe on Leander cryes;
The Gods were mute, unto his ſute,
the billows anſwered, No;
The ſurges riſe, up to the skyes,
but he ſunk down below.

Sweet Hero like Dame Venus fair
all in her Turrit ſtood,
Expecting of her Lover deer,
who croſſing was the Flood:
A feeble light, through darkſome night,
ſhe ſet her Love to guide:
With waveing arms, and loves Alarms,
with a voice full loud ſhe cry'd.

YOu cruel waves show pity show,
unto my dearest friend;
And you tempestuous winds that blow,
at this time prove more kind:
O waft my love secure to shore,
that I his face may see;
With tears your help I do implore
your pitty lend to me.

Let each kind Dolphin now befriend,
and help my love along;
And bring him to his journeys end
before his breath is gone;
Let not a wave become his grave,
and part us both forever;
Pitty my grief, send him relief,
and help him now or never.

The fierce and cruel tempest did
most violently rage;
Not her laments nor discontents
its fury could asswage;
The winds were high and he must dye,
the fates did so ordain;
It was design'd he ne'r should find
his dearest Love again.

She spread her silken sail for to
secure the blazing light,
To guide her Love least on the Rocks
his wearied limbs should smite:
But cruel fate it prov'd his date,
and caused him to sleep;
Sh from above, beheld her love
lye drowned in the deep.

Her showry eyes with tears brought in
the tide before its time;
Her sad lamenting groans likewise
unto the skys did clime:
O Heavens (quoth she) against poor me,
do you your forces bend;
Then from the Walls in haste she falls,
to meet her dying friend.

Her rewled wid arms about,
his senceless corps she clipps,
And many kisses spent in vain
upon his dying lipps:
Then wav'd her hands, unto the Lands,
singing with dying pride;
To tell the World in billows strong,
I wish my Love have dy'd.

Thus did they both their breath resign,
unto the will of fate;
And in the deep, imbrace and twine,
when Death did end their date:
Let Lovers all example take,
and evermore prove true,
For Hero and Leanders sake,
who bids you all adieu.

Printed for R. Burton, at the Horse shoe in Wells-smithfield, neer the Hospital-gate.

A Looking-glaſs for Maids:

OR,

The Downfal of two moſt Deſperate Lovers.

Henry Hartlove and *William Martin*, both late living in the Iſle of *Wight*, who for the love of *Ann Scarborow* a beautiful Virgin, ſhe having made her ſelf ſure to one of them, and afterwards fell off to the other, they challenged the field, where after a cruel fight, they were mortally Wounded and found dead on the place by the forementioned Maiden, who beſtowed many tears on their bodies, and buried them in one Grave.

Tune is, Aim not too High.

And now ſhe lives in grief and ſad diſtreſs,
Wiſhing all Lovers true more happineſs.

UNhappy I who in the prime of youth,
Unkind to him with whom I broke my truth
Mark well my words you that are maids & wives
I was the cauſe that two men loſt their lives.

I'th Iſle of Wight, Ann Scarborow was my name
There did I live in credit, wealth and fame,
My Parents rich, I nothing then did lack,
But grace and truth, the which did go to wrack.

A Gentleman a Suitor to me came,
With whom I might have liv'd a gallant dame,
But wantonneſs and pride did ſeize my heart,
Was ſure to him, and yet from him did part.

Ye broke a piece of gold and gave it me,
Then did I ſeemingly to him agree,
But, O, my heart was never rightly plac'd
Another man I afterward imbrac'd.

Which when he knew, he fell into deſpair,
Ye beat his breaſt, and tore his curled hair:
Let who would truſt a Woman, then ſaid he,
That ſeldome are what they do ſeem to be.

Now I do find that all a man can do,
His beſt endeavours makes not women true,
Yet he that hath an intereſt in your heart,
Shall buy you dearly, 'fore that we do part.

Then came the other, whom I lov'd ſo well,
But now behold a heavy hap befel,
When firſt my Love his Rival had beheld,
Ye call his glove and challeng'd him the field.

To anſwer him the other thought it fit,
Ye ſaid he ne'r was known a Coward yet:
Ye for my favour then ſo much did ſtrive,
Ye ſaid he'd fight with any man alive.

Next morning then theſe Gentlemen did meet,
And manfully they did each other greet,
Each other wounded in moſt piteous ſort,
E're any man unto them did reſort.

At laſt they made a ſtrong and deſperate cloſe,
Both fell to ground and never after roſe,
Curſt be the place where theſe brave men did fall,
And curſt be I who was the cauſe of all.

When word was brought to me I quickly went,
But e're I came their lives alas was spent,
Then did I tear the hair from off my head,
And wisht a thousand times that I were dead.

When I came there these gallants then I found,
Both of them lifeless bleeding on the ground,
My conscience told me I was cause of this,
Sweet Jesus now forgive me my amiss.

I buried them and laid them in one grave,
God grant their souls a resting place may have,
More rest then I, whose restless conscience now
Accuses me for breaking of my vow.

If I walk near the place where now they lye,
It troubleth my mind exceedingly,
If to the place where they did fight I go,
It fills my guilty conscience full of woe.

If I to Bed do go, I cannot sleep,
And if I do, my dreams do make me Weep;
Methinks I see them bleeding in my sight,
My thoughts by day, and eke my dreams by night.

My rich apparel I have laid aside,
My cloth of gold, and other things of Pride,
In Sable will I mourn while I have breath
And every day expect and look for death.

A dead mans skull my Silver Cup shall be,
In which I'le drink, too good a cup for me,
Instead of meat, on Roots and Herbs I'le feed
To put me still in mind of my foul Deed.

You woody Nymphs that welcome in the Spring,
Come hear a discontented Virgin Sing;
O that I might my time now with you spend,
In Silent Groves, until my life doth end.

You Country Maids, in Country, and in City,
That now have heard my discontented Ditty,
Be constant, ever true to one alone,
For if you prove false it will soon be known.

If you will know where sorrow doth abide
Repair to me, no other place beside,
Grief and despair doth daily now attend me,
& there is nought but death that can befriend me.

This discontented Damsel now she keeps
Her Chamber, where she sits and dayly weeps
And suffers none to come to her, 'tis said,
But onely one, and that's her fathers Maid.

The meat and Drink her Father to her sends,
She sends the poor, the which she calls her friends;
She feeds on roots, and Herbs, and such like things
sometims on bread, which she counts food for Kings.

See here the fruits of wantonnels and pride,
O let us pray that God may be our guide,
There's few of us but have our time ill spent,
So well brought up, that do so well repent.

You Damsels all, now have a special care,
Forget not her, that did these things declare;
Be to your Sweet-hearts ever just and true,
And so fair Maids she bids you all adieu.

London, Printed for Tho. Vere, at the Angel without Newgate.

complaint and lamentation of Miſtreſſe *Arden* of

erſham in *Kent*, who for the loue of one *Mosbie*, hired certaine Ruffians
to Villaines moſt cruelly to murder her Husband; with the fatall end of her and her
Aſſociats. To the tune of, *Fortune my Foe*.

AH me, vile wretch, that euer I was borne,
Making my ſelfe vnto the world a ſcorne:
And to my friends and kindred all a ſhame,
Blotting their blood by my vnhappy name.

Vnto a Gentleman of wealth and fame,
(One Maſter Arden, he was call'd by name)
I wedded was with ioy and great content,
Liuing at Feuerſham in famous Kent.

In loue we liu'd, and great tranquility,
Vntill I came in Mosbies company,
Whoſe ſugred tongue, good ſhape, and louely looke,
Soone won my heart, and Ardens loue forſooke.

And liuing thus in foule adultery,
Bred in my husband cauſe of iealouſie,
And leſt the world our actions ſhould bewray,
We did conſent to take his life away.

To London faire my Husband was to ride,
But ere he went I poyſon did prouide,
Got of a Painter which I promiſed
That Mosbies ſiſter Suſan he ſhould wed.

Into his Broth then did put the ſame,
He lik't it not when to the boord it came,
Saying, There's ſomething in it is not good,
At which inrag'd, I flung it on the ground.

Yet ere he went, his man I did coniure,
Ere they came home, to make his Maſter ſure,
And murder him, and for his faith and paine,
Suſan, and store of gold that he ſhould gaine.

Yet I miſdoubting Michaels conſtancy,
Knowing a Neighbour that was dwelling by,
Which, to my husband bore no great good will,
Sought to incenſe him his deare blood to ſpill.

His name was Greene; O Maſter Green (quoth I)
My husband to you hath done iniury,
For which I ſorry am with all my heart,
And how he wrongeth me I will impart.

He keepes abroad moſt wicked company,
With whores and queanes, and bad ſociety;
When he comes home, he beats me ſides and head,
That I doe wiſh that one of vs were dead.

And now to London he is rid to roare,
I would that I might neuer ſee him more:
Greene then incenſt, did vow to be my friend,
And of his life he ſoone would make an end.

O Maſter Greene, ſaid I, the dangers great,
You muſt be circumſpect to doe this feat;
To act the deed your ſelfe there is no need,
But hire ſome villaines, they will doe the deed.

Ten pounds Ile giue them to attempt this thing,
And twenty more when certaine newes they bring,
That he is dead, beſides Ile be your friend,
In honeſt courteſie till life doth end.

Greene vow'd to doe it; then away he went,
And met two Villaines, that did vſe in Kent
To rob and murder vpon Shooters hill,
The one call'd Shakebag, t'other nam'd Black Will.

Two ſuch like Villaines Hell did neuer hatch,
For twenty Angels they made vp the match,
And forty more when they had done the deed,
Which made them ſweare, they'd do it with al ſpeed

Then vp to London preſently they hye,
Where Maſter Arden in Pauls Church they eſpy,
And waiting for his comming forth that night,
By a ſtrange chance of him they then loſt ſight.

For where theſe Villaines ſtood & made their ſtop
A Prentice he was ſhutting vp his ſhop,
The window falling, light on Blacke-Willshead,
And broke it ſoundly, that apace it bled.

Where ſtraight he made a brabble and a coyle,
And my ſweet Arden he paſt by the while;
They miſſing him, another plot did lay,
And meeting Michael, thus to him they ſay:

Thou knowſt that we muſt packe thy Maſter hence
Therefore conſent and further our pretence,
At night when as your Maſter goes to bed,
Leaue ope the doores, he ſhall be murthered.

And ſo he did, yet Arden could not ſleepe,
Strange dreames and viſions in his ſenſes creepe,
He dreamt the doores were ope, & Villaines came,
To murder him, and 'twas the very ſame.

The ſecond part.

HE roſe and ſhut the doore, his man he blames,
which cunningly he ſtrait this anſwer frames;
I was ſo ſléepy, that I did forget
To locke the doores, I pray you pardon it.

Next day theſe Ruffians met this man againe,
Who the whole ſtory to them did explaine,
My maſter will in townes no longer ſtay,
To morrow you may méete him on the way.

Next day his buſineſſe being finiſhed,
He did take horſe, and homeward then he rid,
And as he rid, it was his hap as then,
To overtake Lord Cheiney and his men.

With ſalutations they each other gréet,
I am full glad your Honour for to méet,
Arden did ſay: then did the Lord reply,
Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we homeward are to ride,
I haue a ſuite that muſt not be denide,
That at my houſe youle ſup, and lodge alſo,
To Feuerſham this night you muſt not goe.

Then Arden anſwered with this courteous ſpéech,
Your Honours pardon now I doe beſéech,
I made a vow, if God did giue me life,
To ſup and lodge with Alice my loving wife.

Well, ſaid my Lord, your oath hath got the day,
To morrow come and dine with me, I pray.
Ile wait upon your Honour then (ſaid he)
And ſafe he went amongſt this company.

On Raymon-Downe, as they did paſſe this way,
Black-will, and Shakebag they in ambuſh lay,
But durſt not touch him, cauſe of the great traine
That my Lord had: thus were they croſt againe.

With horrid oathes theſe Ruffians gan to ſweare,
They ſtampe and curſt, and tore their locks of haire
Saying, ſome Angell ſurely him did keepe.
Yet bow'd to marcher him ere they did ſleepe.

Now all this while my husband was away,
Mosby and I did reuell night and day;
And Suſan, which my waiting maiden was,
My Loues owne ſiſter, knew how all did paſſe.

But when I ſaw my Arden was not dead,
I welcom'd him, but with a heauy head:
To bed he went, and ſlept ſecure from harmes,
But I did with my Mosby in my armes.

Yet ere he ſlept, he told me he muſt goe
To dinner to my Lords, bee'd haue it ſo;
And that ſame night Blacke-will did ſend me word,
What lucke bad fortune did to them afford.

I ſent him word, that he next day would dine
At the Lord Cheinies, and would riſe betime,
And on the way their purpoſe might fulfill,
Well, Ile reward you, when that you him kill.

Next morne betimes, before the breake of day,
To take him napping then they take their way;
But ſuch a miſt and fog there did ariſe,
They could not ſee although they had foure eyes.

To the ſame tune.

Thus Arden ſcap'd theſe villaines where
And yet they heard his horſe goe by that way,
I thinke (ſaid Will) ſome Spirit is his friend,
Come life or death, I vow to ſee his end.

Then to my houſe they ſtrait did take their way,
Telling me how they miſſed of their pray;
Then preſently, we did together grée,
At night at home that he ſhould murdered be.

Mosby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
That he at Tables ſhould with Arden play,
Black-will, and Sakebag they themſelues ſhould hide
Vntill that Mosby he a watchword cride.

The word was this whereon we did agrée,
Now (Maſter Arden) I haue taken ye:
Woe to that word, and woe vnto vs all,
Which bred confuſion and our ſudden fall.

When he came home, moſt welcome him I made,
And Iudas like I kiſt whom I betraide,
Mosby and he together went to play,
For I on purpoſe did the tables lay.

And as they plaid, the word was ſtraightway ſpoke,
Blacke-Will and Sakebag out the corner broke,
And with a Towell backwards pul'd him downe,
Which made me think they now my ioyes did crowne

With ſwords and knives they ſtab'd him to the heart
Mosby and I did likewiſe act our part,
And then his body ſtraight we did conuey
Behind the Abbey in the field he lay.

And then by Iuſtice we were ſtraight condemn'd,
Each of vs came vnto a ſhameleſſe end,
For God our ſecret dealings ſoone did ſpy,
And brought to light our ſhamefull villany.

Thus haue you heard of Ardens tragedy,
It reſts to ſhew you how the reſt did die:
His wife at Canterbury ſhe was burnt,
And all her fleſh and bones to aſhes turn'd.

Mosby and his faire Siſter, they were brought
To London for the treſpaſſe they had wrought,
In Smithfield on a gibbet they did die.
A iuſt reward for all their villanie,

Michael and Bradſhaw, which a Goldſmith was,
That knew of letters which from them did paſſe,
At Feuerſham were hanged both in chaines,
And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter fled none knowes how he did ſpeed,
Sakebag in Southwarke he to death did bléed,
For as he thought to ſcape and run away,
He ſuddenly was murdered in a fray.

In Kent at Osbridge, Greene did ſuffer death,
Hang'd on a gibbet he did loſe his breath:
Blacke-Will at Fluſhing on a ſtage did burne,
Thus each one came vnto his end by turne.

And thus my ſtory I concludes and end,
Praying the Lord that he his grace will ſend
Vpon vs all, and keepe vs all from ill,
Amen ſay all, if't be thy bleſſed will.

Printed at London for C. W.

FINIS.

6

The Greeks and Trojans VVarres.

Cauſ'd by that wanton *Trojan* Knight Sir P*aris*
Who raviſhes *Hellen* and her to *Troy* carries
The *Greeks* in revenge(and to fetch her again)
A mighty great Army do quickly ordain.
Imagine you ſee them beſiedging old *Troy*,
Which after ten years they at th'laſt deſtroy,
With a fit Alluſion, before the Concluſion.
Tune is, A Conſcionable Caveat.

OF Greece and Troy I ſhall you tell.
What cruel wars bet wixt them fel
Paris he was Author of the ſame,
For plundering of the Grecian Dame,
He raviſh'd her
and he brought her unto Troy
this you know
but that ſhort meaſure
of fond pleaſure,
Cauſ'd great Illums overthrow,

For when the Grecians heard the ſame,
Their hearts with ire began to flame,
They counſel took and did decree,
To raiſe an Army ſpeedily,
to fetch that peece
fair Hellen of Greece
back again,
or elſe the gallant
Grecians valiant
My the Trojans muſt be ſlain.

Achilles he was in diſguiſe
When firſt he heard of this enterpriſe
He Lady-like with a Lady lay
Until her belly did them both bewray
away fond Laſs
for I from hence muſt paſs,
unto Troy
but her note ſtill is
over Achilles
Stay with me my only Joy.

Wilt thou be gone and leave me ſo
Unto the Trojans wars to go
If thou with me wilt ſtay behind
Here thou ſhalt entertainment finde,
fond fool avoid
for I muſt be imploy'd
out of hand
for the inraged
Greeks ingaged
All march under my command,

My dear Achilles then ſaid ſhe,
Alas what ſhall become of me?
My heart thy love hath ſet on fire
I gave to thee what thou didſt deſire
vaunt foliſh girle,
bright honour is the pearl
I muſt ſeek
wanton courting,
idle ſporting
Fits not now a valiant Greek,
(child,
Thou knowſt ſweet-heart I am with
Thy flattering tongue hath me beguild
Why then from me wilt thou depart
And leave my breaſt without a heart?
ceaſe Complement,
for now my mind is bent
other waies
ſuch enjorment
is imjorment
Fit for idle peaceful daies

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune. 7

ULiſſes would ſæm mad cauſe he
Would ſtay with his Penelope,
But no illuſions muſt take place.
Though millions dye for one fair face
it ſhall be ſæn
their Lacedemons Quæn,
whom that Pop
violated
ſhall be rated
At the price of Greece or Troy.

If Sir ſaith ſhe one face hath force
To raiſe ſo many foot and horſe
Why may not mine prais'd oft by you
Have power to keep what is my due
plead not thy face
ther's difference in the caſe
very great
our monarchal
light were dark all
Should we winke at this defeat

Let noble Britains notice take
Of this alluſion which I make
Imagine all the power of Greece
To fetch great Agamemnons Neece
are ſacking Troy
which the yat laſt deſtroy
utterly
they will fetch her,
from her Lecher
By all this extremity.

Ireland is our Hellen fair
Raviſh'd from us through want of care
The Paris that hath done this rape
Is fond ſecurity (that ape)
as now you hear,
Achilles with his Dear
will not ſtay
If Mars ſummon
no fond woman
Can a Souldiers ſoul betray.

So let brave Engliſh Souldiers ſeek
For preſident that gallant Greek
Let's leave our toies which ſlaves re-
And to our honour have regard (tain
Ireland doth ſhake
our honour at the ſtake
lies ingaged
tis our Hellen
Coin by Pillen
Fall on him like Greeks inraged.

Let all home-bred ſtrife alone
And as the Greeks all joyn'd in one
Their loſs and honour to repair
Let their example be our care
and never leave
until that we receive
for our pains
death or honour
when w'have won her.
We ſhall find ſufficient gains.

London, Printed for F. Grove. Finis. H.C.

The beautifull Shepherdeſſe of Arcadia.

A new paſtarell Song of a courteous young Knight, and a ſuppoſed Shepheards Daughter.

To a gallant tune, cãlled the Shepheards Delight.

There was a ſhepheros daughter,
came triping on the way,
And there ſhe met a courteous knight
which cauſed her to ſtay.
Sing trang dil do lee.

God morow to you you beautious maid,
theſe words pronounced he.
O I ſhall dye this day he ſaid
if I have not my will of thée.
Trang, &c.

The Lord forbid the Maid reply'd
that ſuch a thing ſhould be,
That ever ſuch a courteous yong knight
ſhould dye for love of me.
Sing trang, &c.

He tok her by the middle ſo ſmall,
and laid her down on the plain,
And after he had had his will,
he tok her up again.
Trang dang.

Now you have had your will good ſir
and putmy body thus to ſhame,
Even as you are a courteous knight
tel me what is your name?
trang dil do le.

Some men do call me Jack ſweet heart
and ſome do call me John.
But when I come to the Kings Court
they call me ſweet William.
Sing trang dang.

He ſet his foot in the ſtirrop
and away then did he ride,
She tuckt her kirtle about her middle
and run cloſe by his ſide.
Sing trang.

But when he came to the broad water,
he ſet her preſt and ſwom,
And when he was got out again,
ſhe tok her héels and run.
Sing trang.

He never was the courteous knight
to ſay fair maid will you ride.
Nor ſhe never was ſo loving a Maid
to ſay ſir knight abide.
Sing trang,

But when ſhe came to ỹ kings fair court
ſhe knocked at the Ring,
So ready was the King himſelf
to let this fair Maid in.
Sing trang,

O Chriſt ſave my gracious Leige,
your body Chriſt ſave and ſée.
You have got a knight within your court
this day hath robbed me.
Trang.

What hath he robbed thée of fair Maid
of purple or of pall,
Or hath he tok thy gay gold ring,
from off thy fingers ſmall.
Trang.

The Loyall Subjects Joy,

OR,

Joyfull news to all that faithfull be,
And doth deſire a happy year to ſee,
To ſee the ſame let all good Chriſtians pray
That *Charles* in peace, may Crown and Scepter ſway,
Then ſhould we ſee ſuch love in fair *England*,
No forreign Nation durſt againſt us ſtand.

The Tune is, *Sound a charge.*

YOu Loyall Subjects all
ſing for joy, ſing for joy;
Good news here's at White-Hall,
ſing for joy.
A ſecond Charles is come,
Though heavy news to ſome,
Let them ſay no more but mum,
ſing for joy, ſing for joy.

Long time we did him want,
ſing for joy, ſing for joy;
Which made all trading ſcant,
ſing for joy;
But now I hope that we
Shall better trading ſee,
And live in unity.
ſing for joy, &c.

Our Royal Parliament,
ſing &c.
I hope will give content,
ſing for joy.
That Charles of high renown,
In peace may wear the Crown,
And pull all Sects down,
ſing, &c.

For George our Generall
ſing for joy, &c.
Let us pray both great and ſmall,
ſing for joy.
That faithfull he may ſtand,
For the good of fair England,
Then we will fight with heart and hand
ſing, &c.

For if Charles do wear the Crown,
ſing, &c.
And pull all Taxes down,
ſing for joy.
Then Quakers look about,
For you will have the rout
of that there is no doubt,
ſing &c.

The Goſpell flouriſh ſhall,
ſing, &c.
Heavens bleſs them at White-hall
ſing, &c.
Lord grant they may agree,
That we all may ſee,
And joyfull unity,
ſing, &c.

HE hath not robb'd me my Liege
of purple nor of pall.
But he hath got my Paiaen head
which grieves me worſt of all.
Sing trang.
Now if he be a Batchelor,
his body Ile give to thée,
But if he be a married man
high hanged ſhall he be:
Trang dil do le.
He called down his merry men all,
by one, by two, and by three,
And ſweet VVilliam was us'd to be the firſt,
but now the laſt comes hée,
trang dil do le.
He brought her down full forty pound
ty'd up with a Glove,
Fair Maid I give the ſame to the
and ſeek another Love.
Sing trang.
Ile have none of your gold ſhe ſaid
nor Ile have none of your fée,
But I muſt have your fair body,
the King hath given me.
trang.
Sweet William ran and fetcht her then,
five hundred pound in gold,
Saying fair maid take this unto thée
thy faults will never behold,
Trang.

If not your gold that ſhall me tempt
theſe words then anſwered ſhe
But I muſt have your own body,
ſo the King hath granted me.
Sing trang.
Would I had drank the fair water
when I did drink the wine
That ever any ſhepherds Daughter
ſhould ben fair Lady of mine.
ſing trang
Would I had drunk the puddle water
when I did drink the Ale
That ever any ſhepherds daughter
ſhould have told me ſuch a tale.
Sing trang,
A Shepheards Daughter as I was,
you might have let me be,
I'd never come to the Kings fair Court
to have crabed any Love of thée.
trang, &c:
He ſet her on a Silk-white Steed,
and himſelf upon a Gray,
He hung a Bugle about his neck,
and ſo they rode away:
trang, &c:
But when they came unto the place
where Marriage rights were done,
She mov'd her ſelf a Dukes daughter,
and he but a Squires Son.
trang.
Now you have married me Sir Knight
your pleaſures may be free,
If you make me Lady of one good Town
Ile make you Lord of three.
trang.
Accurſed be the gold he ſaid
if thou hadſt not bin true,
That ſhould have parted thée from me
to have chang'd thée for a new.
trang.
Their hearts being then to linked faſt,
and joyning hand in hand,
He had both purſe and perſon to
and all at his command.
trang dil' do lee.

London, Printed for *William Gilbertſon*

For Sects and Schisms they,
sing &c.
shall in England bear no sway,
sing, &c.
Quaker nor any other
which would the Gospell smother.
If that he were my Brother,
sing, &c.

Good Souldiers will not daunt,
sing, &c.
What, though they mony want,
sing, &c.
Their Arrears are all at hand,
That will true and faithfull stand,
And be at Charles's and Georges command.
sing, &c.

England rejoice with me.
sing, &c.
The happy days shall see,
sing for, &c.
I hope all Trades will mend,
And cruell wars will end,
Peace so much will stand our friend,
sing, &c.

Marchants of high renown
sing, &c.
If Charles enjoy the Crown,
sing, &c.
Most happy dayes you'l see,
Trading so good will be,
If Charles and George agree,
sing, &c.

If all this to pass do come,
sing &c.
Then let both all and some
sing for joy.
Then will all Englands foes
Lament their grievous woes,
For fear of English blows,
sing, &c.

So to conclude I cry
sing, &c.
for peace and liberty,
sing, &c.
Let all true Subjects stand
for the good of fair England,
Under Charles and George command.
sing, &c.

So as I first begun,
sing, &c.
My Subject still shall run,
sing, &c.
Let all good Christians pray
That Peace may bear the sway,
Amen, Amen I say.
sing for joy, sing for joy,

FINIS T. R.

London, Printed for *Charles Tyus* on London *Bridge*.

The Merchant of Scotland,

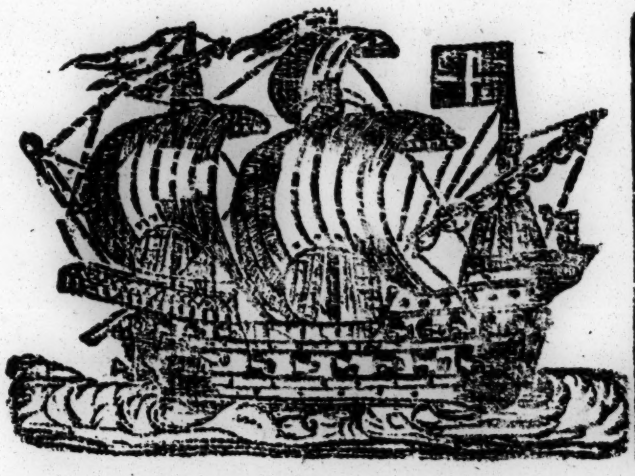
AND

The Unfortunate Damoſel.

A Damoſel fair in Scotland born,
Being full of grief and left forlorn,
'Twas an Engliſh-man that ſhe did love,
Who left her and unkind did prove:
In private ſhe did make great moan,
Becauſe her Engliſh-man was gone.

An *Edenborough*-Merchant there,
Her ſighs and groans did chance to hear:
And married her, but in ſhort time,
Was forc'd to leave his Native chine;
And ſail unto ſome forraign ſhore,
Leaving her ſadder then before.

To a pleaſant Countrey Tune.



ABroad as I was walking, all by the Park ſide
Abroad as I was walking, ſo merry merrily;
Oh I heard a fair maid make great moan,
And ſtill ſhe did weep for good company,
And ſtill ſhe did weep for good company.
Oh what do you weep for my wellfavour'd Maid
What do you weep for, ſo ſore and bitterly?
Quoth ſhe, I weep for an Engliſh-man,
That is quite baniſht out of this Country, &c.
Come I am the Burgeſs of Edenborough town,
And I pray thee Sweet-heart lay thy love to me,
oh then this Merchant-Man draws forth a bag of gold
And he laid it on this fair Maids knee;
Saying ſweet-heart, take thou this,
And afterwards lay thy love to me, &c.

I pray you take up your money, your money,
I pray you take up your gold and all your fee,
For if that I prove falſe to Keſter a Wait,
Oh how ſhould I prove true to thee?
Oh how ſhould I prove true to thee?
At length this fair Maid did behold,
The Merchants great baggs, & his comely face,
She alſo did caſt an eye upon his Gold,
And willing ſhe was the ſame for to embrace,
And willing ſhe was the ſame for to embrace.
Kind ſir, quoth ſhe, ſince my firſt love is gone,
And if that you will make much of me,
I'le cheer up my heart, & i'le live with you alone,
And to morrow your married wife I will be,
And to morrow your married wife I will be.

45. 6. 2. 175.

A Greed, agreed, the Merchant-man did say,
I do love thee with all my heart,
I could wish that we might have been married to
For I from my dearest will never depart, (day,
For I from my dearest will never depart.
the next day being come, they were Married both,
Being cloathed in rich array,
And being at the Church they both plighted their
and Kept a most jovial wedding-day, &c. (troth
But they had not been a month Married,
Not a Month Married were they,
But there came News from Edenborough-town
That all Merchant-Men must go to Sea, &c.
This grieved the Merchant piteously,
That he must so soon bid adieu to his dear,
But alas the poor Bride, how grieved was she?
And at every word fell many a tear, &c.
He bid her adieu, for to Sea he must go,
But she held him fast in her arms,
You must not, you shall not, my dearest now,
I will keep you at home without harms, &c.

Oh I must go to Sea my Honey, my Honey,
Oh I must go to Sea my dearest Honey,
But when I am gone to Sea, and to Sea,
I prithee look after my little Conney, &c.
Then giving her many Kisses so sweet,
He bid her farewell with a sorrowful heart,
Saying, being of good cheer till again we do meet
And then from my Love I will never depart, &c.
When thus he had said, then away he did go,
And now he is sailing over the Main,
He leaves her behind, full of sorrow and woe,
But more you shall know, when he comes back (again,
But more you shall know when he comes back (again.

FINIS.

With Allowance, Ro. L'Estrange.

Printed for E. Oliver, at the Golden Key, on Snow-hill, over-against St. Sepulchres-Church, neer the Sarazens-head.

62

A Lamentable Ballad of the Ladies Fall.

Declaring how a Gentlewoman through her too much truſt came to her end, and how her Lover ſlew himſelf.

The Tune is, In Peſcod time.

MArk well my heavy doleful Tale,
you Loyal Lovers all.
And heedfully bear in your brest
a gallant Ladies fall:
Long was she woo'ere she was won,
to lead a wedded life,
Tuo: folly wrought her overthrow,
before she was a wife.

Too soon alas she gave consent
to yield unto his will,
Though he protested to be true,
and faithful to her still:
She felt her body altered quite,
her bright hue waxed pale,
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white,
her strength began to fail.

So that with many a sorrowful sigh,
this beautious Maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd her self
to be conceiv'd with Child:
She kept it from her fathers sight,
as close as close might be,
And so put on her silken gown,
none might her swelling see.

Unto her Lover secretly
she did her self bewray,
And walking with him hand in hand,
these words to him did say:
Behold, said she, a Maids distress,
my love, brought to thy bow,
Behold I go with Child by thee,
but none thereof doth know.

The little Babe springs in my womb
to hear the Fathers voice,
Let it not be a Bastard call'd,
sith I made thee my choice:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow
and wed me out of hand,
O leave me not in this extream,
in grief always to stand.

Think on thy former promise made,
thy vows and oaths each one,
Remember with what bitter tears
to me thou mad'st thy moan:
Convey me to some secret place,
and marry me with speed,
Or with thy Rapier end my life,
e're further shame proceed.

Alas my dearest Love, quoth he,
my greatest joy on earth,
Which way can I convey thee hence,
without a sudden Death?
Thy friends they be of high degree,
and I of mean estate,
Full hard it is to get thee forth
out of thy Fathers gate.

Dread not thy self to save my fame,
and if thou taken be,
My self will step betwen the Swords,
and take the harm on me:
So shall I scape Dishonour quite,
if so I should be slain,
What could they say but that true love
did work a Ladies bane.

45. b. 28

ADo not fear any further harm,
my self will so devise,
That I will go away with thée,
unseen of mortal eyes:
Disguised like some pretty Page,
I'le méet thée in the dark,
And all alone I'le come to thée,
hard by my Fathers Park.
And there, quoth he, I'le méet my love,
if God do lend me life,
And this day moneth without all fail,
I will make thée my wife:
Then with a sweet and loving kis,
they parted presently,
And at their parting brinish tears,
stood in each others eye.
At length the wished day was come,
whereas this lovely Maid,
With lovely eyes, and strange attire,
for her true lover staid:
When any person she espy'd,
come riding o're the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
but all her hopes were vain.
Then did she wéep and sore bewail
her most unhappy state,
Then did she speak these woful words
when surcourles she sat:
O false forswórn and faithless wretch,
disloyal to thy love,
Hast thou forgot thy promise made,
and wilt thou perjur'd prove?
And hast thou now forsaken me
in this my great distress,
To end my days in open shame,
which thou might'st well redress?
Wo worth the time I did believe
that flattering tongue of thine,
Would God that I had never seen,
the tears of thy false Eyne.
And thus with many a sorrowful sigh
homewards she went again,
No rest came in her watry Eyes,
she felt such bitter pain.
In travel strong she fell that night,
with many a bitter throw,
What woful pangs she felt that night
doth each good woman know.
She called up her waiting-Maid,
that lay at her Beds-féet,
Who musing at her Mistress woe,
did strait begin to wéep:
Wéep not, said she, but shut the dood,
and windows round about
Let none bewail my wretched case,
but kéep all persons out.
O Mistris call your Mother dear,
of women you have néed,
And of some skilful Mid-wives help,
the better you may spéed:
Call not my Mother for thy life,
nor call no women here,
The Mid-wives help comes now to late
my death I do not fear.
with that the babe sprang in her womb
no Creature being nigh,
And with a sigh that broke her heart,
this gallant dame did dye:
This living little Infant young,
the mother being dead,
Resign'd his new received breath,
to him that had him made.
Next morning came her Lover true,
affrighted at this news,
And he for sorrow slew himself,
whom each one did accuse:
The mother with the new born Babe,
were both laid in one grave,
Their Parents overcome with woe,
no joy of them could have.
Take héed you dainty damosels all,
of flattering words beware,
And of the honour of your name
have you a special care:
Too true alas this story is,
as many one can tell,
By others harms learn to be wise,
and thou shalt do full well.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright*, and *J. Clarke*.

86

The kind hearted Creature: *Or*

The pretteſt ieſt that er'e you knew,
Yet Il'eſay nothing but what is true:
I once heard of a cunning Whore,
But ner'e the like of this before.
To the tune of the Mother beguiled the Daughter:

ALl you that are diſpoſed now,
to heare a merry ieſt,
By me ſhall be diſcloſed how,
a bonny Laſſe confeſt,
That ſhe had loved one or two,
nay two or three and twenty,
I cannot tell what they did doe,
but ſhe had Louers plenty,
Sing Boyes, drinke Boyes,
why ſhould we not be merry:
Ile tell you of a bonny Laſſe,
and her Loue beyond the Ferry.

This bonny laſſe had caught a clap
it ſeames by ſome young ſhaver,
And ſhe being match with ſuch miſhap
the Lads began to leaue her,
Though ſhe miſſ of their company,
ſome one made ſure his bargaine
But ſhe was lou'd of ſo many,
that it is worth regarding.
Yet ſhe will ſing, and alwayes ſay
drinke round and let's be merry,
I haue a loue in Lankeſhire,
and a litle beyond the ferry.

And ſhe now being called to account,
for to deſcribe aright,
What yong-men was the Father
and her owne hearts delight (can't
But ſhe could not reſolue the ſame,
becauſe there was ſo many,
And ſhe knew not's trade nor yet his name,
for ſhe was free for any.
Sing Boyes, &c.

Quoth ſhe and if it haue a Fooke,
then twas the man i'th Cowne,
Or other-wayes an't haue a booke,
twas the ſhéphard on the downe,
Or if it haue a whip in's hand:
then ſure it was a carter,
Or if it cannot goe nor ſtand,
I thinke twas drunken Arter.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it haue a new faſh'on,
twas one came out of France,
And if it be a Muſician:
twas one taught me to dance,
And if in's hand a néedle be,
then ſure it was a Taylor.
Or if it chance to croſſe the Seas,
I thinke it was a ſaylor.
Sing Boyes, drinke boyes,
why ſhould we not be merry,
I haue a loue in Lankeſhire,
and a litle beyond the ferry.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.

And if it haue a Hammer,
then ſure a Smith was he,
And if it be full of mauer,
twas one of good degrée,
Or if it haue a ſhattle,
a Weauer ſure was he then,
And if that it be wiſe and ſutle,
twas one of the baylifes yong-men.
Sing Boyes &c.

And if it haue a long locke,
a Courtier ſure was he,
And if it be a pretty cocke,
then that was William he,
And if it haue a ſhoe in's hand,
it was the boone Shoomaker,
Or if it haue a durty hand,
twas ſure a donghill raker.
Sing boyes &c.

And if it haue a Kettle,
then ſure he was a Tinker:
And if it be full of Nettle,
twas ſure a good Ale-drinker
And if that it be Greſſe,
then ſure it was a Butcher:
And if that it be lowſie,
then ſure it was a Botcher.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if ins hand a flower be,
a Gardner was the man ſure,
And if it loue to take a Fee,
I thinke twas the Parſiture:
And if it be in a gowne of gray,
twas one that liues ith Country,
And if that it be freſh and gay,
twas one the common gentry.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it haue a Pen ins hand,
then ſure it was a Scrinner,
And if ith the Tauern he loue to ſtand
then ſure it was a Vintner:
And if it haue a drowſie eye,
twas him that they call ſléeper,
And if with hornes and hornes he cry
twas ſure the Chimney-ſweeper.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if ins hand he haue a Tunne,
then ſure it was a Baker,
And if he loue to drinke ith Tunne,
twas then the good Alemaker:
And if he loue to ride a Horſe,
I thinke it was an Oſtler,
Or elſe it twas the man oth Croſſe,
that was a valiant Wraſtler.
Sing Boyes, &c.

And if it haue a mealy face,
twas him that grines the corne,
And if a long note be in place,
tis him that windes the horne,
And many more I here might name,
which lon'dme once moſt dearely,
But that indeed it is a ſhame,
for enough is ſhewen hereby.
Sing boyes &c.

Now all the hope I haue is this,
my bane muſt haue a Father,
And I confeſſe I did amiſſe,
would I had repented rather,
Yet ther's a youngman loues me wel
but I could nere abide him,
I know of me hel'e haue a feare,
though many will deride him,
Sing boyes &c.

R. C.

London printed for F. Coules.

5 The first part of the Widdow of Watling street & her three daughters, & how her wicked Son accused her to be an harlot, and his sisters Bastards. To the tune of Bragandary.

OF the kinde Widdow of Watling street
I will the story tell,
Who by her husband deere was left,
In substance very well;
A prodigall sonne likewise had she,
And faire young daughters lovely three:
Great misery, sorrow and misery,
Commeth for want of grace.
For by his daily practises,
which were both lewd and ill,
His fathers heart from him was drawne,
His love and his good will.
But yet what chance soere befell,
his mother lov'd him dearely well,
When in prison lay full poore,
for debt that he did owe,
His father would not stirre out of doores,
For to release his woe.
But when his mother his griefe did see,
shee found the meanes to set him free.
And when her husband fell full sicke,
and went to make his will,
O husband remember your sonne she sayd,
Although he hath beene ill:
But yet no doubt he may returne,
repenting the evill he hath done.
Remember wife what sorrow and care,
through him I daily found:
Who through his lewd ungracious deedes,
Hath spent me many a pound:
And therefore let him sinke or swim,
I meane not for to deale with him.
And therefore sole Executor heere,
I doe thee onely make: (take,
To pay thy debts & legacies, the rest unto thee
Not so my husband deare (quoth she)
but let your sonne be joynd with me:
For why he is our child (she sayd)
we can it not denie.
The first that ever graced you
With fathers dignitie,
O, that ever you did me love,
grant this request for his behove.
Thy love deare wife was evermore,
most precious unto me:
And therefore for thy sweet loves sake
I grant thy suit to thee.
But ere one yeare be fully spent,
I know thou wilt the same repent.
Now was his sonne received home,
and with his mother deare,
Was joynd Executor of the Will,
which did his courage cheere:
The old man dying, buried was,
but now behold what came to passe. (day
The funerall being ended quite, it fell upon a
some friend did fetch the Widdow forth,
To drive conceits away,
While she was forth and thought no ill,
her wicked sonne hath wrought his will.
Possession of the house he took, in most despite
throwing his sisters out of doors, (full wise
With sad lamenting eyes.
When this they did his mother show,
She would not believe he would doe so.
But when she came unto her house,
and found it so indeede, (heart did bleede,
Shee said unto her son and said, although her
Come downe my sonne, come downe said she,
let in thy mother and sisters three.
I will not let in my mother he said,
nor sisters any one,
The house is mine, I will it keepe,
Therefore away begone.
O sonne how canst thou endure to see't.
thy mother and sisters to lye i'th street.
Did not thy father by his will,
For teares of this my life, (further strife.
Give me this house for to enjoy, without all
And more of all his goods said thee,
I am Executor joyn'd with thee.
My father left you the house, he said,
but this was his intent,
That you therefore during your life,
Should pay me yearely rent:
An hundred pound a peare therefore,
you shall give me, or else give it o're.
And sith the Cities custome is,
that your thirds must have
Of all my fathers moveables,
I grant what law doth crave:
But not a penny more will I,
discharge of any Legacie.
O wicked sonne, quoth shee that seekes
thy mother thus to fleece:
Thy father to his daughters gave
Three hundred pounds a piece:
Tell me who shall their portions pay,
appointed at their marriage day.
Then with a scornefull smile he said,
What talke you of so much:
Ten pounds a peece, I will them give,
My charitie is such.
Now fie upon thee beast, quoth she,
that thus dost deale with them and me.
But ere that they and I will take
this injuries at thy hand:
The chiefest Peeres of England shall
the matter understand:
Nay, if you goe to that, quoth he,
marke well what I shall tell to thee.
Thou hast a secret harlot beene,
and this I le prove full plaine,
That in my Fathers life time dist
Lewd Ruffians entertaine:
The which did then beget of thee,
in wicked sort these bastards three,
No daughters to my father then
were they in any wise:
As he supposed them to be,
Thou blinding so his eyes.
Therefore no right at all have they,
to any penny given this day.
When shee did heare her shamelesse sonne,
for to defame her so,
Shee with her lovely daughters three,
with griefe away did goe.
But how this matter out did fall,
the second part will shew you all.

FINIS.

The second part of the Widdow of Watling street and her three Daughters To the tune of, the Wanton wife.

The beautifull Widdow of Watling street,
Being thus falsely accused by her sonne,
With her three daughters of fauour so sweet,
Whose beauty the loue of many had wonne:
With her daughters three for succour went she,
vnto the Kings Counsell of Noble degree.
Now fie vpon falsehood, and forgerie fraile,
For great is the truth, and it will preuaile.

Her sonne by Writ now summoned is,
At the Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
To answer the vile abuses of his:
The Lords of the Counsell the matter will heare,
This newes being brought his wits he sought,
Which way his villany best might be wrought.

Then vp and downe the Citie so faire,
He sought companions to serue his turne:
A sort of Vagabonds naked and bare,
The which to worke murders for money are worn:
These wretches behold, for money and gold,
He hired for witnesse his lies to vphold, &c.

My masters, quoth he, my mother by name,
To be a lewd strumpet accused I haue:
And hauing no witnesse to proue the same,
Your ayde and assistance herein I doe craue,
Therefore without feare, before the Lords there,
That this thing is certaine you sire shall it sweare.

The first two quoth he shall sweare on a Booke,
That sixteene yeares past they plainely did see,
As they through the Garden hedge lanly did looke,
That she in one houre was abused by three:
And how it befell, they two markt it well,
That iust nine moneths after she had her first Girle.

The second couple shall sweare in this sort,
That at Bristow about thirteene yeares past,
She with her owne prentise did fall in such sport,
That her second daughter was got at the last,
Now trust vs quoth they wele sweare what you say,
Or any thing else for money to day, &c.

And thus the third couple their oath now shal take,
That as at the Bath shee stood on a day,
For ach in the bones an excuse she did make,
How shee with a Courtier the wanton did play,
And how well you wot in that pleasant plot,
Her dearest young daughter for certaine was got.

But now my maisters your names let me know,
That I may prouide your apparell with speed,
Like sire graue Citizens, so must you goe,
The better your speeches the Nobles will heed:
So shall I with scorne ere Saturday morne,
Proue her a harlot, my Sisters base borne.

My name is Make-shift the first man did say,
And Francis Light-finger the second likewise:
Cutbert Creepe-window the third to display,
And Rowland Robman with foule staring eyes,
Iacke shameleſſe came then with Harry steale-hen,
You are quoth the Widow some right honest men.

Before the Lords most prudent and graue,
This wretch doth with his witnesses come,
The Mother complaines, and Iustice doth craue,
Of all the offences that he hath her done.
My Lords then quoth, I pray you heare me,
The Law for my deeds, my warrant shall be.

Her sonne sayd also shee's a harlot most vilde,
And these be her bastards that stand here in place,
And that she hath often her body defilde,
By very good witnesse I le proue to her face,
This thing of thy Mother thou ought'st to smother,
'Tis shame for a child to speake ill of his Mother.

But if this matter be proued vntrue,
And thou a false Lyar be found to thy face,
Worse than an Infidell, Pagan, or Iew
Thou ought'st to be punish't and plagu'd in this case
And therefore draw neere and let vs heare,
What sayes the witnesse that here doth appeare.

When the first couple did come for to sweare,
They quiuered and quaked in most wondrous sort,
The Lords very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report,
The second likewise so star'd with their eyes,
They stammered and knew not what to deuise, &c.

The Lords perceiuing the case how it went,
Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying they were hired for money that day:
Quoth they it is so the truth for to show,
Against the good Widdow no harme we doe know.

Thus was the Widdow deliuered from blame,
With her three Daughters of beauty most bright,
Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame,
Hauing his Iudgement appointed him right,
To forfeit euen all the goods he possest,
To lose both his eares, and banisht, for rest, &c.

When he heard his Iudgement pronounced to be,
The teares fell bitterly fell downe from his face:
To Mother and Sisters he kneeled on his knee,
Confessing that lucre had brought this disgrace,
That for mine owne gaine I sought to detaine
My Sisters three portions this is I did faine.

Therefore deare Mother forgiuenesse I crane,
Of you and my Sisters, offended so sore:
My body from perill if you will but saue,
I sweare I will grieue and offend you no more.
The Lords then replide the Law iustly tride.
The punishment now thou art like to abide:

Therefore to prison now thou shalt goe,
Whereas thou shalt the Kings pleasure abide:
From thence to be brought with shame & with woe
To suffer the punishment due for thy price,
Then out of hand thou shalt vnderstand,
That presently thou shalt be banisht the Land.

Now while in prison this prisoner did rest,
Himselfe he hanged in desperate wise:
Such horrour of conscience possessed his brest:
And being cast forth, the Rauens pickt out his eyes
All Citizen behold what hath beene told,
Accuse no man falsely for Lucre of Gold.
Now fie vpon falsehood and forgery fraile,
For great is the truth and it will preuaile.

FINIS.

Printed for Fr. Cowles.

21
22

The KING and the BISHOP,

OR,

Unlearned Men, hard matters out can find,
When Learned Biſhops, Princes eyes do blind.

To the Tune of, *Chevy-Chaſe.*

IN Popiſh time when Biſhops prond
in England did bear ſway,
Their Lordſhips did like Princes Live,
and kept all at obey:
Their Palaces with Arraes hang'd,
their houſes chin'd with gold:
Their train of gallant Gentlemen,
moſt ſtately to behold.
A King then in this Land did Raign,
(ſome ſay 'twas old Henry)
One day he for a Biſhop ſent,
his Scholar-ſhip to try:
Then ſtraightway to the Court he went,
in all his Pomp and ſtate,
And took it for a favour great,
upon the King to wait,
And when he came unto the King
he did both bow and bend,
His Graces pleaſure he did crave,
why he for him did ſend:
Biſhop (quoth he) I ſent for thee,
to put thee to a taſk,
And I Reſolved true will be
of three things I will aſk.
And three weeks time I will thee give
on it to meditate,
And then if you not tell me true,
I vow to have thy pate:
If that it like your Majeſty,
(the Biſhop then did ſay)
Ile try the utmoſt of my skill,
your will for to obey.

The firſt thing now (then ſaid the King)
is this that I would know,
Unto a very hour the time
a traveller may go
About the daſt and ſpacious world,
and then Return again
Unto the place he did ſet forth,
and this I know would fain.
The ſecond thing that tell you muſt,
even to one poor half-crown,
What I am worth, that am a King;
(this made the Biſhop frown)
The third thing it is this (he ſaid)
the which you muſt explain,
To tell to me what I do think,
when you come here again.
And ſo good Biſhop you do know
what things I do deſire,
And for to be reſolv'd therefore
of you I do require:
Tell me the truth and keep your time,
or elſe your head ſhall fye
From off your ſhoulders when you come,
your wits you now muſt try.
Theſe are hard things to be Reſolv'd,
unto the King he ſaid,
No man on earth can tell the ſame,
I greatly am afraid:
Yet I will try the greateſt skill
and ſo he took his leave:
The taſk and ſentence both were hard,
which made his Lordſhip grieve.

The second Part, to the same Tune.

127

When he came home to study hard
the Bishop then did go,
His brains did hammer in his head,
his heart was fill'd with woe:
But yet for all his Learning great,
these things he could not find,
The time began for to expire,
which did torment his mind.
The heavy sentence of the King
did touch him to the quick;
With Grief and overstudying
he presently fell sick:
The Bishop he a brother had,
a man that hard did fare,
A Shepherd by profession,
for whom he did not care.
This Shepherd when that he did hear
his brother sick did lye,
To visit him he did think best,
before that he should dye.
With much ado, at length he got
admittance him to see:
It Griev'd the poor man to the heart
at this his misery.
Saluting his Lord brother then,
ask'd him how he did do;
He answered him with heavy heart,
O full of Grief and Woe:
You cannot help my misery,
no man my Life can save,
The task's too hard for me to do,
the King my head will have.
Dear brother (then the Shepherd said)
to me your Grief explain,
And if that I can save your life,
i'le venture to be slain:
The Bishop told him every thing,
cause he and did make:
If this be all the Shepherd said,
the same i'le undertake.
You know that we are very like
in person, speech and face,
Let me put on your Robes of State,
i'le execute the place:
Your trains of gallants to the Court
must bear me company,
And if I do not tell these things
instead of you i'le dye.
The time being come next day he went
to see his Majesty,
Who presently was entertain'd
with courtlike courtesie:
Now welcome Bishop (quoth the King)
can you resolve me true?
And if you cannot he did say,
I know what I must do.
Unto your Graces question,
the first I answer make:
Let any man ascend the Sky,
and the Suns Chariot take,
In twenty and four hours time,
about the World may ride,
The which is but one day and night,
this journey to abide.
Thou sayest true (then said the King)
unto the second then:
Now unto that (the Shepherd said)
I answer thus again:
The King of Kings, our Saviour Christ,
for thirty pence was sold,
I undervalue you by far,
for all your Crown of Gold.
Then said the King, Bishop 'tis right,
what thou hast said before,
Now tell me truly what I think,
and I will ask no more:
You think that I the Bishop am,
the Shepherd then did say:
Why so I think, then quoth the King,
in spight of all says nay.
You have confest I told your thought,
an't like your Majesty,
Although I ware the Bishops Robe,
a Shepherd poor am I:
One Father and one Mother both
we had and brethren are,
And for to please your Royal Grace,
my brother had a care.
He now lies sick nèr unto death,
and hither did me send,
Who bid me tell you all these things,
for fear he should offend:
Commend me to him (quoth the King)
and thank him heartily,
He now hath satisfi'd my mind;
and pleased well am I.
A hundred pound the King bestowed
upon the Shepherd then,
And taking leave away he went
with all his Gentlemen:
When to the Bishop he did come,
all things he did relate,
He thank'd his brother, and was glad
of this his happy fate.
Upon him he bestow'd a Farm,
of forty pounds a year,
As well he might for he did find
of him a brother dear:
And thus unlearned men sometimes,
hard matters out can find,
When learned Bishops miss the mark,
and Princes eyes do blind.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. wright*.

Cupids wanton wiles:
OR,
The young mans friendly advice, beware leſt *Cupid* you entice: Although God *Cupid* he be blind, yet he doth oft orecome the mind.

To the tune of, *Shee cannot keepe her, &c.*

BLind-fold Cupid with his Dart,
did a long time ſtrive to hit me,
Yet he ſhall not pierce my heart,
I know better how to fit me,
His decre ſhall not be
any way to my diſparriage:
I will ſtrive how to thrive,
And to keepe my ſelfe from marriage.

Cupids ſlights and cunning trickes
never in relaps ſhall bring me,
To be drowned in loves pits,
no aſpiring boy ſhall ſting me.
He's a fool in loves Schoole,
and meere ſimple in his carriage,
That will daily and ſay ſhall I
Now incline to wanton marriage.

Cupid is a ſubtill wile,
and hath many projects uſed,
The ripeſt wits for to beguile,
many are by him abuſed:
Let no man truſt him then,
leſt he doe their ſtates diſparriage,
I advise you to be wiſe,
And keep your ſelves from wanton marriage.

To ſpeake of Cupid to the matter.
I intend as if time gives leaſure:
He will cog deceive and flatter,
if you in his wayes take pleaſure.
He will make you to take
ſuch ſtrange courſes in your carriage:
Which will be your miſery,
If you incline to wanton marriage.

Cupid is become a Gallant,
and will tempt a brave young ſhaver,
On fond love to ſpend his talent,
and beſides a falſe deceiver:
He is when foolith men
doth intend to change their carriage,
For we ſee often he
Croſſes young men in their marriage.

The ſtouteſt Champion Cupid vanteth,
and doth bring the boldeſt under:
The meaneſt man he then advanceth,
and to fill us more with wonder,
He can move Maids to love,
though were ſo modeſt in their carriage,
And will vere Females ſave,
To beſtow themſelves in marriage.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune:

7.

NOble Lords Kings and Princes,
Cupid bound in his ſubiection,
Beauteous Ladies beauteous graces,
they muſt yeild to his curtion:
He will ſtill uſe his skill,
though it breeds a great diſparriage,
Therefore I till I dye
Meane to keepe my ſelfe from marriage.

Guy of Warwicke brave and bold
traveld far to gaine his Philice:
Cupid kept his heart in hold,
Hector though he met Achilles,
Cupid prett with the reſt,
this ſtout Captaine in his carryage,
Thus he can forge each man
To beſtow himſelfe in marriage.

Some Cupid takes at unawares
in the bed where they lye ſleeping,
Some he catcheth in his nets, (ing.
as they on downes their flocks are feed-
Every ſort, Clowne and Court,
ſtoopes to Cupid in his carryage,
No delay can him ſtay,
If he appoint the time of marriage.

High and low poore and rich men,
ſtrong, the weake, the ſimple creature:
If Cupids Arrowes doe but twitch them,
and they bridle not his nature,
It will grow great in ſhew,
therefore I wiſh men in carryage,
To prevent his torment,
And looke before they leape to marriage.

If thou art old be more wiſer,
let no blind God to deceive thee:
[illegible] of a Siſter,
leſt Cupid doe [illegible] thee.
If thou be'ſt young doe not wrong
thine owne ſute in ſuch a carryage:
Have a care and beware
Leſt thou repent thy haſty marriage.

Now to finiſh and conclude,
I exhort all that are ſingle,
In your chuſing be not rude,
when you doe here Hymen mingle.
Liberty as we ſee,
is a life of lovely carryage,
Therefore I till I dye
Will abſent my ſelfe from marriage.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *John Wright* the Younger, dwelling in the Old-Bayley.

L. P.

102

The Bonny Bryer,

OR

A Lancashire Lasse, her sore lamentation, For the death of her Loue, and her owne reputation.

To the tune of the Bonny Broome.

ONe morning early by the breake of day,
walking to Totnam-Court
Vpon the left hand of the high way,
I heard a sad repoꝛt;
I made a stay, and look'd about me then,
wondꝛing from whence it was,
At last I spyed within my ken
a blyth and buxome Lasse.
Sing O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,
the Bryer that is so sweet:
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,
to milke my mothers Neate.

I dꝛew moꝛe neare and layd me all along,
vpon the grasse so greene,
Where I might heare her dulcid tongue,
yet I was from her vnseene:
Woe's me (quoth shee) that euer I was boꝛne
to come to London Citty,
Foꝛ now, alas, I am made a scoꝛne
and none my woes will pitty.
But O the Bryer, &c.

Mine Eame and Annt haue often said at home
that London is a place,
Where Lasses may to pꝛeferment come,
within a little space: (wise,
This I finde true though they meant other-
which makes me thus lament,
My belly doth to pꝛeferment rise,
as if some Barne were in't..
With O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,
the Bryer that is so sweet:
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,
to milke my mothers Neate.

These woꝛds did my desire inflame,
at home I could not bide
But vp to London in hast I came,
I may bewaile the Tide,
A now I wish'd that I at home had stayd,
and not pꝛeferment sought,
I'm neither Widdow, Wife, noꝛ Mayde
then what may I be thought.
With O the Bryer, the bony bony Bryer,
the Bryer that is so sweer,
Would I had stayd in Lancashire
to milke my mothers Neate.

I had in London tarryed but a yeare,
yet in that time while,
I fell in loue with a bonny Bꝛyer,
the sweetest in a mile:
He mickle good-will did beare vnto me,
I thinke he did not faine,
Foꝛ by a craven lately he,
was in my quarrell slaine.
Sing O the Bryer, &c.

Befoꝛe that deare and most vnhappy day,
hee with my free consent,
Had tane, alas my mayden-head away,
and to wed me in hast hee meant:
But my great belly seemeth me to twit,
with my too wanton carriage,
To lose that Iem I wanted wit,
befoꝛe my day of marriage.
But O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,
the Bryer that is so sweet:
Would I had stayd in Lancashire,
to milke my mothers Neate.

The ſecond Part To the ſame tune.

BVt iuſt foure dayes before the pointed time
that ſhould haue made me a wife,
Sweet Willy Bryer was ſlaine in his prime
being ſtab'd to the heart with a knife:
But had it beene with Staffe or Sword,
all in the open field,
The Raſcall would haue eate his word,
that thus my deare hath kil'd.
With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,
the Bryer that is ſo ſweet:
Would I had ſtayd in Lancaſhire,
to milke my mothers Neat.

Woe worth the wretch whereuer hee be fled,
would I reueng'd could be,
Loſt is my Loue and my Maiden-head,
what ſhall become of me:
Might I but ſee him hanging by the crag,
that cauſeth all this woe,
Twould ſomething mitigate the plague,
which I muſt vndergoe.
But O the Bryer, &c.

What ſhall I doe, my ſhame I cannot hide,
my belly will be knowne
And all my friends and kin will me chide,
for giuing away mine owne:
To London Citty will I goe no more,
where I haue dwelt a yeere,
Yet if I knew how to ſalue my ſore,
I'd goe home to Lancaſhire.
But O the Bryer, &c.

I hearing her laſt ſpeeches that ſhe ſpoke,
roſe and to her I ſtept,
More pitty did my heart prouoke,
to ſee how ſore ſhe wept: (friends
Faire laſſe, quoth I, goe home vnto your
that is your ſafeſt way,
Great miſery all ſuch attends,
that in your caſe heere ſtay.

With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer.
the Bryer that is ſo ſweet,
Goe get thee home into Lancaſhire,
and milke thy mothers Neat.

She bluſhing ſaid, Sir I thanke you heartily,
for this your counſell kinde
But in this field I had rather die
with could and hunger pinde:
Then to my Kin be made a ieſt,
for going thus aſtray,
Sweet heart quoth I, ſet your heart at reſt,
and liſt what I ſhall ſay.
With O the Bryer, &c.

Goe home vnto your friends faire Laſſe,
tell them that your good man:
I'th the Swediſh warres late killed was,
none there diſproue you can:
This is the way which commonly is done
and when that you are layd,
You'l ſoone be match'd with a Yeomans ſon,
and an honeſt wife be made.
With O the Bryer, &c.

She promiſed me my counſell to imbrace,
and ſeemed in minde content:
She wipt the teares quite from her face,
and to Totnam Court ſhe went:
On her ſome Cakes and Ale, I did beſtow,
then ſhe no longer tarried,
But home to Lancaſhire ſhe did goe,
where ſince I heare ſhee's married.
With O the Bryer, the bonny bonny Bryer,
the Bryer that is ſo ſweet:
Now is the Laſſe in Lancaſhire,
and milkes her mothers Neate.

FINIS

Printed at London for F. G. on Snow-hill.
M.P.

110

Rocke the Cradle *Iohn*:

OR,

Children after the rate of twenty foure in a yeere,
That's two euery moneth as plaine doth appeare,
Let no man at this strange story wonder.
It goes to the tune of, *Ouer and vnder*.

There was a country Gallant,
That walked had his talent,
Not dreading what would fall on't,
would needs a woing ride:
Vnto a Lasse of the City,
That courteous was and pitty,
This Damsell neat and witty,
he would goe make his Bride:
This Lasse she had of wealth good store,
Her stocke was threescore pound and more,
Though some suppose her to be poore,
the same hath late been tride.
Rocke the Cradle, rocke the Cradle,
rocke the Cradle Iohn,
There's many a man rockes the Cradle,
when the Child's none of his owne.

Vnto this Lasse incontinent,
The Youngman went with good intent,
His loue was fixed and firmely bent,
to take her to his wife;
Quoth he, my sweet, while life doth last,
My heart is in thy bosome plac'd,
Let not my suit be vaine disgrac'd,
I loue thee as my life:
Quoth she, your suit I must deny,
For I haue vowed a Maid to dye,
If I lose my virginity,
it sure will breed much strife.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

I haue been wooed by Harry,
But I indeed will tarry,
I never meane to marry,
while I on earth remaine;
Sweet William and young Thomas too,
Nay Richard hath made much woe,
Sad Ned with teares did adieu take,
but Humphrey did complaine,
All these haue gallants I forsake,
I pretend Iohn no more to make,
But to some other courtesie betake,
I bee thy last diswaine.
Goe rocke the Cradle, &c.

The man no whit dismaid
At that which she had said,
But with his heart well stayed,
and did request her still:
He did intreat her fauour,
'twas all that he did crauen her,
That hee might onely haue her,
his fancy to fulfill:
My heart doth fry in Cupids fire,
Thy beauty I haue much admire,
Then yeild my loue to my desire,
or else a man you kill.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

When she her selfe did vnderstand,
she had a foole caught by the hand,
Yet wip she knew was soundly man'd,
her belly wondrous round:
Thought she, this is a friend of mine,
It's best make hay while sun doth shine,
Yet to some thing I will him ioyne,
before my fruit be found,
Quoth she, if I be mine thy wife,
Then must me honour all thy life,
And carefull be for feare of strife,
like to a prentise bound.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

The second part. To the same tune.

If the morning if I thee desire,
Then must rise up and make a fire,
And other things I shall require,
which thou must undertake:
My breakfast thou must dresse also,
That I from bed to it may goe,
All these hard tasks and many more
thou must not then forsake,
To bath my Gowne and set my band,
Make clean my shoes at my command,
Thy butlership thou must understand
if I the word but speake.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

And when we chance to have a child,
Thou must like to a Father mild,
Unto the same be reconcil'd,
and dance it on thy knee;
Or if the infant cry for pap,
Then then must take it in thy lap,
And feed it well what ever hap,
if John will marry mee;
Then must take paines as thou art able,
To make the bed and serve at Table,
And lap the young one in the Cradle,
whilst I sing merrily.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

Sweet-heart, quoth he, to please thee,
Ile doe all things to ease thee,
I will not once displease thee,
nor yet my love offend.
My hands under your feet Ile lay,
The which shall not my love repay,
So thou will be mine owne by day,
Ile love thee to the end,
Ile make the bed, the house Ile sweep,
And lull the Baby fast asleepe.
What you command my selfe will keepe,
and fulfill my humour bend.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

To this they both agréed,
And married were with speed,
For they had wondrous need,
as you shall heare hereafter;
The same day month that they were wed,
The married man was fairely sped,
His wife was safely brought to bed,
and had both Sonne and Daughter,
Which by the Midwife in was brought,
No, no, you have a strange thing wrought.
Two children in a moneth begot,
and so tooke up a laughter.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

He kist the Girle and lou'd the Boy,
Said he, you are your fathers joy,
There's many are in great annoy.
because they have no child:
I knew a Lord and Lady late,
That did desire to have an heire,
Now I my selfe have got a paire,
and they are both [illegible]'d,
My wife is fruitfull [illegible] Tree,
And will same great increase bring me:
They are your owne assuredly,
then said the Plowman mild.
Rocke the Cradle, &c.

See here the Way to like the Dew,
Which well may make your heart full glad
Cheare up your selfe and be not sad,
for that which here is done:
His ruby lips doe stains distaine,
His cherry cheeks and eyes alone stole,
For twenty pounds I will not sell,
quoth he, my little sonne,
So well content this fool was found,
He leapt for joy above the ground,
Old Sycrats skill, quoth he, he wonn'd,
since nature first began:
Rocke the Cradle, log the Cradle,
thus Ile have it knowne,
I love to rocke the Cradle,
the children be mine owne.

All you which now have heard this ditty,
Take heed with wives how you doe fit ye
For if you come to London City,
you quickly may be sped,
As were you see this Country Lad,
Within a moneth was made a Dad,
Though he but little share in't had,
his wife was brought to bed,
And now this simple woodcocke,
The Cradle is constrain'd to rocke,
His neighbours doe derise and mocke,
cause he is so bestead,
They shout and cry and to him say,
still the children John,
'Tis e.ough to make the man,
to thinke they be none of his owne.

FINIS. L. P.

Printed at London for E. B.

The two *Notinghamſhire* Lovers: or, The Maid of *Standon* in *Notingham-*
ſhire, and the *Leiceſterſhire* man: Which were linked together contrary to their
Friends minds; but ſhee was ſo inflamed in love, that ſhee requeſted him from
thence to goe; and he reſolved her ſo to doe, appointing the place where they
ſhould meet; but it proved a heavie meeting as ere was knowne, as in this Ditty
ſhall be ſhowne. To the tune of *I feare I ſhall ſtay too long.*

IN Notinghamſhire,
as late I did heare:
there lived two Lovers true:
Whoſe hearts were linked faſt,
Whil'ſt life did laſt,
but marke what did enſue.
O this was all her ſong,
My Love I ſuffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt ſtay too long.

In Standon ſhe was borne,
That lived thus forlorne,
and her name was called Anne Hall,
But her owne friends did ſeeke,
Her mind for to breake,
which cauſed her great downefall.
And this, &c.

This young man in Leiceſterſhire,
Was borne as I doe heare,
and his name was called Iohn Browne:
But in his love he was
Not ſo conſtant as his Laſſe,
as hereby ſhall be plainely found.
But this, &c.

Her friends would not agree
That ſhe ſhould married be,
to him that ſhe beſt did love:
Though ſhe did them intreat,
They her miſuſed and beat,
in hope that her mind would move.
Oh this, &c.

Her friends to her would ſay,
If you will him denay,
and marry ſome other man:
Then you ſhall want for nought,
That for money can be bought,
take you him that hath houſe and land.
But this, &c.

But ſhe was thus reſolved,
Till death her diſſolved,
not to change like the wavering wind:
Like to the Turtle Dove,
So true ſhe did prove,
and ſhe was ſtedfaſt in her love.
h but this, &c.

That when that ſhe did ſee
Her friends would not agree,
ſhe moane made unto her Love,
ſaying ſhe would goe
With him in weale or woe,
and would prove like the Turtle Dove.
Oh but, &c.

Thus he reply'd againe,
My mind I will explaine,
and will tell thee what I will doe:
Meet me in your Fathers Land,
And here's my heart and hand,
to morrow with thee Ile goe.
Oh but, &c.

To th' ſame ſhe did agree,
And appointed preſently
the place where ſhe ſhould him meet.
Then home ſhe went againe,
For money to maintaine
her ſelfe and her Lover ſweet.
Oh but, &c.

And when the houre came,
Then ſhe return'd againe:
to the place where he did appoint:
But when that ſhe came there,
She ſaw him not appeare,
and then ſhe began to faint.
Oh but, &c.

Then downe ſhe ſate her ſtraight,
And thus beganne to write,
complaining moſt pittifully,
Of her croſſes ſhe
Had endured patiently,
and then ſhe was reſolved to die.
Oh but, &c.

Falſe-hearted one,
That breakeſt my mone,
and doſt cauſe me thus to complaine:
Oh I will never truſt
To one ſo unjuſt,
For I find that it is in vaine.
But this was all her ſong,
My Love I ſuffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt ſtay too long.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame tune.

HE ſo ſwore to me,
That true he would be,
as the Turtle to her mate:
But him I find
Much like to the wind,
that blowes in uncertaine ſtate.
But this is ſtill my ſong,
My Love I ſuffer wrong,
And I feare thou wilt ſtay too long.

His urging eyes,
Like to the pleaſant skies,
that in April oft do ſhow,
Yet ere that you are aware,
They changed are
to ſtormy wind, and blow.
Therfore, &c.

Seeing that thee I find,
To be ſo unkind
to me which ſo deare loved thee,
I am reſolv'd in heart
From the world to depart,
thou againe ſhalt me never ſee.
Therfore, &c.

To father and mother,
I ſpeak above all other,
who are the cauſers of my woe:
You would not give conſent,
Therfore you may repent,
you have wrought my overthrow.
Therfore, &c.

When I did you intreat,
Then was I ſorely beat,
and you ſaid him I ſhould not marry.
You ſtood for worldly gaine,
Which breedeth now my paine,
for my Love I do now miſcarry.
Therfore, &c.

To you my Love likewiſe,
Who I did once ſurmize
would have proved more true to me:
But you I falſe do find,
And to me ſo unkind,
therefore I here muſt die.
Therfore, &c.

This letter of my woe,
With me ſhall be to ſhow,
in the place where you ſhall me find:
For to declare aright
The cauſes of my ſpight,
and the truth of a troubled mind.
Therfore, &c.

Then with her knife
She ended her life,
in the place that appointed was:
Where her love to ſee
Came thither preſently,
and found her dead on the graſſe.
Therfore, &c.

Therfore with his Rapier he
Himſelfe immediately
did kill hard by his Love:
Straight after they were found
Bleeding upon the ground,
neare to a pleaſant Grove.
Therfore, &c.

Her friends when they did heare,
Sore grieved they were:
yet unto the place did come,
And from her pocket they,
There pulled out ſtraight way
this letter of griefe and mone.
Therfore, &c.

When this they read and heare,
They ſtrucken were with feare,
and cryed moſt pitteouſly:
Confeſſing of it true;
But marke what did enſue,
For they did after quickly die.
Therfore, &c.

Let other Parents now
Not ſeek to breake a vow,
that is made betweene lovers true;
Leſt all too late, I ſay,
They work their lives decay:
as by this ſtorie plainly doth appeare.
And now to end my ſong, &c.

FINIS.

London, Printed for H. G.

130

The Northampton-ſhire Lovers:

OR,

No wealth can compare unto true Love:

Young men and Maids that delight to hear
How Lovers Couple, pray draw near;
And in this Sonnet you may find
A fancy that may pleaſe your mind.

To the Tune, *Of true Love rewarded with loyalty*, Or, *Loves down fall.*

With Allowance.

IN Summer time when leaves are green,
and Flora in her rich aray:
With all ſorts of flowers ſo ſweet,
ſhe had bedeckt the fields ſo gay.

I eſpyed a young man and a maid,
a walking in the cool o'th' day;
The young man he was not afraid,
but theſe words unto her did ſay.

Man.

Oh turn to me my own Dear heart,
and I my ſelf will turn to thee;
For thou and I will never part,
whilſt life and breath remains in me.

Thou knoweſt theſe long ſeven years & more,
we two together have been in love;
And I have ſlacken'd my deſires,
only thy paſſions for to prove.

But here's my hand, no longer I
no further trial will I make,
But love thee till the day I dye,
therefore my Bride I mean to take.

I have ſix horſes at my Plow,
and ſix more in my Stable ſtand;
And here to thee I make a vow,
They all ſhall be at thy command.

Beſides my grounds they are well ſtockt,
for thee to walk in to and fro;
In truth my Dear I do not mock,
if thou can'ſt love me tell me ſo.

Maid.

Your words, good Sir, are very fair,
ten times better then I do deſerve;
Yet 'tis good for me to have a care,
leſt you from them ſhould quickly ſwerve.

For young mens tongues now in theſe dayes,
they are ſo tipt with words ſo fair,
A maidens beauty they will praiſe,
till they have caught her in a ſnare

But if yonders Tower was full of gold,
and thou couldſt give it unto me,
Until I'm wed, I never would
loſe one dram of my Virginity.

The second part, to the same Tune, 134

Tho foolish Knacks some maids entice,
to yield unto a young mans will;
Then leave them in fools Paradice,
and of repenting they have their fill.

For hasty marriage ne'er proves good,
so it behoves me to be coy;
Altho I'm young I understand
that in my freedom's all my joy.

So for this time, good Sir, adew,
my Mother she for me doth stay;
And when I hear your heart is true,
you then shall hear what I will say.

Till then what e'er me betide,
let wealth or sorrow come to me,
Until that I am made a Bride,
I never mean to turn to thee.

Man.

But wilt thou be gone my love and joy,
and leave me in this place alone,
The cherping Birds will cease their notes,
to hear me make my grievous moan.

The waters which are here so deep,
without a shroud my grave shall be;
My body shall the fishes feed,
if once you do depart from me.

Therefore as thou'rt a Virgin pure,
and I think thee to be no less,
Some comfort now to me procure,
to ease my grief and heaviness.

Be not a talk to other maids,
that they behind your back should say,
She was so peevish and so coy,
she cast her first true love away.

Then turn to me my own dear heart,
and I my self will turn to thee;
For thou and I will never part,
whilst life and breath remains in me.

Maid.

I would not for ten thousand Worlds,
that any friend of mine should say;
I was so peevish and so coy,
to cast my dearest love away.

But where he is I cannot tell,
no, nor yet do I know his name;
Yet you pretend that you art him,
with protestations on the same.

Yet a further trial I will have,
e're that the true loves knot I tye;
Before I'll match to be a slave,
I'd rather by this knife to dye.

Tho some don't look before they leap,
I will be weary of such things;
For whilst I'm single I live well,
but marriage many troubles brings.

You say you'be House, you say you'be Land,
yet all that does not please my mind,
Your looks doth shew you dogged are,
and wilt not to a Wife prove kind.

Then what will riches profit me,
if I have not a quiet life:
A Lady that lives discontentedly,
she'd better be a Hoggerds wife.

Man.

I can say no less, my only dear,
these words are true you tell to me:
When man and wife doth live at strife,
be sure no blessing there can be.

But a loving man of me thou'st find,
As any lives beneath the Sun,
I ever to thee will prove kind,
I'll ne'er think much of what thou'st done.

My promise I will keep and hold,
so long as life remains in me,
If thou wants Silver or good Gold,
I strait will give it unto thee.

Therefore the bargain let us seal
with a kiss or two that is so sweet.
And so much then he did prevail,
that lovingly she did him greet.

Now she no longer doth seem coy;
and this is all the young mans song,
Now I have gained my love and joy,
we will be wedded ere be long.

And what he spoke he did fulfil,
so far as I do understand,
They went to Church with friends good will,
and strait was married out of hand.

Thus all young Lovers they may learn,
where e'er they do go or come:
Young men if once a bargain you make,
be sure that you do strike it home.

For long delays does ne'er prove good,
a modest and a civil Girl,
Tho she is poor and thou art rich,
yet love outpasses Gold or Pearl.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright* and *J. Clark.*

The Rag-man:

OR,

A company that fell at oddes one day,
Which of them ſhould carry the Cunny skins away,
They ſtrove who ſhould have it, but none of them wiſe,
For the Vſurer and the Divell carry away the prize.

To the Tune of *Vpon the higheſt Mountaines*, or *The abſence of my Miſtreſſe*.

THere was a Ragman and a mad man
As they travelled on a day,
There came a Begger and a Bagman
And ſtole the Cunny skins away:
Quoth the mad man
to the Ragman
I have it in my braine,
to make the Begger
and the Bagman
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Then with a cup of ſuddle
The mad man he did take
The Bagman on the noddle
Till his braines began to ake,
till the Begger
he did ſtagger
He had drunke himſelfe ſo blind:
thus they payd them
till they made them
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Lock-ſmith and a drinker
As they went forth on a day,
They met a Black-ſmith and a Tinker
Stole the Cunny skins away:
quoth the Lock-ſmith
to the drinker
I will take him o're the braine,
I'le make the Black-ſmith
and the Tinker
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Thou ſhalt finde me as good mettle
The drinker he did ſay,
As any is in his Kettle
He beates upon each day:
quoth the Lock-ſmith
(then the Black-ſmith)
Alſo by me ſhall finde
Ile ſo ſuddle
Vulcans noddle,
Till he leave the skins behind

There was a Cobler and a Brazeman
As they did meet one day,
There came a Carman and a Plowman
Stole the Cunny skins away,
quoth the Cobler
to the Brazeman
We'le ſo torricate the braine
we'le make the Carman
and the Plowman
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

We will call them to a parly,
The Brazeman thus did ſay,
How they ſow their Oates and Barley,
And how they cut their graſſe and hay,
then the Carman
leg and armeman
With Barly broth we'le bind,
we'le not forſake them
till we make them
Leave the Cunny skins behinde.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

IT was a Joyner and a Ropemaker
As they met on the way
There came a Brewer and a Baker
Stole the Cunny skins away
quoth the Joyner
to the Ropemaker
Tis in a merry vaine.
make the Brewer
and the Baker
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Quoth the Joyner to the Brewer
Though that malt in price doe fall
Yet still he will be sure
For to make his drinke too small
the Ropemaker
told the Baker
Your knavery we shall finde
which if we take you
we shall make you
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Glover and a Weaver
As they met on the way.
There came a Fidler and a Pedler
Stole the Cunny skins away.
quoth the Glover
to the Weaver
I will take him on the braine,
wee'le make the Fidler
and the Pedler
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

The Weaver with his Treadle
So fell about him laid
Till the Fidler pull'd out's Fiddle
And then a leſſon playd
with the Glover
with ſtrong liquor
So well their caps had lin'd
which made the Fidler
and the Pedler
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Broaker and a Taylor
As they met on a day
Came the hangman and the Jaylor
Stole the Cunny skins away
quoth the Broker
to the Taylor
we'le take them on the braine,
and make the hangman
and the Jaylor,
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

Quoth the Broaker, if the hangman
I chance withall to méete
His ſides I will ſo bang (man)
He ſhall hardly ſtand on's féete,
quoth the Taylor
with the Jaylor
No pleaſure I can finde,
but if we take them
we ſhall make them
Leave the Cunny skins behind.

It was a Royſter and a Revell
As they did méet one day,
Came an Uſurer and the Devill
Stole the Cunny skins away.
quoth the Royſter
To the Revell
Wee'le take them on the braine
wee'le make the Uſurer
and the Devill
Bring the Cunny skins againe.

The Royſter with his Rapier
At the Devill he did runne,
And at him he did vapour,
But could not make him ſhunne.
whilſt the Revell
he did cavell
Crying out we have foule play
for the Uſurer
and the Devill
Beares the Cunny skins away.

London Printed for *Fr. Grove* dwelling on Snow-hill. Finis. John Lockey.

The Iovial Pedler.

OR,

A merry new Ditty
Which is both harmleſſe
Pleaſant and witty.

To a pleaſant new tune.

Here was a Jovial Pedler,
And he cryde Cony-skins,
On his back he had a pack
Full of points and pins,
With laces and braces
And other pretty things.
Hey down he down
With a hey down, down,
Down, derry, derry, down,
The Pedler, never sins
But still doth cry
So merry merrily,
Maids have you any Cony, Cony-skins.

Maids bring out your Cony-skins,
The Pedler doth you pray
For them you may have points or pins
[illegible] grey,

The Pedler to an Ale-house went
And call'd for beere and ale,
In midst of all his merriment
His purse began to faile.
His laces and braces
And all his pretty things
hey down,
With a hey down, down,
Down.

When he came to pay the shot
His heart grew very cold,
For he had broke a black pot
Which made his Dame to scold,
And all his money spent
Which made him to lament
hey down
With a hey

The Pedler took his cony-skins,
And his Cob-web Lawn,
The Pedler took his points and pins,
laid them there to pawn:
[illegible] and braces,

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

THe Pedler he went drunk to bed,
And when he did awake,
When he remembred what he did,
It made his heart to ake.
His Miſſe had his ware,
And left him very bare.
hey down

He to his Miſſe faire did ſay,
And did prevaile ſo farre,
He got his ware of her again,
And took his leave of her:
He tok up his pack
And hung it on his back.
hey down.

The high-way it was very deep
Which ſorely troubled him,
Through the water did he creep,
And ſet his ware to ſwim:
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down,

The Pedler on a hill did get,
And laid his ware to dry,
His cony-ſkins was very wet.
Which grieved him wondrouſly
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down,

The Pedler he fell faſt aſleep,
And as aſleep he lay:
Up the hill a Knave did creep,
And ſtole his ware away,
His laces and braces,
And all his pretty things.
hey down.

The Pedler waked from his ſleep,
found his ware was gone,
hey down,
With an empty pack
To ſhew what he did lack
hey down.

There was two lovely Laſſe,
That in one houſe did dwell.
The one of them was bony Kate,
The other bouncing Nell:
And either of them both had Cony-skins to ſell.
hey down

Kate brought forth her Cony-skins
From under neath the faires,
They were as black as any Jet,
And full of ſilver haires.
The Pedler would have bought them
Rather then his eares.
hey down,

Nell brought forth hers to ſell
One of another view,
They were as good as good might be
And that the Pedler knew.
The ſawcy Jack ſet down his pack,
And ſet his wares to view,
hey down

Belle went tripping o're the green
With one poore Cony-skin,
Becauſe ſhe would not have it ſeene,
Or known where ſhe had bin:
She cloſely hid the ſame
Untill the Pedler came.
hey down,

The Maidens of Camberwell
Brought forth their skins,
But when they came their wares to tell,
The Pedler had no pins,
Nor laces, nor braces,
Nor fut, pretty things.
hey down,

The Maidens have troſte
With their Cony ſkins,
And he hath mumm'd

171

A New, Rare, and Exellent ſonnet of A Brave and luſty youth full Groome, that Was in Love and could not tell with Whom.

To the Tune of, *Bodkins Galiard.*

YOu gentile Nimphs that on the Peddowes play,
and oft relate the Lobes of Shepeards young,
Come ſit you downe if that you pleaſe to ſtay,
now may you heare an uncouth paſſion Song:
A Lad there is an I am that poor groome.
That's fall'n in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not ſmile at ſorrow as a ieſt:
with others cares good natures mobed be,
And I ſhould weepe if you had my unreſt.
then at my griefe: how can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pitty now become;
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I that habe oft the rareſt featurs vieu'd
and beauty in her beſt perfection ſeen,
I that habe laught at them that Lobe purſu'd.
and ever free from ſuch perfection bean,
Lo now at laſt ſo cruel is my doome,
I am in love, andnot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh burſting with deſire,
yet cannot tell from whence theſe longings flow,
My heen doth burne, but the that lights the fire,
I neber ſaw. nor can I come to know,
So great a bliſſe my fortune keepes me from,
That though I dearly love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice foure Spzings renued ſeen,
the force of beauty I began to prabe.
And ere I nine reares old had fully beye,
it taught me how to frame a ſound of lobe,
And little thought I this day ſhould habe come,
Before that I to love had found out whom.

For on my Chin the Mooſy downe ye ſee,
and in my beines well heated blood doth glow,
Of Summers I habe ſeene twice three times three,
and faſt my youth full time a way doth goe:
That much I feare, I age ſhall become
And ſtill complain I love, I know not whom.

Oh why had I a heart beſtow'd on me,
to cherish deare affections ſo inclin'd
Sines I am ſo unhappy born to be.
no object for ſo true lobe to find,
When I am dead it will be miſt ſo ſome,
Yet now I live, I love, I know not whom.

I to a thouſand beauteous Nimphs are knowne,
a hundred Ladies fabours do I ſware,
I with as many halfe in lobe am growne,
yet none of them I find can be my Deare.
Me thinks I habe a Miſtreſſe yet to come,
Which makes me ſing, I love I know not whom.

45. 6. 28. 187

'P'

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

THere lives no ſwaine doth ſtronger paſſion proue
for her, whom moſt he couets to poſſeſſe,
Then doth my heart, that being full of loue,
knowes not to whom it may the ſame profeſſe,
For he that is deſpis'd hath ſorow ſome,
but he hath more, that loves and knowes not whom.

Knew I my lobe as many others doe,
to ſome one obiect might my thoughts be beat,
So they dibided, wandring ſhould not goe,
untill the ſoules united force be ſpent,
As he that ſeekes, and neber findes a home,
Such is my reſt, that loves and know not whom.

Thoſe whom the frownes of ſealous frinds dibine,
may libe to meet and deſcant of their woe,
And he hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride,
that durſt not woe his Maid a while ago,
But oh what ends unto my hopes can come,
That am in love, ahd cannot tel with whom.

Poore Collin grieues that he was late diſdain'd,
and Clores doth for Willies abſence pine,
Sad Thirſis weepes for his ſcbe Phebe pain'd,
but all their ſorrowes cannot equall mine,
A greater care on me, alas is come,
I am in love, and connot tell with whom.

Narciſſus like did I affect my ſhade,
ſume ſhade to yet I had to dote upon
My did I lobe ſome Image of the dead,
whoſe ſubſtance had not breathed long agone,
I might deſpare, und ſo an end would come,
But oh I love, and cannot tell with whom.

Once in a dreame me thought my Lobe I biew'd
but neber waking could her face behold,
And doubtleſſe that reſemblance was but ſhew'd,
that more my tyred hart tormented ſhould,
For ſince that time more grieb'd I am become,
And more in love, and cannot tell with, whom.

When on my bed at night to reſt I lie,
my watchfull eyes with teares bedew my cheeks,
And then, oh would once were day I cry,
yet when it comes I am as farre to ſeeke,
For who can tell though all the earth be c me,
Or when, or where to find he knowes not whom.

Or if ſhe be amongſt the beauteous traines
of all the Nimphes that hunt the ſeberall Hills,
Or if you know her Ladies of the plaines,
or you that habe your Bowers on the Hils,
Tell if youcan who will my lobe be come,
Or I ſhall die, and never know of whom.

London Printed for F. C. J. W. T. V. W. G.

The Prodigal Son Converted,
OR
The Young-man return'd from his Rambles.

Wit ne're till now, was cry'd about the ſtreet,
At the low rate o' a poor Penny ſheet;
Sharp times will make ſharp wits, not fear ſharp tongues,
'Tis we who money want which ſuffer wrongs;
You can't command a Poet with a frown
To write new Songs: but yours, for a Crown:
Here's that will pleaſe you ſure, and much befreind ye.
You'll thank the Author, if the Devil be n't in ye.

To a pleaſant New Play-houſe Tune call'd *The Delights of the Bottle*, &c.

The delights & the pleaſures
of a man without care,
For the preſent are ſweet,
but th' end proves a ſnare,
The extravagant youth,
who in Frolicks runs mad,
Being vitious o're much.
will have cauſe to be ſad.
Debauches are ſorrows,
and robs us of reſt,
'Tis the temperate man
with enjoyment is bleſt.

From fifteen till thirty
ſuch halfe of my time,
I have lived in excels,
and have thought it no crime.
My Father being dead,
I was left a young fool,
Companion for none,
but for boys in the ſchool.
Debauches are ſorrows
and robs us of reſt
'Tis the temperate man
with enjoyment is bleſt.

Then ſome of my friends
did begin for to chat
That I had an eſtate
I ſoon hearken'd to that,
And I quickly found Tutors
to ſhow me the way,
In ranting and roaring
to ſpend night and day;
Theſe tickl'd my fancy
with vice all a-mode,
Then I muſt be riding
in that pleaſant Road.

I quickly arriv'd
to a wretched eſtate
To act what the Devil
could think or Create,
But ſince they are paſt
I will count it no ſin
To name them in order
as I did begin.
But my chief delight
was in vice all-a-mode,
And I often was riding
in that pleaſant Road

First

The Second part, To the ſame Tune.

FIrſt the Tavern me courted
to lend it ſome coin,
And to taſte of theſe bleſſings
that ſprang from the vine,
Which I found to be pleaſant
and always inviting
So ſweet is that ſin,
which we moſt do delight in
The Fidlers to curſe
and the drawers command
Is enough for thoſe Fops
who no more underſtand.

The Bottles of Bacchus
did my ſtrength obercome,
And with empty Pockets
ſent me reeling home,
Sick qualms of the ſtomach
did blame my hard drinking,
But I counted repentance
was ſcarce worth my thinking;
The Fidlers to curſe
and the drawers command
Is enough for thoſe Fops
who no more underſtand.

When high for a Wench
when my blood it was warm,
If ſhe were but in rags
ſhe might eaſily charm,
And enjoy all I had
if ſhe ſeem'd to be kind;
And would ſimper out Wawdy
to tickle my mind;
Then home to her lodging
ſhe might eaſily draw me,
My flames made me bold
that I car'd not who ſaw me.

Though it was but a hole
where this Lady did ly,
Yet ſhe made me amends
you ſhall hear by and by
With a kiſs and a ſmile
and a ſigh all-a-mode
She guided my hand to
the very right Road,
Which home to her lodging
full often did draw me
My joyes were ſo great
that I car'd not who ſaw me.

What ſport I ſoon learn'd,
and that which is worſe,
She taught me to ſwear
to damn and to curſe,
That in half a years time
I had practic'd ſo well,
That for drinking and whoring
there's none did excells,
For ſwearing and curſing
in common diſcourſe,
I thought, if left out,
made my language the worſe.

Then next to accompliſh
my ſelf like a man,
I muſt learn for to game well,
as faſt as I can:
With ſome Bully Hector,
I muſt venture a pound,
There's enough of thoſe blades
that may quickly be found,
For ſwearing and curſing
in common diſcourſe,
And to win all my Guinneys
which I bought much worſe.

All which by degrees
my eſtate did ſo waſte,
I began to think that
I made too much haſte
Being cloy'd with enjoyments
of ſuch foolish pleaſure,
I'le now lead my life in
a temperate meaſure
Yet with a true friend
merry and jolly,
With a Bottle or two
I do count it no folly.

What we drink in ſtrength
makes the appetite dull,
And empties the bags
be they never ſo full:
It ſhortens our lives
and deprives us of health
Then Young men beware
and make much of your wealth
Yet with a true friend
to be merry and jolly,
With a Bottle or two
I do count it no folly.

Printed for R. Burton, at the *Horſe-ſhoe* in *Weſt-Smithfield*.

16.

A pleaſant Song made by a Souldier, whoſe brining up had been dainty: and partly by thoſe affections of his unbridled youth is now beaten with his own rod: and therefore termeth this his Repentance, or the fall of Folly.

To an excellent tune, called, *Calino*.

IN Summer time when Phœbus rayes,
Did chèr each mortall mans delight,
Increaſing of the chèrfull dayes,
and cutting of the darkſome nights.
When nature brought fourth every thing
By juſt return of Aprill ſhowers,
To make the pleaſant Branches ſpring,
with ſundry ſorts of herbs and flowers.

It was my chance to walk abroad,
To view Dame Natures new come brood
The pretty Birds did lay on load,
with ſagred tunes in every wood.
The gallant Nightingale did ſet
Her ſpeckled breſt againſt a Briar.
Whoſe mournfull tunes bewail (as yet)
her brother Tereus falſe deſire.

The Serpents having caſt their coats
Lay liſtning how the Birds did ſing,
The pretty Birds with ſagred notes,
did welcome in the pleaſant ſpring.
I drew me to the Grèn-wood ſide,
To hear this Country harmony,
Whereas er'e long I had eſpy'd,
a wofull man in miſery.

He lay alone upon the ground,
And to the Heavens he caſt his eye,
The bordering Hills and Dales reſound,
the eccho's of his piteous cry.
He wailing ſorts, and ſighing ſaid,
Oh Heavens what endleſſe grief have I,
Why are my ſorrows thus delaid
come therefore death and let me die.

When Nature firſt had made my frame,
And ſet me looſe when ſhe had done,
Steps Fortune in that fickle Dame,
to end what Nature had begun.
She ſet my feet upon her knée,
And bleſt my tender age with ſtore,
But in the end ſhe did agrée,
to mar what ſhe had made before.
I could no ſooner créep alone,
But ſhe forſook her foſtered child.
I had no lands to live upon,
but trac'd abroad the world ſo wild.

At length I fell in company,
With gallant Youth's of Mars his train,
I ſpent my life in jeopardy,
and got my labour for my pain.
I watched on the fleeced walls,
In thunder, lightning rain and ſnow
And oft being ſhot with powdred Balls,
whoſe coſtly markes are yet to ſhow.

When all my kindred took their reſt,
At home in many a ſtately Bed,
The ground and pavement was my neſt,
my Flask a pillow for my head,
My meat was ſuch as I could get.
Of Roots and Herbs of ſundry ſorts,
Which did content my hungry mind.
although my commons were but ſhort.

My powder ſerv'd to ſalt my meat,
My Parrion for a guilded Cup,
Whereas ſuch drink as I could get
in Spring or Ditch I drank it up.
My Rapier alwayes by my ſide,
My Piece lay charg'd with match e light,
Thus many a month I did abide,
to ward all day and watch by night.

I lived in this glorious vain.
Untill my limbs grew ſtiff and lame,
And thus I got me home again
regarding no ſuch coſtly fame.
When I came home I made a proof,
What friends would do if néed ſhould be,
My neareſt kinſfolks lookt aloof,
as though they had forgotten me.

And as the Owl by chattering charmes
Is wondred at of other Birds
So they came wondring at my harms,
and yéeld me no relief but words.
Thus do I want while they have ſtore
That am their equall every way.
Though fortune lent them ſomwhat more
elſe had I bèen as good as they.

Come gent'e Death and end my grief,
Ye pretty Birds ring forth my knell
Let Robin red-breaſt be the chief,
to bury me and ſo farewell.
Let no good Souldier lie diſmaid,
To fight in Field with courage bold,
Yet mark the words that I have ſaid,
truſt not to friends when thou art old.

L. C. L. 98.

K

A pleaſant new Song of two Valentines and their Lovers.
The tune is, Did you ſee Nan to day.

192.

GOod morrow Valentine,
God bleſſe you ever,
Kind in your promiſes
faithfull was never.
Be thou ſtill true to me,
The kindeſt heart Ile be,
That ever you did ſée,
kiſſe and good morrow.

I like my choyce ſo well,
Love doth compell me,
And force my tongue to tell,
the truth is I love thée,
Kindly I do requeſt,
That in your heart and breſt,
My love may ever reſt.
kiſſe, &c.

There was never kind ſweet heart
That lufted for pleaſure,
Could find ſuch a Valentine
paſſing all treaſure.
I have obtain'd the thing,
Which to my heart doth bring
Great joy which makes me ſing:
kiſſe. &c.

When others ſléep in bed
I lye ſtill muſing,
To think on my good hap,
I had in chuſing.
To find ſuch a Valentine,
Bearing a faithfull mind,
Courteous love and kind,
kiſſe, &c.

There is an old proverb
That birds of a Feather,
Upon St. Valentines day,
will méet all together,
So when true Lovers mét,
With many a kiſſe full ſwét,
That day each other greet
with kiſſe and good morrow.

All you that have Valentines
If they be faithful,
You have a great bleſſing,
therefore be thankfull
And kind to them again,
For elſe I tel you plain,
Much love is ſpent in vain,
kiſſe and good morrow

If my Valentine for my ſake
Would be a Neat-heard,
Wo! could I find in heart
to be a Shepheard,
To kéep ſhéep on a hill,
So I might have my wil,
To talk with her my fil,
while my flock ſcatters.

Shal I live to deny
My Valentine for ever,
Refrain her company,
that wil I never,
For if I her reſtrain,
I muſt not come again.
Nor for all worldly gain,
for love laſts ever.

Adieu to my true Love,
Whom I loved ever,
When I am out of ſight,
let not your mind waver:
Though Valentines day be gone,
And we not both as one,
My love to thée alone
ſhal be for ever.

God night to my Valentine,
Now I have ended,
To ſtay any longer,
I cannot intend it.
I wiſh all young-men kind,
That bear a faithful mind,
To give their Valentine
a kiſſe and good morrow.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertſon.

A ſweet Sonnet, wherein the Lover exclaimeth againſt

Fortune for the loſs of his Ladies favour, almoſt paſt hope to get again, and in the end receives a comfortable anſwer, and attains his deſire, as may here appear.

To the tune of, Fortune my Foe.

The Lovers complaint for the loſs of his Love.

The Ladies comfortable and pleaſant Anſwer.

FOrtune my foe, why doſt thou frown on me
And will thy favour never better be?
Will thou I ſay for ever breed my pain,
And wilt thou not reſtore my joys again.
Fortune hath wrought my grief & great annoy
Fortune hath falſly ſtoln my love away;
My love and joy, whoſe ſight did make me glad
Such great misfortunes never young man had
Had fortune took my treaſure and my ſtore,
Fortune had never Griev'd me half ſo ſore,
But taking her whereon my heart did ſtay,
Fortune thereby hath took my life away;
Far worſe then death my life I lead in woe,
With bitter thoughts ſtill toſſed too and fro,
O cruel chance, thou breeder of my pain,
Take life or elſe reſtore my love again.
In vain I ſigh, in vain I wail and weep,
In vain mine eyes refrain from quiet ſleep,
In vain I ſhed my tears both night and day,
In vain my love my ſorrows do bewray.
My love doth not my piteous plaint eſpy,
Nor feels my love what griping grief I try;
Full well may I falſe fortunes deeds reprove,
Fortune that ſo unkindly keeps my love.
Where ſhould I ſeek or ſearch my love to find,
When fortune fleets and wavers like the wind
Sometimes aloft, ſometimes again below,
Thus tottering fortune tottereth too and fro.
Then will I leave my love in fortunes hands,
My deareſt love in moſt unconſtant bands,
And only ſerve the ſorrows due to me,
Sorrow hereafter, thou ſhalt my Miſtreſs be.
And only joy, that ſometimes conquers Kings,
Fortune that rules on earth & earthly things,
So that alone I live not in this woe,
For many more hath fortune ſerved ſo.
No man alive can fortunes ſpight withſtand,
with wiſdom skill, or mighty ſtrength of hand,
In mid'ſt of Mirth ſhe bringeth bitter Moan,
And woe to me that hath her hatred known.
If wiſdoms eyes had but blind fortune ſeen,
Then had my love, my love for ever been;
Then love farewel, though fortune favour thée
No fortune frail ſhall ever conquer me.

AY ſilly ſoul, art thou ſo ſore afraid?
Mourn not my dear nor be not ſo diſmaid,
Fortune cannot with all her power and skill,
Enforce my heart to think thée any ill.
Blame not thy chance, nor envy at thy choice,
No cauſe thou haſt to curſe, but to rejoyce.
Fortune ſhall not thy joy and love deprive,
If by my love it may remain alive.
Receive therefore thy life again to thee,
Thy life and love ſhall not be loſt by me,
And while thy heart upon thy life do ſtay,
Fortune ſhall never ſteal the ſame away.
Live thou in bliſs, and baniſh death to Hell,
All careful thoughts ſée thou from thée expel;
As thou doth with thy love agrees to be,
For proof whereof behold I come to thee.
In vain therefore do neither wail nor Weep:
In vain therefore break not thy quiet ſleep,
Waſt not in vain thy time in ſorrow ſo,
For why thy love delights to eaſe thy woe.
Full well thy love thy privy pangs doth ſee,
And ſoon thy love will ſend to ſuccour thee:
Tho well thou mayſt falſe fortunes déeds re-
Yet cannot fortune kéep away thy love. (prove
Nor will thy love at fortunes back abide,
Whoſe fickle wheel doth often ſlip aſide,
And never think that fortune beareth ſway,
If vertue watch, and will not her obey.
Pluck up thy heart ſuppreſt with briniſh tears
Torment me not but take away thy fears;
Thy Miſtriſs mind brooks no unconſtant bands,
Much leſs to live in ruling fortunes hands.
Though mighty Kings by fortune get the foyl,
Looſing thereby their travel and their toyl;
Though fortune be to me a cruel foe,
Fortune ſhall not make me to ſerve thee ſo.
For fortunes ſpight thou needſt not care a pin,
For thou thereby ſhall neither looſe nor win,
If faithful love and favour I do find,
My recompence ſhall not remain behind.
Dye not in fear, nor live not diſcontent,
Be thou not ſlain where never blood was ment
Revive again, to faint thou haſt no need,
The leſs afraid, the better thou ſhalt ſpeed.

L. 6. 22. 71.

A ſweet Sonnet; wherein the Lover Exclaimeth againſt Fortune, for the loſſe of his Ladyes favour, almoſt paſt hope to get again, and in the end receives a comfortable anſwer and attains his deſire, as may here appear.

The tune is, Fortune my Foe.

The Lovers complaint for the loſſe of his Love.

FOrtune my Foe why doſt thou frown on me?
And will thy favour never better be?
Will thou I ſay for ever bred my pain?
And will thou not reſtore my joyes again?

Fortune hath wrought my grief and great decay
Fortune hath falſly ſtolne my Love away,
My love and joy whoſe ſight did make me glad,
Such great miſfortunes never Youngman had.

Had Fortune tak my treaſure and my ſtore,
Fortune had never griev'd me half ſo ſore,
But taking her whereon my heart did ſtay,
Fortune thereby hath tak my life away.

Far worſe then death my life I lead in woe,
With bitter thoughts ſtill toſſed to and fro.
O cruell chance thou breeder of my pain,
Take life or elſe reſtore my love again.

In vain I ſigh in vain I wail and weep,
In vain mine eies reſtrain from quiet ſleep,
In vain I ſhed my tears both night and day,
In vain my ſobs my ſorrows do bewray.

My love doth not my piteous plaint eſpie,
Nor feels my love what griping grief I trie,
Full well may I fall Fortunes deeds reprove
Fortune that ſo unkindly keeps my love.

Where ſhould I ſeek or ſearch my Love to find,
When Fortune fleets and wavers as the wind,
Sometimes aloft ſometimes again below,
Thus tottering Fortune totter-eth to and fro,

Then will I leave my love in Fortunes hands,
My deareſt Love in moſt unconſtant hands,
And onlie ſerve the ſorrow due to me,
Sorrow hereafter thou ſhalt my miſtris be.

And onlie joy that ſometimes conquers Kings,
Fortune thus rules on earth and earthly things,
So that alone I live not in this woe,
For manie more hath Fortune ſerved ſo.

No man alive can Fortunes ſpight withſtand.
By wiſeome ſkill or mighty ſtrength of hand.
In midſt of mirth ſhe bringeth bitter moan,
And woe to me that hath her hatred known

If wiſdomes eyes had but blind Fortune ſeen.
Then had my Love my Love for ever been,
Then love farewell though fortune conquer thee
No Fortune frail ſhall ever conquer me.

The Ladyes comfortable and pleaſant Anſwer.

AHilſte Soul art thou ſo ſore afraid,
Mourn not my Dear nor be not ſo diſmaid
Fortune cannot with all her power nor ſkill,
Enforce my heart to think thee any ill.

Blame not thy chance nor envie not thy choice
No cauſe thou haſt to curſe but to rejoyce.
Fortune ſhall not thy joy and love deprive.
If by my love it may remain alive.

Receive therefore thy life again to thee
Thy life and love ſhall not be loſt by me
And while thy heart upon thy life doth ſtay
Fortune ſhall never ſteal the ſame away;

Live thou in bliſſe and baniſh death to hell
All carefull thoughts ſee thou from thee expell;
As thou doſt wiſh thy Love agrees to be.
For proof thereof behold I come to thee:

In vain therefore do neither wail nor weep,
In vain therefore break not thy quiet ſleep:
Waſt not in vain thy time in ſorrow ſo:
For why thy love delights to eaſe thy woe

Full well thy love thy pitie pangs doth ſee,
And ſoon thy love will ſend to ſuccour thee.
Tho wel thou maiſt falſe Fortunes deeds reprove
Yet cannot Fortune keep away thy love.

Nor will thy love at Fortunes back abide,
Whoſe fickle wheele doth often ſlip aſide.
And never think that Fortune beareth ſway.
If Vertue watch and will not her obey,

Pluck up thy heart ſuppreſt with brinish tears,
Torment thee not but take away thy fears.
Thy Miſtris mind brooks no unconſtant bands,
Much leſſe to live in ruling fortunes hands.

Though mightie Kings by Fortune get the foile
Loſing thereby their travell and their toile,
Though Fortune be to them a cruell Foe,
Fortune ſhall not make me to ſerve thee ſo,

For Fortunes ſpight thou needſt not care a pin
For thou thereby ſhalt neither loſe nor win,
If faithfull love and favour I do find
My recompence ſhall not remain behind,

Die not in fear nor live not diſcontent,
Be thou not ſlain where never blood was meant,
Revive again to faint thou haſt no need.
The leſſe afraid the better thou ſhalt ſpeed,

200

The Young-Mans hard ſhift for a Maiden-Head.

With the wenches Lamentation for the loſſe of the ſame,
Complaining of *William* who was much too blame,
Who promis'd her Marriage but hath quite undone her,
Since that he hath robbed her now of her honour.
The tune is, *Bar up the doore,*

My pretty Turtle-Dove my Love and hearts delight,
in whom my joy and my comfort doth reſt.
Take pitty on me now this cold tempeſtuous night,
both wet and weary and ſorely diſtreſt,
I travel'd five miles to ſee your ſweet face,
O let me in quickly it raineth a pace.
Methinks this ſhould move you to pitty my caſe,
Come away pretty Betty and open the door.

Do not diſſemble you to prolong my miſery,
you ſhall be welcome to me in your Smock,
More welcome then you were in all your bravery
look not for the key for it is in the lock.
Come ſlip on your ſlippers and trip down the ſtairs
And make no great noyſe leſt 'twap lengthen our fears
Then make haſt unto me and ſhorten my cares,
Come away &c.

Do not ſay tis cold when thou ſlipſt out of bed,
if thou be'ſt cold I will warm thee again,
With thought of a Baby thy fancy ſhall be fed,
Ile ſhew thee ſuch ſport dear thou ſhalt not complain
When thou art below love and I am above,
Ile ſhew thee ſuch ſport as thy mother did love,
I think I have ſpoken enough for to move,
Come away &c.

If Cupid ſtand my friend and hit thee in the dark,
I ſhall have hope to enjoy thee at laſt,
For I have heard it ſaid that he can hit the mark,
as well in the night as the day that is paſt.
If I be happy then Beſſe muſt be mine,
And in concluſion of force muſt be thine
Why ſhould not our hearts then together combine,
Come away, &c.

There's many proper Maids lives in this place hereby,
but you are the thief that hath ſtolen my heart,
Give me my heart again or yield to be my bride,
or elſe from thy lodging Ile never depart.
My heart thou haſt ſtole I look for relief,
But if you'l change with me Ile pardon the thief,
Come do it then quickly and eaſe all my grief,
Come away, &c.

Tis thou that may kill me or lengthen my life,
tis you may give me bliſſe or elſe my bane,
Tis you ſweet Betty may help me unto a wife,
tis you that may ſpoyle me and cure me again,
If you be diſpoſed to ruine me quite,
Reſolve and conclude then to do it to night,
You may at this preſent now kill me out right.
Come away &c.

When pretty Betty heard all that was ſpoken,
ſhe opened the doore and ſhe let him come in,
And ſhe cannot ſay but he left her a token,
to hug her and kiſſe her he now doth begin,
He ſo much prevailed that with her he lay,
And went away from her before break of day.
But ſhe followed after and thus ſhe did ſay,
Come away pretty William and open the door.

45 b. 22. 193

204.

SWeet William ope the doꝛ continue love to me,
shut not the doꝛ against me in disdain.
My heart is like to break I am with child by thee,
to none but to you now dare I complain,
Quoth William I have enough Betty of you,
But I hope quoth Betty you will not say so,
Foꝛ I have no power from you foꝛ to go,
Come away pretty William,&c.

I o'pt the doꝛ foꝛ you when you were cold and wet,
a frozen Serpent I warm'd in my bed,
Can you sweet William these kindnesses forget,
I took pitty on you when you were half dead.
But William made answer I prethee away,
Quoth Betty I cannot foꝛ here I must stay.
Tis you have undone me which makes me to say
Come away,&c.

If a man warm his feet in a fair Maidens bed,
Must he be followed and punisht beside,
Yes if he climb so high to get her Maiden head,
promise and then will not make her his bride,
Why did you not tell me then when I was at it.
The pleasant sport that we had made me forget it.
You do but dissemble foꝛ why well I wot it,
Come away,&c.

You say I stole your heart you have it now again,
would you could as well give me my Maiden heart
No sooner I lost it but I receiv'd my bane,
when I entertained you into my bed.
I cannot be blamed my mind foꝛ to break,
Foꝛ you should give lovers leave so to speak,
But foꝛ my rash folly my heart it doth ake,
Come away,&c.

Quoth William learn more wit I am to prove you,
men they may proffer but maids must say nay,
What ever I did say I here did love thee.
let this be your answer and so go your way.
But I hope quoth Betty you will yield anon,
No never quoth VVilliam I pray you be gone,
I cannot go further since I am undone,
Come away,&c.

But she could not prevail he barred up the doꝛ,
she might have done so ere she did begin
All you young Maidens take warning by her therefore,
keep fast your wicket and let none come in.
If youngmen do enter & they will go nigh
To scale the low walls of your Virginity.
Then you will be forced with Betty to cry
Come away pretty VVilliam and open the door.

Printed for VVilliam Gilbertson.

The Old Mans Complaint:

OR,

The Unequal Matcht Couple.

She pines and grieves, becauſe he cannot eaſe her,
He's old and feeble, therefore cannot pleaſe her;
She's young and wanton, and would have it fain,
And that's the cauſe why he doth thus complain.

To the Tune of, I prethee love turn to me.

O what a pittiful paſſion
it is to be ſick for love,
I now have a Girle in the faſhion,
but I fear ſhe will wanton prove:
For ever ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee;
She would have the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lyes in my knee.

My Wife is a neat young woman,
and I am an aged man;
I cannot tell how to pleaſe her,
do I the beſt I can:
For ever ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee;
She looks for the thing that I have not,
the cramp lies in my knee.

What hap had I for to wooe her,
I being ſo old and tough,
All that I can do unto her,
ſhe thinks it not half enough:
For ever ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee;
She looks for a thing that I have not,
the cramp lyes in my knee.

She ſits all the day a knitting,
earning of a penny,
Whilſt I abroad am getting
four groats of ready money:
And ſtill ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
I prethee Love turn to me;
She wants the thing that I have not,
O the cramp lyes in my knee

When I come home full weary,
and fain would go to reſt,
My wife ſhe makes me tarry,
to do what ſhe thinks beſt:
And ever ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
and I prethee Love turn to me;
She would have the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lies in my knee.

By four a clock in the morning
when I my reſt would take,
My wife ſhe keeps a turning,
and cauſes me to wake:
For ſtill ſhe cries, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee;
She looks for the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lyes in my knee.

The Second Part, to the ſame Tune. 213

WHen I ſeem to be ſleepy,
ſhe calls me drowſie Aſs;
And then for ſorrow weep I,
to think of my hard taſk:
For ever ſhe cries, O turn, turn,
I prethee now turn to me,
She looks for the thing that I have not,
O the cramp lies in my knee.

But now alas I am weary
of this my wretched life,
Before I lived full merry,
when I had never a wife:
For ſtill ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
I prethee now turn to me;
She wants the thing that I have not,
and alas what remedy!

Ample old fool muſt be doting
upon a young dainty bit,
But now alas I have nothing
that can her humour fit:
For ever ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
I prethee now turn to me;
She wants the thing that I have not,
the cramp lies in my knee.

I bought her a Petticoat,
to keep her from the cold,
And ſhe bought me a Night-cap,
becauſe that I was old:
But ever ſhe cries, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee;
She would have the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lyes in my knee.

For certain I was bewitched,
to marry a Girle ſo young,
She hoped for to be enriched,
but now I have done her wrong:
For ever ſhe cries, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to thee,
She wants the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lies in my knee.

But now I muſt be contented,
and bear it all patiently,
Though I am enough tormented,
yet muſt I not angry be;
For ſtill ſhe cryes, O turn, turn,
I prethee now turn to me;
She wants the thing that I have not,
for the cramp lies in my knee.

If that I may live at quiet,
and have what ever I lack,
Indifferent good diet,
and cloathing to my back:
O then let her cry turn, turn,
and I will turn to ſhe;
She ſhall have all that I can do,
ſince there is no remedy.

Then would I not care greatly,
if horning were my lot,
So that ſhe would carry it neatly,
my neighbours knew it not:
Then let her cry, O turn, turn,
and I will turn to ſhe;
She ſhall have all that I can do,
do the reſt who will for me.

Finis.

London, Printed for Richard Burton, at the Horſhooe in Smithfield.

222

The Lovers Fancy.

Or

True Love requited with Conſtancy:

Being a Civil Diſcourſe between John *and* Anne.

The Young man he was conſtant unto the end,
The Maid at laſt ſhe prov'd his loving friend:
Young Men and Maids that ſtand to hear this *Song*,
Then mind it well, do not each other wrong:
Young Men, prove conſtant, faithful, true and juſt,
And then the Maids may better to you truſt.

To the tune of Loves Fancy.

AS lately abroad I was walking,
it was in the prime of the ſpring,
I eſpied two Lovers were talking
the birds they did ſweetly ſing:
I liſtned a while unto them
to hear what theſe Lovers did ſay:
The young man he kindly woo'd her
and call'd her his Love and his joy,
And often he ſaid ſweet Nancy
I love thee as dear as my life
And conſtant I'le prove unto thee
if thou wilt but be my wife.

The young man was handſome & pretty
the maid ſhe was wondrous fair
There is not two more in the City
I think, that can with them compare,
Then liſten a while you Lovers
to what in my Ditty is pen'd,
And ſee that you prove as conſtant
and faithful unto the end:
And he began to woo her
to tell her ſome part of his mind
And often he ſaid unto her
I prethee ſweet Nancy be kind.

Come hither my amorous Girl,
I prethee come ſit down by me;
I love thee far better than Pearl,
if that we two can but agree:
Long time I have truly lov'd thee;
but never till now could I find
A place that was more convenient
to tell thee ſome part of my mind:
Then prethee ſit down, ſweet Nancy,
I love thee as dear as my life,
And conſtan I'le prove unto thee,
if thou wilt but be my wife.

Maid.

O Sir! you have been a ſtranger,
I have not ſeen you a great while;
What fortune had I for to meet thee
thou makeſt my worſhip to ſmile:
Surely you do come for to woo me
your tongue is ſo nimbly doth run,
But if that you ſhould diſſemble,
then ſurely I were undone
For young men will cog & diſſemble
alſo they will flatter & lie
And ſpeak much in praiſe of maids beauty
only their humors to try.

Man.

TO speak Love in praise of thy Beauty
it is but a needless thing
For it is for pure love that I woo thee
and Love it will conquer a King:
Brave Lords they submit unto it,
and Ladies are forc'd to obey.
Then prethee love, prove not cruel
nor cast not a man away,
Then prethee sit down sweet Nancy
I love thee as dear as my life,
And constant I'le prove unto thee
if thou wilt but be my wife.

Maid.

To tell me of love is but folly
for which I do plainly see
When as a young couple are married
and fall into Poverty;
Then Love it is quickly fading
my true love it falls to decay,
Then prethee do not dissemble
nor seek a maid to betray:
For my mother hath often told me,
and sometimes hath beaten me
And sweares she will never abide me
if that I should marry with thee.

Man.

I fear not thy friends displeasure
nor yet if thy mother do frown
For thou art my choicest treasure
of all the maids in the town:
I prize thee far better then Rubies
or Pearl that is placed in Gold,
Thy sight it doth so rejoyce me
when as I thy person behold
Then prethee sit down sweet Nancy
I love thee as dear as my life
and constant I will prove to thee
if thou wilt but be my wife.

Maid.

You say you will prove constant
and love me as dear as your life
Also you do vow to be faithful
if that I will but be thy wife:
But what hast thou for to maintain me
that's a thing to be consider'd on:
Come tell me & do not dissemble
or else prethee let me be gon.
For young men will promise great matters
when as they a woing do go
But when that they once are married,
maids find it is nothing so.

Man,

To tell the of Lands or livings,
I need not the same to repeat
For truly love I have none for thee
but what with my hands I must get
Yet labour I will to maintain thee,
and work till my fingers are sore:
Then prethee love do not disdain me
why canst thou desire more?
Then turn to me Nancy & kisse me
and grant me a loving reply,
For if that thou prove cruel
surely for love I shall dye.

I scorn for to beg or to flatter, 22
or promise thee more then I have
Yet truly I'le do my endeavour love,
all that I can get for to save,
I'le give it to thee my Hony
to buy the what ere thou dost lack
Provision to nourish thy body
and cloaths to put on thy back:
Then turn to me Nancy & kisse me
and grant me a loving reply
For if that thou prove cruel
surely for love, &c

Maid.

You speak very honest and civil
but yet I am loath for to yield;
But many a stout-hearted Souldier
is forc't for to give up the field,
And if I should yield unto thee
to marry thee and be thy wife,
And that I should not live in quiet
and peace all the days of my life,
Then sure my heart would be broken;
nay, Maidens would laugh and would say
That there goes as harmless a Girl
as ever Young man did betray.

Man.

No Woman that lives in the City
shall live a more peaceable life,
I'le do my endeavour to please thee too,
if thou wilt but be my Wife:
Thou ne'r shalt have cause to be angry
with any thing that I do say,
Then prethee, Love, prove not cruel,
nor cast not a man away,
Then turn to me, Nancy, and kiss me,
I love thee as dear as my life,
And constant I will prove to thee,
if thou wilt but be my Wife.

Maid.

Well, seeing thou wilt prove constant,
as faithful I'le prove unto thee;
Lets point a day then for certain
when as our Wedding shall be:
Then prethee, Love, cast away sorrow,
to morrow shall be the day,
On Thursday we mean to be married,
on Fryday we mean for to play,
On Saturday go to the Market,
and on Sunday we'l go to the Church,
And on Monday we'l fall to our labour
to put the young Children to Nurse.

Man.

And these two Lovers departed,
and homeward they went with all speed
Whereafter I hear of their Neighbour
this couple they lovingly agreed:
I wish them much joy together,
a long and a peaceable life,
That he prove a careful Husband,
and she prove a loving Wife.
Then all you that hear my Ditty,
come buy it and bear it away,
The price of it is but a penny,
then take it home with you, I pray.

London Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.*

A Marvelous Medicine to cure a great Pain, if a Maiden-head be lost to get it again.

ONce busie in study betwixt night and day
With choyce of inventions I had in my mind,
And many odd matters my mind did assay,
But any to please me I could not well find,
Then suddenly casting my nose in the wind,
I smelt out a Medicine both precious and plain,
How to help silly maidens that have bin somwhat kind
To get by good order their Maiden head again.

First the Maid must be brought into a sleep,
For seven dayes together before she awake,
And seven dayes after this dyet must keep,
with these kind of compounds the which she must take
She must not eat neither rost meat Sod neither bake
But all kind of daintyes she must refrain,
Save only the Medicine which if she take.
then it will restore, &c.

The first day give her the slime of an Eale
Blown through a bag-pipe with the wind of a bladder
With two or three turnings of a Spinning wheele,
Boyl'd in an Egshell and strain'd through a Ladder,
The Tongue of an Urchin the sting of an Adder,
Boyld in a blanket in a shower of Rain,
With seven notes of Musick to make her the gladder
And it will, &c.

The second day give her the peeping of a Mouse,
With the drops of Thunder that falls from the sky,
And temper it with three leaps of a lowse,
And put thereon three skips of a fly.
With a gallon of water from a widows eye.
That weeps for her husband when death hath him slain

Let her take this Medicine and drink by and by,
And it will, &c.

The third day give her the chattering of a Sparrow
Rosted in a mitten of untan'd Leather,
Give it her with the trundling of a wheelebarrow,
And bast it with three yards of black Swans Feather
The juce of a whetstone therein put together,
With a fart of a Fryer brought hither from Spain,
Let her lay all this in an ell of lowse Leather.
And lay warm to her belly to cure her great pain.

The fourth day give her the Song of a Swallow,
Well tempered with marrow wring out of a Log
With three pound and better of Stock fish Tallow,
Hard try'd in the left horn of a blew butchers Dog.
With the gagling of a Gose and three frisks of a frog
The bill of a shovel and an humble Bees brain,
Give her this fasting with the grunting of a hog.
And it will, &c.

The fift day give her betwixt eight and nine,
Some gruel of grantham boyl'd for the nonce,
The brains of a bird bolt powdred very fine,
And beat in a Morter of Gentle Rens bones.
Boyld in a Nutshel betwixt two Milstones.
With the guts of a Gudgin before she be slain,
Let her besure to take all this at once,
And it will, &c.

Now mark well the first day what must be her trade
She must have a woodcock a snip or a quail,
Bakt fine in an Oven before it be made,
And mingle it with the blood of a Snale.
With four or five inches of a Jack a napes tail,
What though for a while it put her to pain,
Yet let her take this without any fail
And it will, &c.

The seventh day give her a pound of maids mocks
Bray'd in a basket of danger and blame
With conserves of coliwoxts bound in a box.
To comfort her stomack with sirrop of shame
Although she be past all hope of good name,
And to her honesty a very great stain,
Let her take this to remedy the same
And it will, &c.

Lo these are our Medicines for Maidens each one
Which in their Virginity amisse somewhat fell:
Pray if ever you hear them make moan
And gladly would know the place where I dwell
At the sign of the whip and Eggshell
Nere Pancake Alley on Salisbury plain
There shall they find remedy using this well
Or else never recover their Maiden head again

A pr .v ballad, intituled, Jepha Judge of Jſrael.

I Read that many years agoe,
when Jepha Judge of Jſrael,
Had one fair Daughter and no more,
whom he lovèd so passing well.,
And as by lot God wot,
It come to passe most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

When Jepha was appointed now,
chiefe Captain of the company,
To God the Lord he made a vow,
if he might have the victory,
At his return to burn
For his offering the first quick thing,
Should meet with him then,
from his house when he came agen, agen.

It chanced to these warrs were done,
and home he came with victory.
His Daughter out of doores did run,
to meet her Father speedily,
And all the way did play
To Taber and Pipe, and many a stripe,
And notes full high.
for joy that he was so nigh so nigh.

When Jepha did perceive and see
his Daughter firm and formostly,
He rent his cloths and tore his haire,
and shrieked out most piteously.
For thou art the (quoth he)
Hath brought me low, alas for woe,
And troubled me so,
that I cannot tell what to do to doe.

For I have made a vow (quoth he)
which must not be diminished,
A sacrifice to God on high,
my promise must be finished,
As you have spoke, provoke,
No further care but to prepare,
Your will to fulfill,
according to Gods will Gods will.

For silence God hath given you might,
to overcome your Enemies,
Let me be offered up as right,
for to perform all promises,
And this let be quoth he,
As thou hast said be not afraid,
Although it be I.
keep promise with God on high on high.

But Father do so much for me,
as let me goe to Wilderneſſe,
There to bewaile my virginity,
three months to bemoan my heavineſſe,
And let there go some moe,
Like Maids with me. content quoth he,
And sent her away,
to mourn till her latter day her day.

And when that time was come and gone,
that she should sacrificed be,
This Virgin sacrificed was,
for to fulfill all promises,
As some say for aye:
The Virgins there three times a year,
Like sorrow fulfill,
for the Daughter of Jepha still, still, still.

Printed for F. Coles T. Vere, and W Gilbertſon.

The Hunting of the Hare.

With her laſt Will and Teſtament,

As 'twas perform'd on Bamſtead downs,
By Cony-catchers, and their hounds.
To a pleaſant new Tune.

OF all delights that Earth doth yéld,
Gi'de mée a pack of hounds in field:
Whoſe eccho ſhall throughout the ſky
Make Jove admire our harmony,
and wiſh that he a mortal were
to view the paſtime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare ſcent,
Where many a gallant horſe was ſpent
On Bamſtead Downs a Hare we found
Which lead us all a ſmoaking round;
o're hedge and ditch away ſhe goes,
admiring her approaching foes.

but when ſhe found her ſtrength to waſt
She parleyed with the hounds at laſt:
Kind hounds, quoth ſhe forbear to kill
A harmleſs Hare that neer thought ill,
and if your Maſter ſport do crave,
I'le lead a ſcent as he would have,

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haſte, I ſay, and get thee gone,
Wée'l give thee law for half a mile,
To ſée if thou canſt us beguile;
but then expect a thund'ring cry,
made by us and our harmony.

Now ſince you ſet my life ſo ſleight,
I'l make black ſlowen turn to white:
And Yorkſhire Gray that runs at all,
I'le make him with he were in ſtall,
or Sorrel he that ſeems to flye,
I le make him ſupple e're he dye.

Let Barnards Bay do what he can,
Or Barrons Bay that now and than,
Did interrupt mée on my way,
I'le make him neither ſet nor play,
or conſtant Robin though he lye
at his advantage, what care I.

Will Hatton he hath done mée wrong,
He ſtruck mée as I run along,
And with one pat made mée ſo ſore,
That I ran réeling to and fro;
but if I dye his Maſter tell,
that ſad ſhall ring my paſſing bell.

Alas poor Hare! it is our nature,
To kill thée, and no other creature,
For our Maſter wants a bit,
And thou wilt well become the ſpit,
he'l eat thy fleſh, we'l pick thy bone,
this is thy doom, ſo get thée gone.

O All-delights that earth doth yield,
Give me a pack of Hounds in field;
Whose Eccho shall throughout the Sky,
Make Jove admire our Harmony,
And wish that he a Mortal were,
to [illegible] the Pastime we have here.

45. 6. 28. 999

I will tell you of a rare Scent,
Where many a Gallant Horse was spent
On Bamstead-Downs a Hare we found
Which led us all a smoaking round:
O're Hedge and Ditch away she goes
Admiring her approaching foes.

But when she found her strength to waste
She parly'd with the Hounds at last;
Kind Hounds (quoth she) forbear to kill,
A harmless Hare that ne'r thought ill
And if your Master sport do crave,
I'le lead a Scent as he would have.

Huntsman.

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste, I say, and get thee gone;
Lle'l give the Law for half a Mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile:
But then expect a thundring cry,
Made by us and our Harmony.

Hare.

Now since you set my life so slight,
I'le make black-sloven turn to white,
And York-shire-Gray that runs at all,
I'le make him wish he were in stall.
And Sorrel, he that seems to flie,

[illegible]

Will Hatton he
He [illegible]
And [illegible]
That [illegible]
But [illegible]
That fool [illegible]

Alas poor Hare
To [illegible]
For our Master
And [illegible]

Your Master
For I am
But if he
He's better
For I
And I must

Alas poor Hare
If with our
But all thy
shall not

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

YOur Maſter may have better chear,
For I am dry, and butter is dear,
But if he pleaſe to make a friend,
He'd better give a plowings end,
for I being kill'd the ſport he'l lack,
and I muſt hang on the Huntſmans (back

Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubling ſhifts I fear,
Will not prevail, thy death's ſo near,
then make thy Will, it may be that,
may ſave thee, or I know not what.

Then I bequeathe my body free,
Unto your Maſters courteſie:
And if he pleaſe my life to grant,
Ile be his game when ſport is ſcant:
but if I dye each greedy Hound,
divides my entrals on the ground.

Imprimis, I bequeathe my head,
To him that a falſe foul doth wed:
Who hath before her Maiden-head loſt,
I would not have the proverb croſt, (leſt
which I have heard 'mongſt many quib-
ſet the Hares head 'gainſt the Goſe- (giblets

Item, I do give and bequeathe,
To men in debt (after my death)
My ſubtle ſcent, that ſo they may,
Beware of ſuch as would betray,
them to a miſerable fate (gate.
by blood-hounds from the Compter-

Item, I to a turn-coat give
(That he may more obſcurely live)
My ſwift and ſudden doublings which,
Will make him politick and rich,
though at the laſt with many wounds
I wiſh him kill'd by his own hounds.

Item, I give into their hands,
That purchaſe Dean & Chapters lands,
My wretched jealouſies and fears,
Mixt with ſalt of Orphans tears,
that long vexations may perſever,
to plague them and their heirs for e- (ver.

Before I dye (for breath is ſcant)
I would ſupply mens proper want,
And therefore I bequeath unto,
The Scrivener (give the Devil his due)
that Forgeth, Swears, and then For- (ſwears
(to ſave his credit) both my Ears.

I give to ſome Sequeſtred man,
My skin to make a jacket on:
And I bequeathe my feet to they,
That ſhortly mean to run away,
(dumb,
when truth is Speaker, Falſe-vows
Foxes muſt flye when Lions come.

To Fidlers (for all Trades muſt live)
To ſerve for ſtrings, my guts I give:
For Gameſters that do play at rat,
And love the ſport, I give my skut:
but (laſt of all in this ſad dump)
to Tower-hill I bequeathe my Rump

Was ever Hounds ſo baſely croſt?
Our Maſters calls us off ſo faſt,
That we the ſcent have almoſt loſt,
And they themſelves muſt rake the roſt,
therefore kind Hare we'l pardon you,
thanks gentle Hounds, and ſo adue.

And ſince your Maſter hath pardon'd me
I'le lead you all to Banbury,
Whereas John Turner hath a Room,
To entertain all Gueſts that come,
to laugh and quaff in Wine and Beer
a full carouſe to your Gallery.

FINIS.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on Snow hill.

212

The Sailors onely Delight

Shewing the brave Fight betweene the George-Aloe, the Sweep-ſtake, and certain Frenchmen at Sea. To the tune of, *The Saylors joy.*

The George-Aloe and the Sweep-ſtake tw,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
Oh they were Merchant men, and bound for Safee,
and alongſt the Coaſt of Barbary.

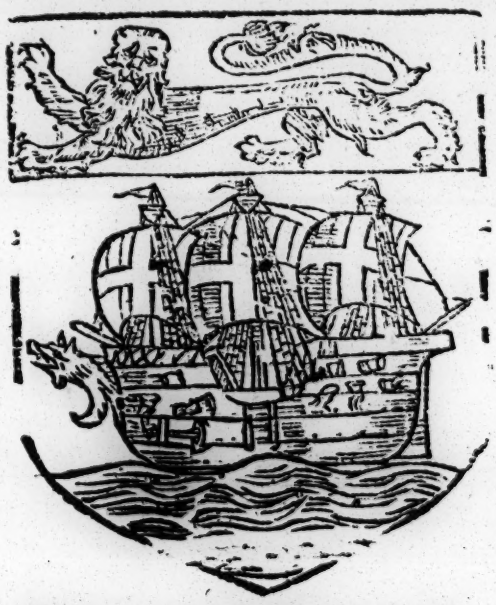
The George-Aloe to Anchor came,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no,
But the jolly Sweep-ſtake kept on her way,
and alongſt the Coaſt of Barbary.

They had not ſayled leagues two or three,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
But they met with a Frenchman of war upon the Sea,
and alongſt, &c.

All haile, all haile you lufty Gallants,
with hey, with hoe, &c,
Of whence is your fair Ship, or whether are you bound
and alongſt, &c.

We are Engliſhmen, and bound for Safee,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
Of whence is your fair Ship, or whither are you bound
and alongſt, &c.

Amaine, amaine, you gallant Engliſhmen,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
Come you French Swads, and ſtrike down your ſayle,
and alongſt, &c.



They laid us aboard on the Star-board ſide,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
And they overthrew us into the Sea ſo wide,
and longſt, &c.

When tidings to the George-Aloe came,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
That the jolly Sweep-ſtake by a Frenchman was taine.
and alongſt, &c.

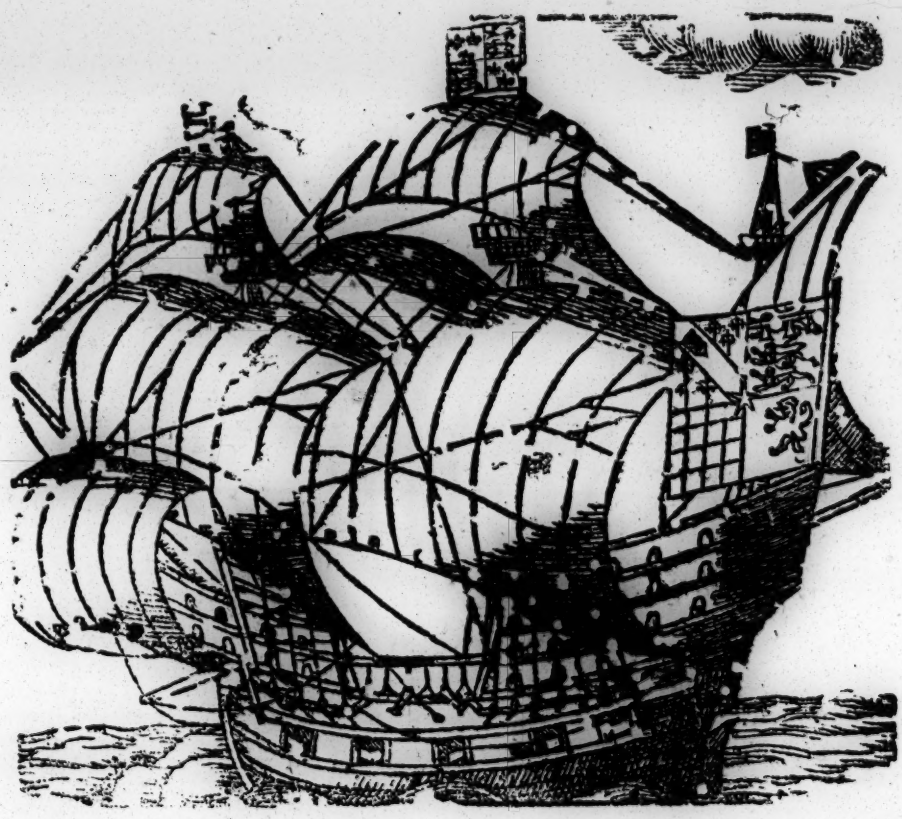
To top, To top, thou little Ship-boy,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
And ſee if this Frenchman of war thou canſt diſcry,
and alongſt, &c.

A Sayle, a Sayle, under our lee,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
Yea, and another under her obey,
and alongſt, &c.

Weigh anchor, Weigh anchor, O jolly Boat-ſwain,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
We will take this Frenchman if we can,
and alongſt, &c.

We had not ſayled leagues two or three,
with hey, with hoe, for and a nony no.
But we met the French man of war upon the Sea
and alongſt the Coaſt of Barbary.

243



ALL hayle all haile, you lusty Gallants,
with hey with hoe for and a nony no,
Of whence is your faire Ship and whither are you bound?
and alongst the Coast of Barbary.

We are Merchant men, and bound for Safee,
with hey with hoe, &c.
Ay, and we are French-men and war upon the Sea,
and alongst, &c.

Amaine, amaine, you English Dogges,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
Come aboard you French rogus & strike down your sailes
and alongst, &c.

The first good shot the George Aloe shot,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
He made the French-mans hearts sore afraid,
and alongst, &c.

The second shot the George Aloe did afford,
with hey, with hoe, &c.
He struck their Main-mast over the board,
and alongst, &c.

Have mercy have mercy you brave English-men,
with hey, &c.
O what have you done with our Brethren on shore,
as they sayled in Barbarie?

We laid them aboard on the Starboard side,
with hey, &c.
And we through them into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, &c,

Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,
with hey, &c.
Then the like mercy shall you have agains,
and alongst, &c.

We laid them aboard on the Larboard side,
with hey, &c.
And we threw them into the Sea so wide,
and alongst, &c.

Lord how it grieves our hearts full sore,
with hey, &c.
To see the drowned French-men swim along shore.
and alongst, &c.

Now gallant Sea-men all adieu,
with hey, &c.
This is the last newes that I can write to you,
to Englands Coast from Barbarie.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, Tho. Vere,
W. Gilbertson,

246

The Skilful Doctor of Glocester-shire,

OR,

A new way to take Physick.

This Ditty doth concern a Country Farmer,
Who lay with his Maid, not thinking to harm her:
But the poor Wench, was by her Master vil'd,
First tempt to sin, and after got with Child:
But by the Doctors Skill, her honest Dame,
Excus'd her Husband, and sav'd her Maid from blame:
The Doctor he hath Medicines in store,
To cure all sorts of folks, both rich and poor.

The Tune is, *Beds Making.*

A Country Farmer as 'tis said,
That had a pretty handsom Maid
Asked her a question secretly:
To which she answered, by and by:
And being kindly reconcil'd,
The Farmer got his Maid with child.
And after he had done the deed,
His heart poor man did almost bleed,
With inward grief & trembling fear,
Doubting his Wife should of it hear,
The Maid did likewise sigh and groan
And to her Master oft made moan.
Wherefore all dangers to prevent,
Unto a poor Young Man he went,
Saying, ten pound he would him give,
And be a Friend while he did live,
So thou wilt finish up my strife,
And take my Maid to be thy Wife.
The Young man thus to him reply'd,
Your suit to me must be deny'd;
For I will neither Reap nor Mow,
The Bastard Seed that you did sow,
Get a workman where you can do be,
For I your Hireling will not be.
The Farmer being thus deny'd,
Another practice soon he try'd:
There was a Doctor he knew well,
That three Miles from his house did dwell,
Unto the Doctor he told all,
That did of late to him befall.
The Doctor answered him and told,
If you'l give me ten pounds in Gold,
I'le teach you such a pretty trick;
I am sure you never heard the like,
To save your Maid & you from blame
And your Wife shall yeild unto ♄ same.
To this the Farmer soon agreed,
And down he laid ten pound with speed,
The money pleas'd the Doctor well,
Who straight his Money began to tell
Mark well what I shall say quoth he
And learn this Counsel now of me.
With speed run home & tell your wife,
That you shall surely lose your life,
By reason of a grievous pain,
That in your belly doth remain,
There is no way but you must die,
Unless you seek some remedy.
Pray her with all the speed may be,
To bring your water unto me:
And when she comes let me alone,
I'le shew such skill as ne'r was shown
Such stories I'le to her unfold,
The like strange news was never told.

I Will perſwade her thus, and ſay
Laſt time that you together lay,
The Moon it was eclipſed ſtrange,
And nature did her courſes change
Mars by Dame Venus was begnil'd,
And ſo your Wife got you with Child.

(tent

This bargain made, brought much con-
Home in all haſte the Farmer went:
And told his Wife ſo ſtrange a tale,
As made her countenance look pale:
Dear Wife, quoth he, I am perplext,
Never was man before ſo vext.
I am incumbred with great pains,
From top to toe, through all my veins
My back and ſides grieve me ſo ſore,
Such pains I never felt before,
But yet the greateſt pain I tell ye,
Lies rambling up and down my belly.
Husband, quoth ſhe, I can you tell,
Of one that ſoon can make you well:
Secures as I do underſtand,
All diſeaſes that he takes in hand:
And if you pleaſe to have it ſo,
Ile to him with your water go.
Next morn with a good intent,
The Good-wife to the Doctor went:
And ſhews him her Husbands water,
Now mark the jeſt & followeth after:
Cor body, quoth the Doctor mild,
Thy Husband ſurely is with Child.

The woman ſhe was much amaz'd,
And on the Doctor ſtrangely gaz'd,
Good Sir, in kindneſs now tell me,
How ſuch things in a man may be,
I will quoth he, make you no doubt,
And time at laſt will bring all out.

When Luna laſt was in the Clips,
You with your Husband joyned lips,
Then Jupiter being wrapt in thunder
Turn'd Venus up, while Mars lay under
By which Conjunction well I wot,
Your Husband then with child you got.

Alas! alas! then ſaid his wife,
Is there no means to ſave his life,
I would not for a thouſand pound,
My husband he ſhould fall toth' ground
Faith quoth the Doctor, there is none,
No ways to ſave his life but one.

Kind loving Sir, then anſwered ſhe,
If you will be ſo good to me,
To tell how I his life may ſave,
I'le give whatever you would have,
No coſt nor pains that I will ſpare,
To ſave his life whom I love ſo dear.

But firſt quoth he, I'le have you ſwear
And alſo have ſpecial care,
To tell no body whilſt you live,
What Phyſick he is to receive;
She ſtrait way bound it with an oath,
I'le keep your Counſel by my troth.

The Doctors potion of Phyſick.

Then mark me well what's to be done
Each night about ſetting of the Sun,
His Supper then you muſt provide,
Of Eggs and ſome choice meat beſide,
And for to ſtrengthen his weak back,
You muſt give him a Pint of Sack.

Which being done put him to bed,
And lay ſoft Pillows under his head;
Then make for him a Poſſet fine,
With Sugar and ſweet Muskadine,
Commixt with Cinnamon and Mace,
And let him ſwallow it down apace.

When he hath ſlept an hour or twain,
Then you muſt come to him again,
And bring with you a luſty Maid,
Which to his Belly muſt be laid,
So let them merrily ſleep together,
And lovingly embrace each other.

This courſe you muſt for three Weeks
And then be ſure & it will make (take
The pain go from his back and ſide,
The Maid the torment ſhall abide,
And afterward in little ſpace,
She will bring forth a Babe of Grace.

And when your Maid is brought a bed
Your ſelf muſt lye down in her ſtead,
And becauſe nothing may be known,
Folks muſt believe & Child's your own
Be ſure you take this ſaid he,
And ſo your Husband eaſ'd ſhall be.

The woman having heard this news,
Ran home in haſte, how could ſhe chuſe
Where ſhe did ſee her Husband lie,
Like one juſt ready for to dye:
Then preſently ſhe did unfold
All that the Doctor had her told.

Alas quoth he, ſuch pangs I have,
There is no means my life to ſave,
Unleſs you do a Poſſet make
To cure my belly of the ake:
Wherefore the Woman out of hand
Did as the Doctor did command.

A Supper of moſt dainty meat,
She made him ready for to eat,
And becauſe he ſhould no Phyſick lack,
She after Supper gave him Sack,
Then kept him warm within his bed,
And with ſweet Poſſet ſhe him fed.

This being done with Cupids aid,
She got the good will of her Maid,
To lie with and keep her Maſter warm
And ſaid he ſhould do her no harm;
The Maid at firſt ſeem'd loath to do,
But at the laſt yielded thereunto.

And as the Doctor did fore-tell,
So every thing in order fell,
The Maid in time was brought to Bed
The good-wife lay down in her ſtead
The man was of his burden eaſ'd,
The Child at Nurſe, & all are pleaſ'd.

You that theſe Verſes hear or read,
If of the Doctor you ſtand in need,
Enquire him out where he doth dwell,
And ſurely he will uſe you well,
He'l give you Phyſick to your mind,
So that your Purſes be well lin'd.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

54

A Jeſt;

Or, Maſter Conſtable.

To the Tune of, the *Three Pilgrims.*

A Pretty jeſt I ſhall declare,
Which I not long agoe did heare
Of one who did intend to jeare,
Maſter Conſtable.

I hope there's none wil matter make
Of that that I intend to ſpeake,
Of a buſy man who ỹ place did take.
Of a Conſtable.

For I hope each wiſe man wiſer is,
Then to think he is touch'd in this,
For thinking ſo, he thinks amiſs,
'Twas a buſy Conſtable.

For this is but a merry Jeſt,
Which will I hope, no man moleſt,
For I no grudge beare I proteſt,
To any Conſtable.

Then pray you let this poor man paſs
For he for money ſings alas,
Let none then ſhew himſelfe an aſſe
Like this Conſtable.

He as his Office did direct,
To ſet his watch was circumſpect
And nothing therein did neglect,
Like a Conſtable.

Alſo when any paſſed by,
He did examine them ſtrictly,
Obſerving with diſcretions eye,
A wiſe Conſtable.

At length it chanc'd ỹ one came néer
And he demanded who goes there
You know not (ſaid he without feare
Maſter Conſtable.

Come hither that I may you ſée,
And now what are you ſhew to me,
No Man nor Woman replyed he,
Maſter Conſtable.

Where have you béen then asked he
That you thus croſly anſwer me,
Know you not the authority
Of a conſtable.

Yes I know your authority,
And I have béen for certainty,
Where you would have béen glad to (be
Maſter Conſtable.

Then ſaid the Conſtable, ſome end,
Will come hereof, but ſay my friend,
Whither to goe doe you intend,
VVhy good Conſtable.

I am going thither where (eare
You dare not goe for your right
What you are ſet upon the jéare
ſaid the Conſtable.

What is your name pray tel me that
Who dare ſo boldly to me prate,
Be briefe, and truth to me relate,
Said the Conſtable

Twenty ſhillings I am nam'd
I thereof néed not be aſham'd,
Although by you I may be blam'd,
maſter Conſtable

Sir, that hereafter we ſhall ſée
But in the mean time tell to me,
Where your dwelling place may be,
Quoth the Conſtable

Out of the Kings dominion I,
Doe dwell ſaid he aſſuredly,
As my Neighbours can teſtifie,
maſter Conſtables

But in the Kings dominion you
Are now my friend, and you ſhall rue
That ſtil croſs language you renew
To a Conſtable.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune. 253

I Am at your diſpoſe ſaid he,
But pray you here this word from
you ſhew your ſelfe herein to be (me
A wiſe Conſtable.

To priſon then incontinent,
The Conſtable this good man ſent
Although the ſame he did repent;
Like a Conſtable.

Before a Juſtice the next day,
The Conſtable bore him away,
And to his Worſhip thus did ſay,
Like a Conſtable,

Sir in my Watch the laſt night I
This fellow tooke who ſaucely,
Jeer'd me and my authority,
Said the Conſtable.

Then quoth ỹ Juſtice, what ſaid he?
That might to you diſtaſtefull be,
And ſie betweẽ you judge fairly,
Maſter Conſtable.

Firſt who goes there was ask'd by
You cannot tell replyed he. (me
And thus he did begin crouſly,
Said the Conſtable,.

Come before my authority
And now what are you tell to me,
No Man nor Woman replyed he,
Said the Conſtable.

Where have you bẽn then I enquir'd
Where you to be would have deſir'd
Thus I againe by him was jeer'd,
Said the Conſtable.

Wether goe you? then ſaid I
And he ſtill crouſly did reply
Where for my ears I durſt not be,
Said the Conſtable.

What is your name ſir tell to me,
Twenty ſhillings replyed he
[illegible] theſe anſwers fit to be,
[illegible] Conſtable.

[illegible] his dwelling place alſo,
And he this anſwer did beſtow
Out of the Kings dominion know,
Quoth the Conſtable.

But when he ſaw ſee him convey,
To priſon untill the next day,
You are quoth he I needs muſt ſay,
A wiſe Conſtable.

pon my complaint have heard ſaid he
Now pray you judge twixt him & me
That I may ſatisfied be,
being a Conſtable.

Then ſaid the Juſtice was not he,
In drink that he thus anſwered thee
If ſo, that might the reaſon be,
Maſter Conſtable.

No, to your Worſhip I doe vow
He was as ſober as we are now.
And therefore doe no favour ſhew,
Said the Conſtable.

Then ſaid the Juſtice what ſay you,
Is this that he alledges true,
If; how durſt you ſuch carriage ſhew
Toward a Conſtable.

Sir I ſpeake truth, firſt he aſkd who
Goes there, I ſaid he did not know,
If he had he would let me goe,
Like a Conſtable.

And I am a Taylor by my Trade,
Who are no men by ỹ proverb made,
Nor am I a Woman ſie perſwade
Maſter Conſtable.

Then next he asked of me where
I had bẽn; which was at good cheer
And you'd as gladly have bẽn there,
Maſter Conſtable.

And I was going thus I ſed,
where you durſt not go for your head
For it was with my wife to bed.
Maſter Conſtable.

And ſir, Marke Noble is my name,
And in your ears I dare proclaime,
That twenty ſhilling is the ſame,
Maſter Conſtable.

The King of great Britain is King
as fame throghout ỹ world rõh ring
But in little Britain is my dwell-
Maſter Conſtable. (ing,

and I pray your Worſhip further here
If I in any thing did erre
It was that I did him preſer,
For a wiſe Conſtable.

And ſir he ought give me content;
Both for my wrong impriſonment,
And loſs of time with money ſpent,
Through the Conſtable.

Then ſaid the Juſtice good ſir beare
This man makes all his words apear
To be the truth, and not a feare
Maſter Conſtable,

And you have bẽn to much to blame
To take away thus his good name,
And tis fit you pay for the ſame
Maſter Conſtable.

You ſaid that he was not in drinke
And therefore come lay down your
It is in vaine backward to (chink
Maſter Conſtable. (ſhrink

To pay his charges I you enjoyne;
And a French crown for loſs of time
And friendly drink a pint of Wine.
So farwell Conſtable.

which done ỹ man went merily home
His wife reſoyc'd to ſee him come,
Where he to her told ỹ whole ſumm,
Of the Conſtable.

Thus of this Conſtable I end,
Deſiring favour of each Friend,
For what in mirth by me is pend
Of this Conſtable.

But if there's any fault doth find,
Such men they have a guilty mind,
Or to too buſy are inclin'd
Like this Conſtable.

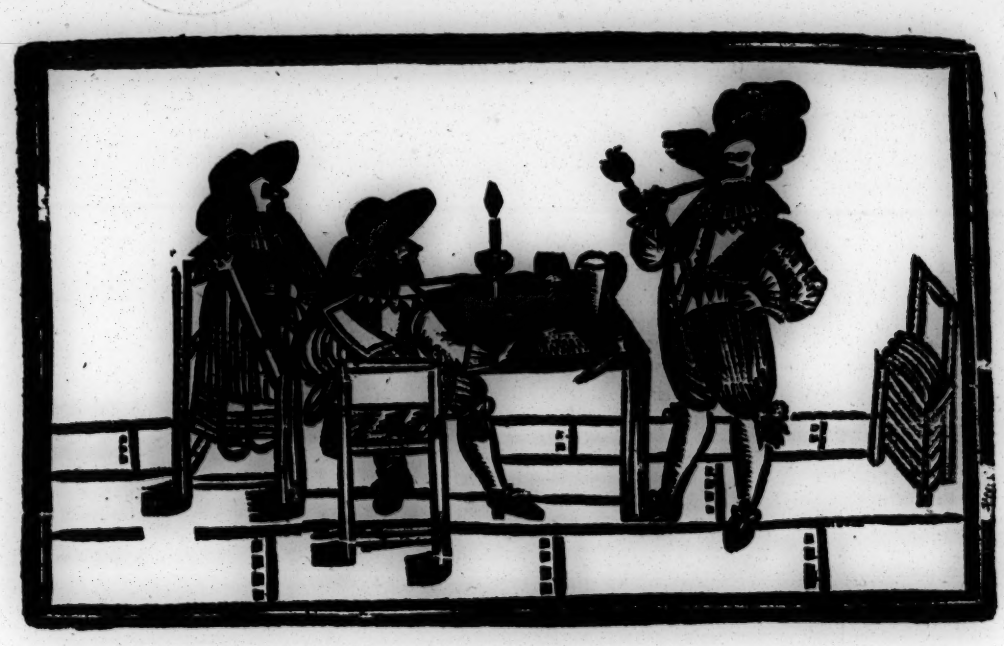
FINIS.

Entered according to Order.

London, Printed for *Francis Grove* on *Snow-hill*.

Dead and Alive.

This Ditty out of Glocestershire was sent
To London, for to have it put in print,
Therefore draw neer and listen unto this,
It doth concern a man that did amiss,
And so to shun the anger of his wife,
He thought with poyson for to end his life
But in the stead of poyson he drunk Sack,
For which his wife did soundly pay his back
To the Tune of, Old flesh.



There was a thabing Royster
as I heard many tell,
In Michael Deans fair Forrest
in Glostershire did dwell,
Some call'd him William Wiseman
but in that they were to blame.
Some call'd him Leonard Lack-wit
but that was not his name,
His name was Simple Simon,
as it is well approv'd.
and amongst his friends & kinsfolks
he dearly was belov'd,
He capozed and vapozed,
and liv'd a merry life.
But yet good man at all times
he could not rule his wife.

His wife she was a woman
that lov'ed a cup of Sack
And she would tipple soundly
behind her husbands back,
A bottle she had gotten that
would hold two quarts or more,
Well fill'd with wine, she hang'd it
behind her Chamber door,
And she told unto her husband,
that it was poyson strong,
And bade him not to touch it
for fear of doing wrong,
If thou drink but one drop on't,
quoth she, 'twill cost thy life,
Therefore in time take heed,
and be ruled by thy wife.

This Simons wife had plenty
of fatting Hogs and Pigs,
With Geese, Ducks, Hens, & Turkies
that laid great store of eggs
Both Sheep and such like Cattel
fine Ews, and pretty Lambs,
Which up and down the Forrest
did feed, and suck their Dams,
She put trust to her husband,
to look unto them all,
To keep them safe from danger,
now mark what did befall,
He did his best indeavour
to shun all kind of strife,
And yet through strange misfortune
he could not please his wife.

One morning she sent him
to field to keep her sheep,
And charg'd him to be watchful,
and take heed he did not sleep,
A piece of bread and butter
she gave him in his hand,
Whereby she made him promise
to do as she did command,
But see what happened to him,
when he came to the field,
He fell asleep while Foxes
three of his Lambs had kill'd,
This bred a great dissention,
and raised a world of strife,
Till Simon for his fault
had beg'd pardon of his wife.

The second part to the same Tune.

A Nother day she sent him
her Ducks and Geese to tend
And charged him on her blessing
he should no more offend,
Her Gollings and her Chickens
with him she put in trust,
Who took a stick and told them,
so they were twenty just,
But a woful chance befell to
poor Simon before night,
For seven of his best Chickens,
were took prisoners by the Kite,
This vext him, and it made him
half weary of his life,
For he knew not what answer
to make unto his wife.

Next morning when that Simon
was sent to milk the Cow,
Another strange mis-hap there
was done him by the Sow,
For whilst that he was driving
the little Pigs away,
The Sow came into the dary-house
and swig'd up all the whey,
The Cheese out of the Cheese-fat
she did both tear and hail,
And so threw down the Cream-pot
and made an end of all,
Whereby she burst her belly,
and so she lost her life,
And poor Simon knew not what an-
to make unto his wife. (swer

When's wife came in the daryhouse
and saw what there was done
A strong and fierce encounter
she presently began.
She pull'd him by the ears,
and she wrung him by the nose,
And she kickt him on the belly,
while the tears run down his hose.
And she vowed to be revenged
before to morrow day
For all her brood of Chickens
which the Kite had carried away
Poor Simon stood amazed
being weary of his life,
For he good man was tired
with his unruly wife.

For when that he perceived
his wife in such a rage
Not knowing how nor which way
her fury to allwage,
He cunningly got from her,
and to the Chamber went.

Thinking himself to poyson,
for that was his intent,
So comming to the Bottle
which I spake of before,
He thought it to be poyson
which hung behind the door.
He vow'd to drink it all up
and end his wretched life
Rather than live in thraldome,
with such a cursed wife.

So opening of a window which
stood towards the South
He took the Bottle of Sack
and set it to his mouth,
Now will I drink this poyson
quoth he with all my heart,
So that the first draught he drank
he swallowed near a quart: (on't
The second time that he set
the bottle to his snout,
He never left off swigging
till he had suckt all out,
Which done he fel down backward
like one bereft of life,
Crying out, I now am poysoned
by means of my curst wife.

Quoth he, I feel the poyson
now run through every vain,
It rumbles in my belly,
and it tickles in my brain,
It wambles in my stomack,
and it malices my heart
It pierceth through my members,
and yet I feel no smart,
Would all that have curst wives,
would example take hereby,
For I die as sweet a death sure,
as ever man did dye,
'Tis better with such poyson
to end a wretched life,
Than to live and be tormented
with such a wicked wife.

Now as what followed after,
his wife by chance did walk,
And comming by the window,
she heard her Simon talk
And thinking on her bottle,
she up the stairs did run,
And came into the Chamber
to see what he had done.
When as she saw her husband
lying drunk upon his back
And the bottle lying by him
but never a drop of Sack

I am poysoned I am poysoned
quoth he long of my wife
I hope I shall be at quiet,
now I have lost my life.

Por take you are you poysoned
quoth she I now will strive
And do my best indeavour
to make you run alive
With that a quill of powder
she blew up in his nose
Then like a man turn'd frantick
he presently arose
So down the stairs he run straight
into the open street
With hoping and with hallowing
to all that he did meet.
And with a loud voice cryed out
I am raised from death to life
By vertue of a powder that
was given me by my wife.

Some folks that did behold him
were in a grievous fear
For seeing of a mad man
they durst not come him near
He leaped and he skipped
thorow fair and thorow foul
Whilst the people gaz'd upon him
like Pyes upon an Owl
His wife she followed after
thorow thick and thorow thin
And with a basting cudgel
she soundly bang'd his skin
And thus poor Simon cryed out,
I am raised from death to life,
By vertue of a powder that
was given me by my wife.

At last a friend of Simons
which was to him some kin
By fair and kind perswasions
open'd door and let him in
He sent for Simons wife, and
so made them both good friends,
Who kindly kist each other,
and so all discord ends.
The neighbours all rejoiced
to see them thus agree'd
And like a loving couple
to bed they went with speed.
No doubt but simple Simon
that night well pleased his wife
For ever since that time, he
hath lived a quiet life.

London, Printed for F, G, on Snow-hill, Entered according to Order.

FINIS. L. P.

Newes from *More-lane*;

OR,

A mad knaviſh an vncivil Frolick of a Tapſter dwelling there, who buying a fat Coult for eighteen pnce, the Mare being dead,& he not knowing how to bring the Coult up by hand,killed it and had it baked in a Paſtie, and invited n any of his Neighbours to the Feaſt; and tellingof them what it was; the Conceit thereof made them all Sick: as by this following Ditty you ſhall hear.

The Tapſter fil'd the Cup up to the brim,
And all to make the little Coult to ſwim;
But all that heares it, ſayes that for his gaine,
He is no better then a Wagg in graine.

The Tune is, *A Health to the beſt of Men.*

THere is a Tapſter in More-lane,
that did a Paſty make,
All People doe of him complaine,
now for his groſſe miſtake,
Hee inſtead of Venſon fine
a good fat Coult did kill,
And put in ſtore of Clarret Wine,
his humour to fullfill.

A peck of Flower at the leaſt,
with ſix pound of Butter.
Hee made his Nighbours ſuch a Feaſt,
and bid them all to Supper:
A curſous fine fat Colt it was,
and handled daintily:
The Tapſter prob'd himſelf an Aſſe.
for this his knavery.

Likewiſe there was a Baker too
that lived in that place,
And he was a partaker too,
I ſpeak in his diſgrace,
For he found Flower to make it,
I ſpeak not in his praiſe,
And afterwards did bake it,
his knavery for to raiſe.

Likewiſe there was a Car-man too,
and he found Butter for it;
But when the knavery Neighbors knew,
they could not but abhor it:
And then there was a Cooke Sir,
at More-gate doth he dwell,
And he then under tooke Sir,
to make the Paſty well.

Some ſay it eate as mellow then
as any little Chick:
But I tell thee good-fellow then,
it made the Neighbours ſick:
The Tapſter had his humour,
but the Neighbours had the worſt,
Yet I doe hear they had good Beere,
and dainty Paſty-cruſt

Then every jobiall Blade Sir,
that lived in that place;
They Money freely paid Sir,
they ſcorned to be base.
They cal'd for Beere, likewiſe for Ale,
becauſe the Coult ſhould ſwim,
And of the Cup they would not faile.
but fil'd it to the brim.

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune. 76

THe Car-mans Wife cry'd out and ſaid
troath 'tis good Meat indeed,
So likewiſe ſaid the chamber-Maid,
when ſhe on it did feed,
The Lapſter bid them welcome then,
and Wea-hae did he cry,
You are all welcome Gentlemen,
you'r welcome hartily.

The Glovers Wife was in a heat,
and did both pout and mump,
Becauſe they would not let her eate
the Buttock and the Rump.
As for the merry Weavers Wife,
I will give her, her due
She ſpent her coyne to end the ſtrife,
among that jobiall Crew.

This Colt was not ſo wholſome though
as was a good fat Dogg.
Yet one came in and told the crew
it was a mangie Dogg:
But he that told them was too blame,
and was but a ſilly Dolt.
The Lapſter bid him peace for ſhame,
for 'twas a good fat Colt.

The Colt he coſt me eighteen pence,
the Lapſter he did ſay,
I hope good Folks ere you goe hence,
you for your meate will pay.
For take you for a Rogue quoth one,
another he fel'd oaks,
Another ſaid he was undone:
'twas worſe then Harry-choaks.

The Porter he did give nine pence,
to have it in a Pye.
The People ere they went from thence,
did feed moſt hartily.

It was the jobiall Baker,
the knaviſh Lapſter too,
The Car-man was partaker,
was not this a Jobial Crew

The Potecary he was there,
Parr, and the Sexton too:
The Lapſter put them in great fear,
He made them for to ſpue.
Now was not this a Knave in grain
to uſe his Neighbours ſo.
When Knave are ſcarce, heel go for twain,
good People what think you.

The Lapſter he came in at laſt,
and gave the People vomits:
I hope (quoth he) the worſt is paſt,
I have eaſed your ſoule Stomacks,
Wea-hea, cry'd the Lapſter then,
how doe you like my ſport:
The Women ſaid, ſo did the Men,
the Devill take you for't.

At Brainford as I heard ſome ſay,
a mangie Dog was eate:
This was not halfe ſo bad as that,
and yet the fault was great;
Men of good faſhon there was there,
that went both fine and brave.
Now all do ſay, that this doth heare,
the Lapſter is a Knave.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *William Gammon*,
and to be ſould in *Smithfield*.

The Repulsive MAID,

WHO

Once to a young-man but now cannot win,
To open the door and let him come in,

To a pleasant new tune : Or, *Open the door and let me come in.*

Young-man.

SWeet open the dooꝛ and let me come in,
Foꝛ to be a Wooer I now begin,
And say thy Lover I yet have been,
Ile Love thee and no moꝛe.

Maid.

To open the dooꝛ Love that could I do,
And if it were foꝛ an hour oꝛ two,
But if that my father oꝛ mother should know,
I should be beaten foꝛe.

Young-man.

To be beaten foꝛ me Love that were a sin,
Sweet open the dooꝛ and let me come in,
Thy Father oꝛ mother noꝛ none of thy Kin,
shall never beat thee moꝛe.

Maid.

To open the dooꝛ Love I have been bold,
And many false tales I have been told,
But another man hath my heart in hold,
I cannot Love the theꝛefoꝛe.

Young-man.

Thou knowest before when the time hath bin,
Thou hast open'd the dooꝛ and let me come in
But now my love is not woꝛth a pin,
I pꝛethee Love tell me wheꝛefoꝛe.

Maid.

I am not disposed to tell the now,
Go walk a Knave as thou knowst how,
Foꝛ I can no entrance to the alow,
adiu foꝛ evermoꝛ.

Young-man.

To knock and to call I will never lin,
Till thou open the dooꝛ and let me come in,
With coming I fell, and I bꝛoke my shin,
which gꝛieves me veꝛy soꝛe.

Maid. (am I

If thou hast bꝛoken thy shin my Love soꝛꝛy
Yet cannot I find in my heart foꝛ to cꝛy,
Ile give thee a Plaster foꝛ it by and by,
shall pain the ten times moꝛe.

The Second part, To the ſame tune.

274

Young-men.

I Prethee Love do not to ſár begin,
But open the door and let me come in
Ile be more kind then ever I have been,
I prethee Love open the door.

Maid.

Two words to a bargaine my ſmall friend,
To open the door I do not intend,
My Father and Mother I oft did offend,
Ile never offend them more.

Young-man.

Of Father and Mother do not tell me,
For I am come alone to viſit thee,
And if my face thou wilt not ſee,
then ſhew me a reaſon wherefore.

Maid.

A reaſon juſt I can thee tell,
To do it now doth not like me well,
I hate thee as much as the Divell of Hell,
then adieu for evermore.

Young-man.

How comes it to paſs my love thou art carſt,
And wert ſo kind to me at firſt,
Of all Men living my luck is the worſt,
to be hated and know not wherefore.

Maid.

Alaſſe Sir I have found out your tricks,
You love do crave of five or ſix,
Yet take who you will, it ſhall me never vex
adieu for evermore.

Young-man.

What though I have choice of ſix or ſeven,
Nay, what if I had nine, ten or eleven,
Yet thou mayſt make the dozen even,
and do as thou haſt done before.

Maid.

I am not the firſt that hath done amiſs.
Nor ſhall be the laſt that a Knave will kiſs,
I pray pick Engliſh out of this,
you ſhall never kiſs me more.

Young-man.

The Roſe is red, and the leaves are green,
And the dates are paſt which I have ſeen,
Another man may be where I have been,
for now I am thruſt out of door.

Maid.

Walk Knave is a Parrats note,
And if the Hang-man don't get your coat,
Ile meet you at Holborn-hill in a Vote,
if ever I love you more. Finis.

London Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertſon.

The two inſeparable brothers.

OR

A true and ſtrange deſcription of a Gentleman (an Italian by birth) about ſeventeene yeeres of age, who hath an imperfect (yet living) Brother growing out of his ſide, having a head, two armes, and one leg, all perfectly to be ſeen. They were both baptized together; the imperfect is called *Iohn Baptiſt*, and the other *Lazarus*. Admire the Creator in his Creatures.

To the tune of The wandring Iewes Chronicle.

TO England lately newes is come,
Which many parts of Chriſtendome
haue by experience found
To be the ſtrangeſt and moſt rare,
That fame did to the world declare,
ſince man firſt walkt o'th ground.

Of many Prodigies haue ſeene,
Creatures that haue prepoſterous beene,
in nature in their birth,
But ſuch a thing as this my theame,
Makes all the reſt ſeeme but a dreame,
the like was nere on earth.

A Gentleman well qualifide,
[wi]th beare his brother at his ſide,
[ad]rably knit,
[Th]e you may ſee,
[a] lining be,
[th]at it.

This yong man doth compleatly walke,
He can both read, write, ſing, or talke,
without paine or detraction,
And when he ſpeakes the other head,
Doth moue the lips both Ruby red,
not ſpeaking but in action.

This head and face is rightly fram'd,
With euery part that can be nam'd,
eares, eyes, lips, noſe, and chin,
His vpperlip hath ſome beard on't,
Which he who beares him yet doth want,
this may much wonder win.

One arme's about his brother caſt,
That doth embrace his body faſt,
the other hangeth by,
Theſe armes haue hands with fingers all,
Yet as a childs they are but ſmall,
pinch any part he'l cry.

Onely one legge with foot and toes
Is to be ſeene, and ſome ſuppoſe,
the other is contain'd
thin his brothers body, yet
hath vſd him ſo to it,
[re]main'd.

The ſecond part,

To the ſame tune. 74

YEt nothing doth the leſſer eate,
Hee's onely nourish'd with the meate
wherewith the other feeds,
By which it ſeemes though outward parts
They haue for two, yet not two hearts,
this admiration breeds.

For ſickneſſe and infirmities,
I meane Quotidian maladies,
which man by nature hath,
Sometimes one's ſicke, the other wel
This is a ſtory ſtrange to tell,
but he himſelfe thus ſaith.

Th'imperfect once the ſmall pox had,
Which mad e the perfect brother ſad,
but he had neuer any,
And if you nip it by the arme,
Or doe it any little harme,
(this hath beene tride by many,)

It like an infant (with voyce weake)
Will cry out though it cannot ſpeake,
as ſenſible of paine,
Which yet the other feeleth not,
But if the one be cold or hot,
that's common to both twaine.

Some ſeauentéene yeares of age they be,
A perfect proper youth is he
to which the leſſe doth cleane,
They were baptized being young,
Few then did think they'd liue ſo long,
as few would now beléeue.

But that to ratifie this truth,
Now in the Strand this wondrous youth
is preſent to be ſéene,
And he with his ſtrange burden, hath
Bin ſhewne (with marualle) as he ſaith
to our good King and Quéene.

S. John Baptiſt is th'imperfect nam'd,
Who through the chriſtian world is fam'd,
his Brother which him beares
Was called Lazarus at the Font,
And if we well conſider on't
a myſtery in't appeares.

From Italy their native place,
They haue ſome certains late yeares ſpace,
gone one ſtill with another,
Indeed they cannot otherwiſe doe,
For that ſée's one muſt néeds ſée two,
the brother beares the brother.

Through Germany, through Spain & France,
(Deuoyd of danger or miſchance)
and other Chriſtian Lands
They trauell'd haue, nay rather one
For both, ſo many miles hath gone,
to ſhew th' worke of Gods hands.

And now in England they haue béene
About a moneth although vnſéene,
till now obtaining leaue,
In ſéeing this or ſuch ſtrange things,
Let vs admire the King of Kings,
and of his power conceaue.

That juſt opinion which is due,
To him who is all good all true,
whoſe works we can't find out,
Let admiration then ſuffice,
Sith there's no man that is ſo wiſe,
but of's owne wit may doubt.

And ſo doe I.

FINIS. *Martin*

Printed at London for *Thomas Lamb*
the ſigne of the Horſe-ſhoo
in Smithfield.

Mock-Beggers Hall, with his ſcituation in the ſpacious Country, called, Any where.

To the Tune of *It is not your Northern* Nanny; or *Sweet is the Laſs that loves me.*

IN ancient times when as plain dealing
Was moſt of all in faſhion,
There was not then half ſo much ſtealing,
Nor men ſo given to paſſion;
But now a days, truth ſo decays,
And falſe knaves there are plenty,
So pride exceeds all worthy deeds,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

The hangman now the faſhion keeps,
And ſwaggers like our gallants;
While lobe and charity ſits and weeps,
To ſee them waſte their Talents;
Spend all their ſtore upon a whore,
Such Prodigals there are plenty;
Thus brave it out, while men them flout,
And Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Ned Swaſh hath fetch'd his cloaths from pawn
With dropping of the barrell,
Joan Dun hath bought a ſmock of Lawn,
And now begins to quarrell.
She thinks her ſelf poor ſilly elfe,
To be the beſt of twenty,
And yet the whore is wondrous poor,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

I read in ancient times of poor,
That men of worthy calling,
Built Alms-houſes and Spittles ſtore,
Which now are all down falling;
And few men ſeek them to repair,
Nor now is there one among twenty,
That for good deeds will take any care,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Farm-houſes which their fathers built
And Land well kept by tillage,
Their prodigall Sons have ſold for gilt,
In every Town and Village:
To the City and Court they do reſort
With gold and Silver plenty;
And there they ſpend their time in ſport,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Young Land-lords when to age they come,
Their rents they would be racking,
The tenant muſt give a golden ſum,
Or elſe he is turn'd packing:
Great fines and double rent beſide,
Or elſe they'l not contented bee,
It is for to maintain their monſtrous pride,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Their fathers went in homely freez,
And wore good plain cloth breeches;
Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
Sow'd on with good ſtrong ſtitches:
They were not called Gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now every gull's grown worſhipfull,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

774

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

NO Gold nor Silver parchment lace
Was worn but by our Nobles,
Nor would the honeſt harmleſs face,
Wear Cuffs with ſo many doubles;
Their bands were to their chins ſown then,
Yet cloth was full as plenty;
Now one band hath more cloth then ten,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pity;
The City followes the ſtrangers faſhion,
The Country followes the City:
And ere one faſhion is known throughout,
Another they will invent ye;
'Tis all your gallants ſtudy about,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

He thinks it is a great reproach
To thoſe that are nobly deſcended,
When for their pleaſures cannot have a coach,
Wherewith they might be attended;
But every beggerly Jack and Gill,
That eat ſcant a good meal in twenty,
Muſt through the ſtreets be jaunted ſtill
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

There's ſome are rattled thorow the ſtreets,
Probatum eſt, I tell it;
Whoſe names are wrapp'd in parchment ſheets,
It grieves their hearts to ſpell it,
They are not able two men to keep,
With a coachman they muſt contented be,
Which at Goldſmiths hall door in's box lies aſleep,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Our Gentlewomen whoſe means is nothing
To that which they make ſhew of,
Muſt uſe all the faſhions in their cloathing,
Which they can hear or know of;
They take ſuch care themſelves to deck,
That money is oft ſo ſcanty,
The belly is fear'd to complain to the back,
While Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

There is a crue, and a very mad crue,
That about the Town doth ſwagger,
That ſeems like Knights to the peoples view,
And wear both ſword and dagger;
That ſweetens their cloaths once a week,
Hunger with them is ſo plenty,
The Broker will not have them to ſick,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Some Gentlemen and Citizens have
In divers eminent places,
Erected houſes fine and brave,
Which ſtood for the owners graces,
Let any poor to ſuch a door
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may ask till their throats are ſore,
For Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

Thus plainly I to you declare,
How ſtrangely times are changed;
What humors in the people are,
How virtue is eſtranged:
Now every Jackanapes can ſtrut,
Such Coxcombs there are plenty,
But at the laſt in Priſon but,
So Mock-begger hall ſtands empty.

London, Printed for *Richard Harper*, at the Bible and Harp in Smithfield.

He takes his leave once more and goes,
Her pleaſure to fulfill.
He longs to be a dealing blowes,
To win more honour ſtill,
And through a Foriſt as he rides
He meets a mighty Giant,
Two yards at every ſtep, he ſtrides,
Far ſtronger then a Lion,
Friend quoth the *Giant*, haſt thou heard
Of one they call him *Guy*
Who all the Power of *France*, hath feard
With acts of Chivalric.

And when my Father heare the truth,
Take *Phelice* for thine owne.
Win honour by thy marſhall hand,
And by a War-like life,
When this I came to underſtand,
Take *Phelice* for thy wife.
Phelice I aske no more ſaid he
Call *Guy* a Coward Swain,
..e refuſe to Fight for the,
Thy love for to obtaine,
O woe to him that counts that good,
That doth procure his Care,
Who wins a wife with loſſe of blood,
Doth buy his bargan deare.
Yet whilſt he hath a drop to bleed,
Guy, will not idle lye.
Performing many a worthy deed,
And acts of Chivelry.
In France he prov'd himſelf a man.
Vnhorſt them one by one,
He there Caſt down both horſe and man,
And Fame and honour won,
He then to England comes a maine.
To ſee his Hearts delight,
But *Phelice* ſends him forth againe,
Sence he ſo well could fight,
To fight for her he would not grutch.
Whom he eſteemed deare
Becauſe he loved her ſo much.
No danger did he feare,
No danger may he feare that ſtrives,
To winn a Ladies love.
And howſoever the buſſines thrives,
Obedient he muſt prove.

Vallant *Guy* beſtirs his hands,
The Dragon back did ſhrink,
The Giant *Rumbo* quaking ſtands:
And knew not what to think.
Guy gets the victory at laſt,
Which made great *Rumbo* glad:
He was full glad the fight was paſt,
For he before was ſad:
The greatfull Lion *Guy* did greet:
When he to him did goe,
And thankfuly did lick his feet.

Becauſe

Pr

THE HEROICK

HISTORY.

OF

GUY, Earle of Warwick.

WRITTEN BY HUMPHERY CROUCH

LONDON

Printed for *Jane Bell* at the East end of Christ-Church. 1655.

The valiant Commander with his reſolute Lady,

Shewing.

A breif diſcourſe of a Commander bold,
Who had a wife was worth her weight in gold,
Shee bravely fought to ſave her husbands life.
Let all men judge, was not this a valiant wife.

To a new Northern tune called, *I would give ten thouſand pounds ſhee was in* Shrewsbury, OR, *Ned Smith.*

GAllants come liſt a while
a ſtory I will tell,
Of a Commander bold,
and what to him befell.
He was beſieged round,
in Cheſter City fair,
His Lady being with him,
which fil'd his heart with care,
This unto her he ſaid,
deareſt come thou to mee.
I would give ten thouſand pounds
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

O my own hearts delight,
my joy and turtle Dove,
More dear than my own life,
heavens know I do thee love.
Thoſe beautious looks of thine
my ſences ſet on fire,
Yea though I love thee well,
thy abſence I deſire,
Deareſt come thou to mee, &c.

Thy red coloured cheeks
and thy bright ſhining eye,
Makes mee alwayes inflam'd,
with thy ſweet company,
Thy breath ſmells far more rare
than doth ſweet frankincenſe,
And yet for all thoſe fumes
I wiſh thee farther hence:
This makes mee ſigh and ſay. &c

Look how my Uncle ſtands,
I dare not come him near,
Becauſe I love the King,
and am a Cavalier,
Yet for my Lady and her ſon,
my heart doth bleed for thee,
I would give ten thouſand pound
they were in Shrewsbury:
They were in Shrewsbury,
ſome comfort for to find,
Amongſt the Cavaliers
to eaſe a troubled mind.

My heart bleeds in my breaſt,
for my fair Ladies ſake,
And how to ſave her life.
I know no courſe to take,
Hark how the Drums do beat,
and warlike Trumpets ſound,
See how the Muſquetcers,
have now begirt us round:
The Souldiers they cry out,
kill, kill no quarter give,
What hopes then can I have,
that my true love ſhould live,

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

VVHen he thus ſpoken had
his Lady he forſook,
And with a manly heart
his ſword in hand he took,
Farewell my Lady dear,
now will I bandy blows,
And fight myſelf to death
amongſt my deſperate foes,
Deareſt farewell from mee,
deareſt farewell from mee,
I would give ten thouſand pound,
thou wert in Shrewsbury.

His Lady ſeeing then:
the danger they were in,
She like a Souldier bold
nobly then did begin:
My truſty love quoth ſhe
ſince thou ſo valiant art,
What ere becomes of me,
ſtoutly Ile take thy part:
Deareſt caſt care away
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and Ile neer depart
Ile live and dye with thee.

Put mee on mans attire
give mee a Souldiers coat,
Ile make King Charleſes foes
quickly to change their note.
Cock your match, prim your pan
let petreing bullets fly.
I do not care a pin,
whether I live or dye:
Deareſt caſt care away
let kiſſes comfort thee
Thou and Ile near depart
Ile live and die with thee.

She took a Musquet then
and a ſword by her ſide,
In diſguiſe like a man
her valour ſo ſhe tride,
And with her true love ſhe,
marcht forth couragiouſly,
And made away with ſpeed,
quite through the enemy.
Deareſt caſt care away
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and Ile neer depart
Ile live and dye with thee.

Their Souldiers brave and bold,
behav'd themſelves ſo well
That all the Northern parts,
of their deſerts can tell;
Thus have you heard the news
of a moſt valiant weight,
And of his Lady brave
how ſtoutly they did fight.
Deareſt caſt care away,
let kiſſes comfort thee,
Thou and Ile neer depart,
wee two will ſtill agree.

FINIS.

The Maids Revenge upon Cupid and Venus.

Shewing how Cupid with his dart
Did wound and almoſt kill her heart:
But ſhe recovering of her pain
Reveng'd her ſelf on him again:
And how Vulcan the Black-Smith he did prove
Falſe to the Laſs that did him love:
And many other matters rare
Within this Ditty ſpoken of are.

To the Tune of Loves Tyde, or, Flora Farewel.

YOu Maids and Widows all a row,
My mind I'de have you for to know
How Cupid he hath conquered me,
And croſt me in my ſolity;
I was a Damſel fair and bright,
That was beloved of many a wight,
But afterwards it made me rue,
To ſee that men prove ſo untrue.

When I was fifteen years of age,
Came Cupid in a fiery rage,
And with his poyſoned wounding dart,
Shot through my skin, & pierct my heart,
And having toucht me to the quick
I therupon fell dangerous ſick.
And ever ſince that time I rue
To ſee that young men proves untrue.

Then Suters every day I had
To comfort me, and make me glad,
I entertain'd them willingly
In hope to have a remedy,
Firſt came a Taylor fine and brave,
Who proved at laſt a cunning knave
He for to win my love did ſue
Whoſe flattering tongue did make me rue.

He clipt, he kiſt, he courted me,
And ſaid he would my husband be,
He gave to me a gay gold ring
In hope to have a better thing,
He would have had my Maiden-head
Before that I to him was wed,
And had not I been very wiſe,
The knave had plaid his Maſter prize.

A bonny VVeaver he came next
To eaſe my mind that was perplext,
With complements he did me greet,
And honey ſugered kiſſes ſweet,
Perfumed gloves, and ribbons brave,
As tokens of his love he gave:
And for to ſpeak of him the truth
He was a very comly youth.

He woed me, and I gave conſent,
To be his wife was my intent,
But cruel death did end his life,
Before that I was made his wife,
O had he lived I had been bleſt,
But being dead I am diſtreſt.
I muſt go ſeek a lover new,
Which was the thing that made me rue.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

A Glover he came next of all,
A proper man both ſtreight and tall,
And ſaid that I ſhould be his bride,
What fortune ever did betide;
But like a falſe diſſembler he
Forſwore himſelf and forſook me:
VVhich made my heart to melt and rue
To ſee falſe men prove ſo untrue.

Vulcan the Black-Smith that bore blade,
Counted the beſt of all his trade;
He told me many a fluant tale,
And feaſted me with Cakes and Ale,
Tokens of love he did me give,
And I did verily believe,
That he had been a lover true
But like a knave he made me rue

When firſt he came into the place
He in his arms did me imbrace:
With ſolemn oaths he did proteſt
That of all Girls he loved me beſt,
But he vilde wretch did me forſake
Another Sweet-heart for to take,
VVhich makes me ſigh, lament, and weep,
Becauſe ſome Black-Smiths no faith can (keep.

And ſince that he from me was gone,
Sweet-hearts I have had many a one;
But I will no more deceived be
By any ſuch like knaves as he. (nimble,
When young mens tongues do run moſt
Their hearts do moſt of all diſſemble:
And like the Proverb uſed of old
The hotteſt love is ſooneſt cold.

Therefore I'le ſet my heart at reſt
A ſingle life becomes me beſt,
No falſe diſſembling cogging man
Shall do me wrong do what he can.
Ile break all Cupids darts in twain,
And looſe my ſelf from Venus chain.
Ile make great Jupiter to thunder
And tear the Cyclops quite aſunder.

Great Neptune ſhall forſake, the Seas
And Caron in his boat be drown'd,
Before that I at any time
Will to a flattering knave be bound:
Shall I be bound that may be free?
Shall reaſon rule my raging mind?
Shall I love him that loves not me,
No though I wink I am not blind.

Yet let no one my words miſtake,
Though I againſt falſe love do ſpeak;
I do not ſay but ſome men are
Of qualities both rich and rare:
Some men are honeſt, ſure, and juſt
Faithful to all that doth them truſt,
Conſtant in actions, and in love,
As true as is the turtle dove.

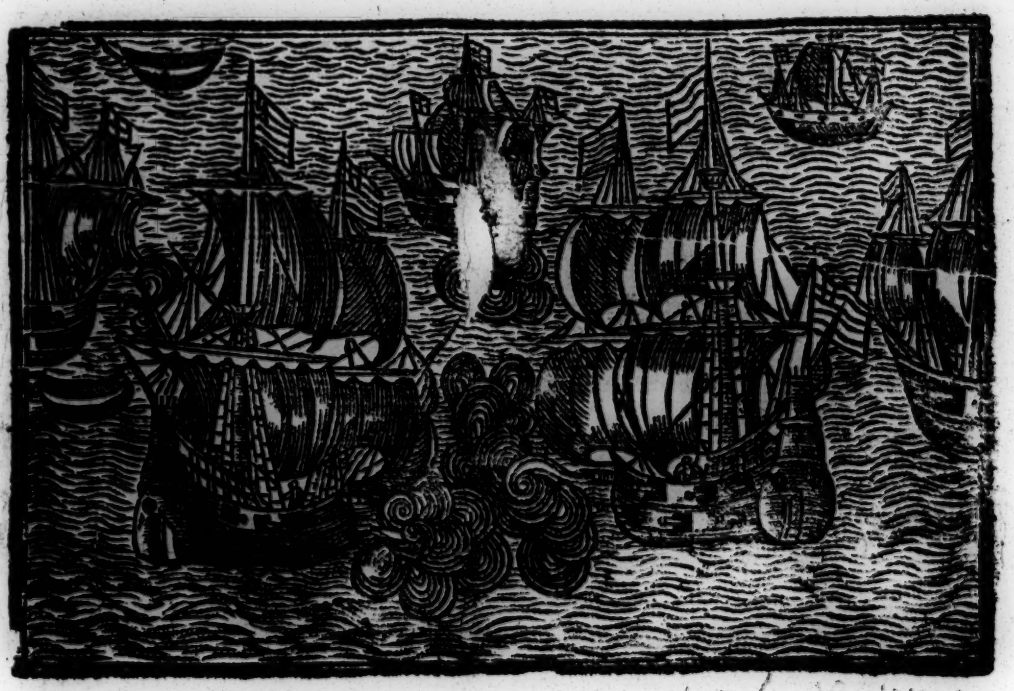
When ſuch a man I chance to ſee
To him I fain would married be,
And to him prove a loving wife
So long as heaven affords me life.
But to conclude, and end my Song,
In which I mean no creature wrong.
Young men and maids I ſpeak to you
Change not an old love for a new.

London, Printed for Fra, Grove, And entred according to Order. Finis L.P.

The Maydens of Londons brave adventures,
OR
A Boon Voyage intended for the Sea,

Some gone before, and ſome to follow:
Their Sweet-hearts are reſolv'd alſo
This noble Voyage for to go.
Becauſe they hold their Love ſo dear,
As in this Ditty you ſhall hear.

Tune is, a Taylor is a man: Or, Wet and weary.



COme all you very merry London Girls,
that are diſpoſed to Travel,
Here is a Voyage now at hand,
will ſave your feet from gravel,
If you have ſhoes you need not fear
for wearing out the Leather
For why you ſhall on ſhipboard go,
like Loving Rogues together,
Some are already gone before
the reſt muſt after follow
Then come away and do not ſtay
Your guide ſhall be Apollo.

Peg, Nell, and Siſſe, Kate, Doll, and Beſſe
Sue. Rachel, and ſweet Sara
one, Prudence & Grace have took their place
with Debora, Jane, and Mary,
Fair Winifright, and Bridget bright,
ſweet Roſe and pretty Nany,
with Vrſely neat and Alice compleat
that had the love of many
All theſe brave Girls and others more
conducted by Apollo,
Have tane their leaves and are gone before
And their Loves will after follow.

Then why ſhould thoſe that are behind
ſtink back and dare not venture
For you ſhall prove the Sea-men kind,
if once the ſhips you enter
You ſhall be fed with good ſtrong fare
according to the ſeaſon
Biſket, ſalt-Beef, and Engliſh Beer
and Pork well boyld with Peaſon
And ſince that ſome are gone before
the reſt with Joy may follow
To bear each other company
Conducted by Apollo.

When you come to the appointed place
your minds you need not trouble
For every groat that you got here
you ſhall have three times double
For there are Gold and Silver Mines
and treaſures much abounding,
As plenty as New-Caſtle Coales
at ſome parts may be founding,
Then come away make no delay
all you that mean to follow
The Ships are ready bound to go
Conducted by Apollo.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

FOr victuals when as you come there
you ſhall have choice and plenty
Pigs, Turkies, Geeſe, Cocks, Hens, and (Ducks,
and other fare moſt dainty,
Alſo be ſure that you ſhall have
enough ſold for your mony
A good fat Capon for a groat
and eighteen eggs a penny
Then come brave Laſſes come away,
if you deſire to follow,
Your ſiſters that are gone before
Conducted by Apollo.

Thinne cloathing then may ſerve you turn
when as you do come thither,
For there the Sun is hot enough,
and very warm the weather,
All that you'le have to care for there
is very little or nothing,
For there is all things at cheap rates
both meat and drink and cloathing
Then come brave Laſſes come away
you need not fear to follow,
Thoſe that are newly gone I ſay
Conducted by Apollo,

If any of you have ſweet-hearts,
let that not greatly grieve you,
'Tis very like they ſhall be ſent,
ſoon after to relieve you,
And when they come where as you are
and ſees your lovely faces,
You will rejoyce to meet them there,
with kiſſes and imbraces
Make haſte away uſe no delay,
conducted by Apollo
If that the Maidens go before
the Young men they will follow.

The Reaſon as I underſtand
why you go to that Nation,
Is to inhabit that fair Land
and make a new plantation
Where you ſhall have good ground enough
for Planting and for Tilling
Which never ſhal be taken away,
ſo long as you there are living,
Then come brave laſſes come away,
conducted by Apollo,
Although that you do go before,
your ſweet-hearts they will follow,

The Young mens Reſolution to follow their Sweet-hearts, and ſeek till they find them.

Seeing our ſweet-hearts are gone before
great cauſe we have to mind them,
And we are firmly now reſolved
to ſeek until we find them
Were'le croſſe the curled Ocean main,
our minds ſhall no way waver,
Til we have found our Loves again,
and get into their favor
For ſince that they are gone before,
with ſpeed we will them follow
For fear their foes ſhould do them wrong,
If they ſhould miſſe Apollo,

Sweet Neptune be our ſafe convey,
and Jove we pray befriend us,
That we our true lovers may injoy,
great Mars ſuch Fortune ſend us,
That no falſe Spaniard may betray,
our loves to keep them from us,
Then ſhall we meet with them once more
according to our promiſe,
For ſince that they are paſt away,
we cannot chuſe but follow
Through fire or Water, heat or cold,
Conducted by Apollo.

Take courage now my noble hearts,
let not Jack Spaniard Feet us.
If we but take each others parts,
the Infidels will feat us,
'Tis neither Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,
nor any proud Philiſtians,
That can our Engliſh men ſubdue,
nor wrong us that are Chriſtians,
Our Sweet-hearts they are gone before
and we'le make haſte to follow
For it is ſuppoſ'd they are bound to Sea,
Conducted by Apollo.

Ho now dear hearts we come, we come,
ther's nothing will diſmay us,
I hope there is no friend of ours,
that will deſire to ſtay us,
Our foraign foes we do not fear,
God and good Angels guide us,
For you we'le venture far and near
what chance ſo ever betide us,
Through old America or Spain
Conducted by Apollo
We'le ſearch to find you out again,
ſo cloſely will we follow.

FINIS. L.P.

London Printed for Fran. Grove
on Snow-hill.

The dainty Damſels Dream:
OR,
Cupids Viſions.

The Maid ſaw ſuch ſtrange Viſions in her ſleep,
When ſhe a wak'd it forc'd her for to weep;
She dreaming lay, and thought her Love lay by,
But he alas was not at that time nigh.
Then lift and you ſhall heare the Damſels Dream,
And afterwards what followed the ſame
To the Tune of, *As ſhe lay ſleeping in her bed.*

AS I lay on my lobely head,
I fell into a dream,
God Cupid he attended me,
and ſtraight upon this ſame.
The Chamber where I lodged in
me thought was all on fire,
Then Mars and Jupiter came in
both wrath and furious ire.
After came Venus with her train,
of Nimphs moſt fair and bright,
And prickt my heart in ebery vain
much like to kill me quite;
I knew no reaſon why their rage
and anger ſhould be ſo,
Why then quoth Venus to thy ſelfe,
thou art a mortall foe.
There is a young man lobes thee deer,
and yet is like to dye,
Becauſe for him thou doſt not care
that is the reaſon why.

That thou art puniſhed ſo ſore
here in thy naked bed,
And if thou wilt not yeeld to lobe,
we mean to kill thee dead.
Fair Queen, quoth I, grant me this boon
I may ſo happy be
For to preſent him to my biew,
that I the man may ſee,
And if that I can fancy him,
there is no more to do;
But I will yeeld to be his lobe,
and kiſſe and bug him too.
With that the flames all quenched was
and all the coaſts was cleare,
And then a proper handſom youth,
did in my ſight appeare;
Like young Adonis in his prime,
this gallant ſeem's to be
Of courage bold, and bigour brabe,
and fortitude was he.

45. L. 28. 102.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.

His face like to an Angels was
his eyes like ſtarrs did ſhine,
In every part from top to toe,
he ſeemed a Saint divine,
His ſweet perfumed vented breath
did bear ſo rare a ſmell,
The richeſt Odors in the world,
for ſent it did excell.

With courtely words and compliments
he did me kindly greet,
Croſſing my lips ten thouſand times,
which kiſſes ſoft and ſweet;
In his right hand a purſe of gold
he had, and did me give,
And told me I ſhould never want
ſuch Coyn whileſt I did live.

It raviſht my ſenſes all,
and ſet my heart on fire,
His countinance for to behold,
it made me to admire:
So that I much deſired then,
to have his company,
His comly perſon to imbrace
as I in bed did lie.

His hoſe and doublet he ſtript off,
and came into my bed,
Saying that he muſt maſter be,
and have my maiden head;
Good lack, how willing then was I
his love to entertain.
The thought of action moved me
in every limb and vein.

When all my vitals thus were rais'd,
and ready for the ſport,
Cupid, and Venus ſtole away
and ſo broke up the ſport;
Even ſo departed all the Nimphs,
and ſtraight upon the ſame
I wak'd and wep, becauſe I ſaw
all things was but a dream.

Fie upon dreames and fond delights,
which thus deſturbs the mind
'Tis better for to be awak'd,
and exercis'd by kind;
When as I dream'd I had a love,
and gold, and pleaſure ſtore;
But when I wak'd I ſaw none ſuch
which makes me grieve the more.

FINIS. L. P.

London Printed for John Andrews, at the White-Lyon, in Pye-corner.

The Great Boobee.

To a pleaſant new Tune; Or, Salengers Round.

My Friends if you will underſtand
my fortunes what they are
I once had Cattel, Houſe and Land,
but now am neber the near,
My Father left a good eſtate
as I may tell to thee,
I cozened was of all I had
like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
and for to learn my book,
And all the day I went to play,
in it I neber did look,
Full ſeben years, or bery nigh,
as I may tell to thee,
I could hardly ſay my Chriſt-croſs-row
like a great Boobee.

My Father then in all the haſte,
did ſet me to the Plow,
And for to laſh the horſe about,
indeed I knew not how;
My Father took his whip in his hand,
and ſoundly laſhed me
He call'd me Fool and Country clown
and great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
for I will plow no more,
Becauſe he hath ſo laſhed me,
and made my Ade ſo ſore:
But I will go to London Town,
ſome faſhions for to ſee
When I came there they call'd me
and great Boobee. (Clown

But as I went along the ſtreet,
I carried my hat in my hand,
And to every one that I did meet,
I bzabely buſt my hands;
Some did laugh, and ſome did ſcoff,
and ſome did mock at me,
And ſome did ſay I was a Windcock,
and a great Boobee.

Then did I walk in haſte to Pauls,
the Steeple for to view
Becauſe I heard ſome people ſay,
it ſhould be builded new,
Then I got up unto the top,
the City for to ſee,
It was ſo high it made me cry
like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to Weſtminſter,
and for to ſee the Tombs,
Oh, ſaid I, what a houſe is here
with an infinite ſight of Rooms?
Sweetly the Abby Bells did ring
it was a fine zight to ſee,
My thoughts I was going to heaben
like a great Boobee. (in a ſtring

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune

BUt as I went along the ſtréet,
the moſt part of the day
Many Gallants did I méet
methoughts they were very gay,
I blew my noſe, and pift my hoſe
ſome people did me ſée,
They ſaid I was a beaſtly fool,
and a great Boobee.

Next day I through Pie-corner paſt,
the Roaſt-meat on the ſtall
Inbited me to take a taſte
my money was but ſmall,
The meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt
as I may tell to thée
He beat me ſore, and made me rore
like a great Boobee.

As I through Smithfield lately walkt
a gallant Laſs I met
Familiarly with me ſhe talkt
which I cannot forget,
She proffered me a pint of wine
me thought ſhe was wondrous free,
To the Tabern then I went with her
like a great Boobee.

She told me we were near of kin,
and call'd for wine good ſtore,
Before the reckoning was brought in
my Couſin prov'd a Whore
My purſe ſhe pickt, and went a way
my Couſin cozened me
The Vintner kickt me out of doors
like a great Boobee.

At the Exchange when I came there,
I ſaw moſt gallant things
I thought the pictures living were
of all our Engliſh Kings,

I doft my hat, and made a leg
and kneeled on my knée
The people laught, and call'd me fool,
and great Boobee.

To Paris Garden then I went,
where there was great reſort,
My pleaſure was my puniſhment,
I did not like the ſport.
The Garden bull with his ſtout horns
on high then toſſed me;
I did bewray my ſelf with fear
like a great Boobee.

The Bear-heard went to take me then,
the people flockt about,
I told the Bear-garden men,
my Guts were almoſt out,
They ſaid I ſtunk moſt grievouſly
no man would pitty me,
They call'd me witleſs Fool and Aſs,
and great Boobee.

Then ore the water I did paſs
as you ſhall underſtand,
I dropt into the Thames alaſſe
before I came to Land,
The Water-man did help me out,
and thus did ſay to me,
'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd
thou great Boobee.

But I have learned ſo much wit
ſhall ſhorten all my cares,
If I can but a license get
to play before the Bears,
'Twill be a gallant place indeed,
as I may tell to thée,
Then who dares call me Fool or Aſs,
or great Boobee. FINIS.

London, Printed for R. I.
Entred according to Order.

Room for a Joviall Tinker old Brass to mend;

O R,

Here is a Tinker full of mettle
The which can mend pot pan or Kettle,
For stopping of holes is his delight
His work goes forward day and night
If there be any women brave,
whose Coldrons need of mending have
Send for this Tinker nere deny him
He'l do your work well if you try him.
A proof of him Ile forthwith show
Cause you his workmanship may know
The tune is, Behold the man, &c.

IT was a Lady of the North,
she lov'd a Gentleman.
And knew not well what course to take
to use him now and than,
Wherefore she writ a Letter,
and seal'd it with her hand,
And bid him be a Tinker
to mend both pot and pan.
with a hey ho hey derry derry down
with hey trey down down derry.

And when the merry Gentleman
the Letter he did read,
He got a budget on his back
and Apron with all speed,
His pretty shears and pincers
so well they did agree.
With a long pike staff upon his back
came tripping o're the Lee,
with a hey, &c.

When he came to the Ladyes house,
he knocked at the gate,
Then answered this Lady gay
who knocketh there so late?
'Tis I Madam the Tinker said,
I work for gold and fee.
If you have any broken pots or pans
come bring them all to me,
with a hey, &c,

I am the bravest Tinker
that lives beneath the Sun,
If you have any work to do
you shall have it well done.
I have brasse within my budget.
and punching under my Apron,
I'm come unto your Ladyship
and mean to mend your Coldron.
with hey.

I prethee said the Lady gay.
bring now thy budget in,
I have store of work for thee to do
if thou wilt once begin,
Now when the Tinker he came in
that did the budget bear,
God blesse quoth he your Ladyship
God save you Madam fair,
with hey &c.

But when the Lady knew his face,
she then began to wink.
Hast lusty Butler then quoth she,
to fetch the man some drink.
Give him such meat as we do eat,
and drink as we do use,
It is not for a Tinkers Trade
good liquor to refuse.
with hey ho hey derry derry down
with hey tre down down derry.

BUt when that he had eat and drank
the truth of all is so,
The Lady took him by the sleeve
her work to him to show.
Set up thy Tools Tinker quoth she
and see there be none lost,
And mend my Kittle handsomely
what ere it doth me cost.
with hey, &c.

Your work Madam shall be well done
if you will pay me for't,
For every nayl that I do drive
you shall give me a mark.
If I do not drive the nayl to th' head
Ile have nothing for my pain
And what I do receive of you,
shall be return'd again.
with hey, &c.

At last being come into the Room
where he the work should do
The Lady lay down on the bed
for to tire the Tinker too;
Although the Tinker knockt amain
the Lady wearst offended.
But before that she rose from the bed
her Tools was well mended
with hey, &c.

But when his work was at an end
which he did in the dark
She put her hand into her purse,
and gave him twenty mark.
Heres money for thy work said she
and I thank thee for thy pain,
And when my Copper mending lacks
Ile send for thee again.
with hey, &c.

The Tinker he was well content
for that which he had done,
So took his budget on his back
and quickly he was gone.
Then the Lady to her husband went
O my dear Lord quoth she
I have set the naiest Tinker at work
that ever you did see.
with hey, &c.

No fault at all this Tinker hath
but he takes dear for his work,
That little time that he wrought here
it cost me twenty mark
If you had bin so wise quoth he
for to have held your own,
Before you set him to his work
the price you might have known.
with hey, &c.

Pray hold your peace my Lord quoth she
and think it not too dear,
If you could do't so well t'would save
you forty pound a year.
With that the Lord most lovingly
to make all things amends,
He kindly kist his Lady gay
and so they both were friends.
with hey, &c.

You merry Tinkers every one
that hear this new made Sonnet
When as you do a Ladies work
before you think upon it,
Drive home your nayls to the very head
and do your work profoundly.
And then no doubt your Mistresses
will pay you for it roundly.
with hey &c.

Printed for F. Coles T. Vere and W. Gilbertson

The Royal Recreation

Of jovial ANGLERS.

Proving that all Men are *Intanglers*,
And all *Profeſſions* are turn'd *Anglers*.

To the Tune of, *Amarillis*.

OF all the Recreations which
attend on Humane Nature,
There's nothing ſoares ſo high a pitch,
or is of ſuch a Stature,
As is a Subtle Anglers life,
in all Mens Aprobation:
For Anglers tricks, do daily mix,
with every Corporation.

When Eve and Adam liv'd by love,
and had no cauſe for Jangling,
The Devil did the Waters move,
the Serpent fell to Angling:
He Baits his Hook, with Gods-like look,
quoth he, this will intangle her:
The woman Chops, and down the drops:
the Devil was firſt an Angler.

Phyſitians, Lawyers, and Divines,
are moſt ingenious Janglers;
And he that tryes, ſhall find in fine
that all of them are Anglers:
Whilſt grave Divines doe fiſh for ſouls
Phyſitians, like Cormudgeons,
Do bait with Health to fiſh for Wealth;
and Lawyers fiſh for Gudgeons,

A Politician, too, is One,
concern'd in Piſcatory;
He Writs, and Fights, Unites & Slights
to Purchaſe Wealth, and Glory;
His Plumets Sounds, the Kingdoms
to make the Fiſhes Nibble; (Bounds
He draws 'em with a Paſt of Lyes,
and he blinds them with the Bible.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

A Fiſher-man Subdued a Place
in ſpight of Locks and Staples,
The Warlike Maſſianello was
a Fiſher-man of Naples,
Commanded forty thouſand Men,
and prov'd a Royal Wrangler:
You ne're ſhall ſee the like agen,
of ſuch a famous Angler.

Upon the Exchange, 'twixt twelve & one
meets many a neat intangler;
Moſt Merchant-men, not one in ten
but is a cunning Angler,
And (like the Fiſhes in the Brooke,)
Brother doth fiſh for Brother;
A golden Bait hangs at the Hooke,
and they Fiſh for one another.

A Shop-keeper I next preferr,
a Formal Man in black, ſir,
That throwes his Angle every where,
and cryes What is't you lack, ſir,
Fine Silks and Stuffs, or Hoods & Muffs
but if a Courtier prove the Intangler,
My Citizen muſt look to't then,
or the Fiſh will catch the Angler.

A Lover is an Angler too,
and Baits his Hooke with Trifles;
He playes and toyes, and fain would do,
but often times he miſſes:
Yet gives her Rings, and ſuch fine things
as Fan or Muff, or Night-hood:
But if you'l Cheat, a City Prat,
you muſt bait her with a Knight-hood.

There is no Angler like a Wench
ſtark-naked in the Water,
She'l make you leave both Trowt and Tench
and throw your ſelf in after: (Tench
Your Hook an Line, ſhe will confine,
the Intangled is the Intangler:
And this I fear, hath ſpoyl'd the Ware
of many a ſobial Angler.

If you will trowl, for a Scriveners ſoul
caſt in a rich young Gallant:
To take a Courtier by the powl,
throw out a golden Tallent;
And yet I doubt, the draught will not
Compound for half the charge on't:
But if you'l catch, the Devil at a ſnatch
go bait him with a Serjeant.

Thus have I made the Anglers Trade
to ſtand above defiance,
For like the Mathematick Art,
It runs through every Science,
If with my Angling Song, I can
with Mirth and Pleaſure ſeaze yee,
I'le bait my Hook with Wit again,
and Angle ſtill to pleaſe ye.

London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, W. Gilberſon, and I. Wright.

The famous Woman-Drummer.

Or the valiant proceedings of a Maid which was in love with a Souldier, and how ſhe went with him to the wars, and alſo of many brave actions that ſhe performed after he had made her his wife, ſhal here be expreſt in this enſuing Ditty. to the tune af wet and weary.

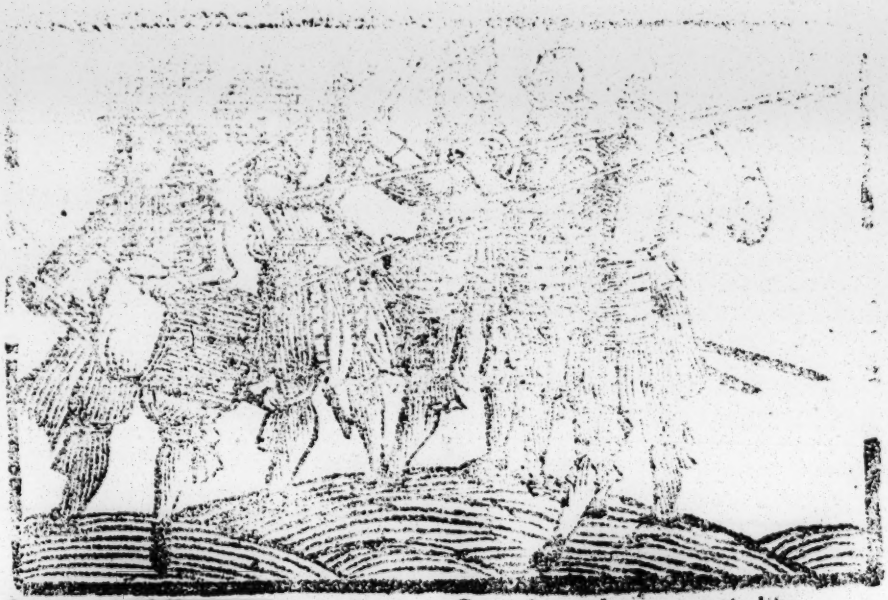
OF a Maiden that was deep in love
with a Souldier brave and bold ſir,
Ile tel you here as true a tale
as ever hath been told ſir:
And what brave actions ſhe perform'd
after ſhe was his wife ſir.
And how ſhe did behave her ſelfe
to ſave her husbands life ſir:
She marcht with him in wet and dry,
in VVinter and in Summer,
For he was then a Musketier,
and ſhe became a Drummer.

When firſt this couple fell in lobe,
a bargain ſhe did make ſir,
That when that he had need of her
ſhe would not him forſake ſir:
And ſo they went for two Comrades
moſt lovingly together,
And plaid their parts moſt actively,
like two Birds of one feather:
ſhe marcht with him in wet and dry,
in winter, &c.

She had got mans apparrel on,
gay doublet and brave hoſe ſir,
And manfully ſhe beat her Drum,
her enemies to oppoſe ſir:
And ſhe was daintily bedeckt,
according to her Colours,
And ſhe was like a man indeed,
juſt to great Mars his followers:
ſhe marcht with him in wet and dry, &c.

They have been both in Ireland,
in Spain and famous France ſir,
where luſtily ſhe beat her Drum,
her honour to advance ſir.
Whil'ſt Canons roar'd and Bullets flye,
as thick as hail from ſkye ſir,
She never fear'd her foraign Foes
when her Comrade was nigh ſir;
She ſtood the brunts in heat and cold,
in winter and in ſummer,
Her husband was a Musketier,
and ſhe was then a Drummer.

In every place where ſhe did come,
ſhe ſhewd her ſelf ſo valiant,
And few men might compare with her,
her actions were ſo gallant:
She manage could her ſword full well,
and to advance a pike ſir;
But for the beating of a Drum,
you ſeldome ſaw the like ſir:
In froſt and ſnow, in wet and dry,
in winter and in ſummer,
Her husband was a Musketier,
and ſhe a famous Drummer.



She beat with three men at one time,
and won of them a wager,
And had not one strange chance befall,
she might have been Drummesor:
Her belly it began to swell
and she grew plump and jolly
But she us'd all the means she could,
whereby to hide her folly:
She march't by day and watcht by night,
in winter and in summer,
And still they took her for a man,
she was so stout a Drummer.

In company she would merry be,
and sometimes sing a song sir,
And take Tobacco oftentimes,
and drink strong Beer among sr:
If any one had angred her,
or done her any evill,
She'd quickly make them for to know
they were better crosse the Devil:
Near Tower-hill she quartered was
in famous London Citie,
But more strange newes I have to tell
before I end my Ditty.

For she was grown so big with child,
which made her fellows wonder,
And in a short time after that,
poor soul she fell asunder:
But when her painful hour approacht,
I dos not lie nor flatter,
The women cut her Codpéce point,
to see what was the matter.
But to be brief, it came to passe,
as I must tell you truly,
She was delivered of a son
the sixteenth day of July:
The women all were kind to her
whilst that she was in labour,
Because she was a Souldiers wife,
they strove to her much favour:
They furnisht her with every thing,
as meat and drink and clothing,
For child-bed linnen and the like,
they let her want for nothing:
Her husband was a Musketier,
and she a lusty Drummer.
It seems they soundly plaid their parts
in winter and in Summer.

Let no man nor no woman think
that she hath been dishonest,
But what she did was done in love,
as she before had promist.
To keep her husband company,
the truth of all was so sir,
And pleasure him both day and night
where ever they dis go sir:
Her husband was a Musketier,
and she a famous Drummer,
It seems they ply'd their businesse well
in winter and in summer.

You Maidens all that hear this Song,
consider what to take here.
Concerning of this woman kind,
that dearly lov'd a Souldier:
If you with Souldiers be in love,
I wish you to be loyal,
For they to you will faithful prove,
if you put them to the trial:
Her husband was a Musketier,
and she a famous Drummer, &c.

For love is such a powerful thing,
if it be rightly given,
There cannot be a better gift
under the ropes of Heaven;
So now brave Souldiers all adieu,
remember what is spoken,
Come buy my songs and send them to
your Sweet-hearts for a token:
Her husband was a Musketier,
and she a warlike Drummer,
I would that I had such a Mate,
to walk with me this Summer.

Finis. I. P.

London printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

A True Relation, Of

The great Floods that happened in many parts of *England* in *December* and *Iannary* last, to the undoing
Many the drowning of cattell and driving down of bridges and houſes the drownding of people a
waſhing up corn by the roots which was the means of Riſing the prices of corn in and about the Cit
Of London; with a warning for all people to amend their lives leſt a worſe thing befalls us.

The Tune is, *aim not to high.*

O England, England, tis high time to repent,
thy drunkenneſs and whoredom now lament
The Lord his judgments daply on us poze,
Yet daply into ſin we run the moze.

Thy ſwearing and prophaning the Lords name,
At laſt it will come home unto thy ſhame
The Lord is Angry now we plainly ſée
Which is the cauſe of all our miſery.

On Sabbath days it is uſual now to ſée,
Taverns and ale houſes filled to be,
When as the Churches empty are we know,
Man ſtill delights to worke his overthrow.

Thou that doſt waſte thy means upon thy pride
On paint and patches, with falſe hair beſide
And cant afford a penny for the poor.
The Lord has judgments ſtil for thée in ſtore.

Thouſands of ſhéep within the fenns were loſt
Great Waters over banks a loft were toſt
Hay Corne the waters likewiſe did ſuck in
Both beaſt and foul do ſuffer for mans ſin.

Thou couetous man which makes thy gold thy Go
Tis time for you to dread Gods heavy rod,
Forbare to gripe the widdow and fatherleſs.
Have mercy to the poor in there diſtreſs.

For God his judgments ſtill on us do poze,
If we repent his mercy lyes in ſtore
The heavens has wept ſufficient for mans ſin
Now to repent 'tis high time to begin.

Thoſe floods which here has bin in England rou
Great loſſes many hundreds ha's found,
No cattel in the Marſhes then could ſtay
But ſtraight the waters made of them a pray

Great mills that work for to kéep man alive,
Thoſe waters did againſt them ſo much ſtrive
They were waſht down with corn & all together,
It were for mans ſin & God did ſend ſuch weather

Great bridges that were built with ſtone & wood
Mers broken down by this ſame raging flood.
Houſes were overthrown the more's the pitty,
Unto the loſs of many town and city.

Corn by the Rats were waſhed out of ground,
As by Experience poor people has found.
Which rais'd the prices of bread corn I tell ye,
The poor does ſuffer many hungry belly.

O Lord look down in mercy on us all,
And give us grace upon thy name to call
Fullneſs of bread to wantonneſs we turn
And yet for ſin we do not ſeem to mourn.

In many places people they were drowned,
Infants in cradles one the ſhore was found
Thoſe Inundations have thouſands annoyed,
Both men and beaſt by it has been deſtroyd.

But now 'tis forgot as I may ſay,
We take delight to ſin both night and day,
For all ſuch heavey Judgments God does ſend
Our lives we do not ſtrive for to amend.

Tis not long ſo as we may underſtand,
Since God did lay on us his heavy hand
Of Peſtilence which made us all to weep.
To ſée ſome people drop down dead in ſtréet

The fire alſo Raged very ſore:
It turned many thouſands out of doore
Women of childbed in the fields did lye,
Me thinks I hear ſtill many doleful cry.

Cruell and bloody wars has béen alſo,
Thouſands has loſt their lives againſt their foe
And now a gain theſe waters mounting high,
May cauſe many with hunger for to dye:

Jeruſalem we read did ſuffer much.
Becauſe to ſerve the Lord many did grutch,
A famine came and made all things ſo dear,
That Rats and mice was held as dainty fare.

And more then that they did for want of meat,
Both roſt and boyl there children to eat,
Poor little babies they did lye at ſtake,
And ſuffer torments for their parents ſake.

So to concludelet us our lives amend,
Then God his bleſſing ſpeedily will ſend
To kéep this ſong in mind do not deny,
And all ways think that one day thou muſt dye.

London, Printed for I. Clark, at the Bible and Harp, in Weſt-Smifield, L. W.

(236)

A True Relation, Of

The great Floods that happened in many parts of *England* in *December* and *Iannary* laſt, to the undoing of many the drowning of cattell and driving down of bridges and houſes the drownding of people and waſhing up corn by the roots which was the means of Riſing the prices of corn in and about the City, Of London; with a warning for all people to amend their lives leſt a worſe thing befalls us.

The Tune is, *aims not to high.*

O England, England, tis high time to repent,
thy drunkenneſs and whoredom now lament
The Lord his judgments dayly on us poure,
Yet dayly into ſin we run the more.

Thy ſwearing and prophaning the Lords name,
At laſt it will come home unto thy ſhame
The Lord is Angry now we plainly ſee
Which is the cauſe of all our miſery.

On Sabbath days it is uſual now to ſee,
Taverns and ale houſes filled to be,
When as the Churches empty are we know,
Man ſtill delights to work his overthrow.

Thou that doſt waſte thy means upon thy pride
On paint and patches, with falſe hair beſide
And cant afford a penny for the poor,
The Lord has judgments ſtil for thee in ſtore.

Thouſands of ſheep within the fenns were loſt
Great Waters over banks a loft were toſt
Hay Corne the waters likewiſe did ſuck in
Both beaſt and foul do ſuffer for mans ſin.

Thou couetous man which makes thy gold thy God
Tis time for you to dread Gods heavy rod,
Forbare to gripe the widdow and fatherleſs.
Have mercy to the poor in there diſtreſs.

For God his judgments ſtill on us do poure,
If for repent his mercy lyes in ſtore
The heavens has wept ſufficient for mans ſin
Now to repent 'tis high time to begin.

Thoſe floods which here has bin in England round
Great loſſes many hundreds ha's found,
No cattel in the Marſhes then could ſtay
But ſtraight the waters made of them a prey

Great mills that work for to kéep man alive,
Thoſe waters did againſt them ſo much ſtrive
They were waſht down with corn & all together,
It were for mans ſin & God did ſend ſuch weather

Great bridges that were built with ſtone & wood
Were broken down by this ſame raging flood.
Houſes were overthrown the more's the pitty,
Unto the loſs of many town and city.

Corn by the Rats were waſhed out of ground,
As by Experience poor people has found,
Which rais'd the prices of bread corn I tell ye,
The poor does ſuffer many hungry belly.

O Lord look down in mercy on us all,
And give us grace upon thy name to call
Fullneſs of bread to wantonneſs we turn
And yet for ſin we do not ſeem to mourn.

In many places people they were drowned,
Infants in cradles one the more was found
Thoſe Inundations have thouſands annoyed,
Both men and beaſt by it has been deſtroyd.

But now 'tis forgot as I may ſay,
We take delight to ſin both night and day,
For all ſuch heavey Judgments God does ſend
Our lives we do not ſtrive for to amend.

Tis not long ſo as we may underſtand,
Since God did lay on us his heavy hand
Of Peſtilence which made us all to weep.
To ſée ſome people drop down dead in ſtreet

The fire alſo Raged very ſore:
It turned many thouſands out of doore
Women of childred in the fields did lye,
Me thinks I hear ſtill many doleſull cry.

Cruell and bloody wars has been alſo,
Thouſands has loſt their lives againſt their foe
And now a gain theſe waters mounting high,
May cauſe many with hunger for to dye:

Jeruſalem we read did ſuffer much.
Becauſe to ſerve the Lord many did grutch,
A famine came and made all things ſo dear.
That Rats and mice was held as dainty fare.

And more then that they did for want of meat,
Both roſt and boyl there children to eat,
Poor little babies they did lye at ſtake,
And ſuffer torments for their parents ſake.

So to conclude let us our lives amend,
Then God his bleſſing ſpeedily will ſend
To kéep this ſong in mind do not deny,
And all ways think that one day thou muſt dye.

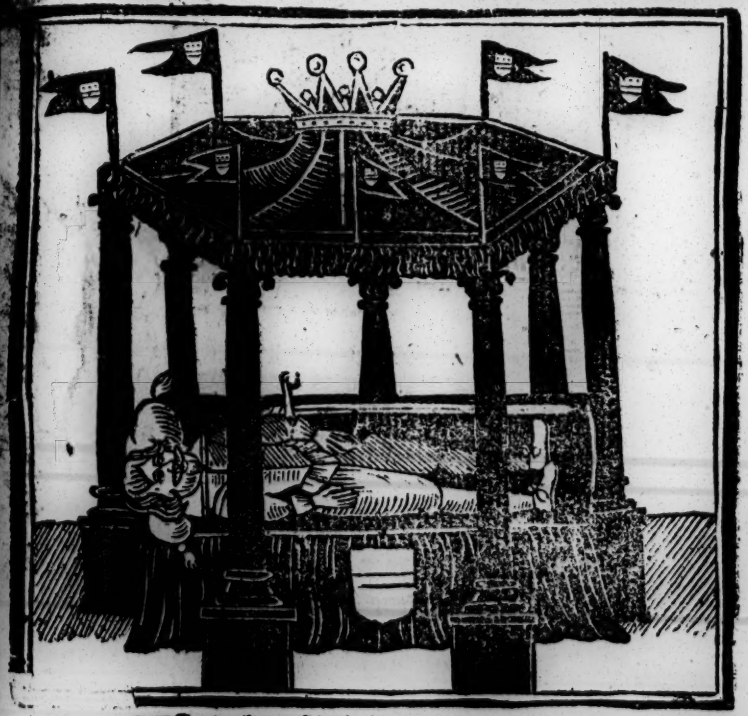
London, Printed for I. Clark, at the Bible and Harp, in Weſt-Smifield, L. W.

Love and Gallantry:

OR,

A Noble Seaman's last adieu to his Mistris, at the time of his being unfortunately drowned in the Last Engagement with the Dutch. With her passionate answer thereunto.

To the Tune of, Farewel my Calista.



FArewel my Clarinda my life and my soul,
I am plung'd in the sea, & on surges must rowl
Severe is my Fate, yet the waves do not blame,
Though they drown me they cannot extinguish my flame
Through secret paths, to blest regions above,
I wander, yet still must remember my Love:
When the charming Beauties of Angels I see,
How can I my dearest but think upon thee.

The deeds I have done I leave upon score,
And am heartily sorry I made them no more;
For the best of all Princes I fought in whose cause
Even Coward would dye for to merit applause:
May good success equal the right of his Arms,
And providence ever protect him from harms.
Some generous thoughts in ons soul it must bring
To love such a Mistris, and serve such a King

Sometimes from those mansions I hope to descend
To whisper my Love in the ears of my friend;
To Court her pure soul on that delicate Theam,
In the welcome delights of an amorous Dream;
To fan thy cool air on her face as she lies,
And acknowledge my self still a slave to her eyes:
Too gross is the Love and too drossie the fire,
That vanquisht soon as the breath doth expire,

Whilst thundering Cannons rung out my sad knel
I kept time with Broad-sides their fury to quell:
I fear'd not the Bullets and thought no surprize,
Could equal those darts ỹ were shot from thine eys
Alas what more Terrour in death could there be,
When before I was kill'd by my absence from thee:
Thus resolv'd I lay down on a watry Pillow,
And was rockt to eternal sleep with a Billow.

TIs far nobler methinks thus bravely to dye,
Couragiously fighting a bold Enemy:
Than that our lifes Taper should dully blaze out,
By Feaver, Consumption, Scurvy, or Gout:
I hate all delays, and do welcome that death,
That comes on a sudden and puffs out ones breath:
Yet to sweeten my fall kind fate did decree,
I should not be wounded by any but thee.

If the Waves to the shoar my dead body shall bear,
And thy fair Eyes come to Embalm't with a tear,
If with some kind wishes the Corps thou shalt view
And acknowledge my love and my services true:
I then shall rejoyce not repine at my fate,
And Princes may envy my happier state,
For who would not dye if sure he cou'd be,
But after his death to be loved by thee

Her Answer.

CAll not your Clarinda, your life, and your soul,
The eyes & turns statue to hear where you rowl
To bid her farewel, alas 'tis but vain,
And remembring your love, but encreases her pain:
Fate cannot decree to commit such a wrong,
Unless it intend too to take me along,
Our death as our life, such a simpathy bears,
You are drown'd in the Ocean, & I in my tears.

In vain for thy safety, with vows, & with prayers,
Have I interceeded and brib'd heavens ears,
Sure Destiny takes a deligh: to oppresse,
The brave, and denyeth the worthy success,
Yet shall not the envy of Fate undermine,
The Glory attends me in having been thine:
I never fear'd death should extinguish thy Love,
for I know by my own & it endless would prove.

The deeds thou hast done are recorded by Fame,
Which so loudly does echo thy glorious name,
that & wondring world this fam'd truth shal approve
Thy Valour was equal'd by nought but thy Love:
our merchants by thee were relievd from their fears
The Pyrates did tremble, thou humbledst Algeirs,
where por Christian slaves shall thy memory bless
Releas'd by thy conduct and freed from distress.

In all the fierce warrs with & Dutch we must own
Thy courage as great and as gallantly shown,
Full well to their cost, when the enemy knew,
and have cause to remember the blows of the Blew
In brief thy exploits are so many and great,
Thou only couldst dye, for to make them compleat:
Oh dye! how it would grieve me, & did I not know
This comfort from fate, that my self can dye too.

Farewel loathsome life, for I only will stay,
Once more to embrace these dear reliques of clay:
To seal his cold lips with a languishing kiss,
And tell him I come to be his partner in Bliss,
Then decently laid in his Grave from my eyes,
A deluge of water shall presently rise: (Hurl'd,
Whose high swelling Billows to Heaven being
Shall waft my soul over into a new world.

Then meeting above in the seats of the blest,
Where lovers in peace may eternally rest,
where wars are quite banisht, & where they need fear
No whispering tongue, nor eavesdropping Ear,
Where pleasures are grac'd with a permanent joy,
And waters can't drown, nor can bullets destroy,
There linkt in each others kind arms will we sit,
whilst our fancies each moment new blisses beget

Printed for Phillip Brooksby, in West-smithfield

Englands Monethly Obſervations and Predictions, for the Yeare of our Bleſſed Saviour, 1653. Fore-told by thoſe two Famous Aſtrologers of our Age, Mr. William Lilly, and Mr. Culpeper.

The Tune is, Faire Angel of England.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.

WHat learned Aſtrologers writeth this Peare,
I purpoſe now unto you for to declare,
Eſpecially Lilly a man of great learning,
In famous Aſtrology by our diſcerning.

And likewiſe Cullpeper, a man of great fame
Knowne all over England even by that name,
What they have foretold you here ſhall finde,
Strange and remarkable if it you will minde

January.

In January ſmall newes you ſhall heare,
Unleſſe it be ſo to fill you with care,
The poore Country men will be grounded indeed,
When he hath no fodder his Cattell to feed.

From Spaine; and Italy, we ſhall heare newes,
God grant poore men may not be ſold for old ſhoes
Truſt to your ſelves where care you ſee me
Thongh I have good judgment in Aſtrologie.

February,

In February men will not be dumbe;
Though Angels of gold have quieted ſome,
Nor yet ſhall this government altred be,
Though turbulant ſpirits doe ſtrive to be free.

We ſhall make a peace with ſome forrain nation,
Even for our own good to keepe firm our ſtation
And though many thunder-bolts ſeeke to diſturb us
It doth not lye in their power yet for to curb us.

March.

All Urope this Month ſhall be at a ſtand
At our preparations by Sea, and by Land
Though we amongſt our ſelves cannot agree
Yet England, by others now feared ſhall bee.

The hearts of the dutch men this month ſhall fail
Even by the courage of our Sea-men bold, (colde,
And if I miſtake not they ſhall ſeeke their peace
And ſo ſhall the honour of England encreaſe.

Aprill.

The common-wealth this Month of Aprill.
Shall ſtand in great feare ſome things will fall ill
For Taxes Increaſe and moneys grow ſcant
And the poorer ſort ſhall be in great want.

We ſhall have a feare although we are ſtrong,
The Scot, or the Dutch, will doe us ſome wrong
Not by their power: but by treacheries,
Although we from them have taine many a priſe.

May,

Now this Month of May. it cannot be good,
It ſeemes to begin with horrour and blood.
Feavers and other diſeaſes moſt ſtrange.
About the Citty and Country ſhall range.

And this Month all Urope ſhall make preparation
For war as I gueſſe nations againſt nations
Yet if wee fight. we ſtill ſhall ſee,
England ſhall ſtill victorious be.

June

Our governors ſhall labour to keep us ſtill quiet,
From civill diſention, miſchiefe and ryot,
And good moderate people ſhall labour each day,
To perſwade rude people to love and obay.

This month we expect ſome newes from the north
And I doe gueſſe ſome matters of worth.
From Scotland and Holland & from other parts,
But God ſand our Country-men true loyal hearts

July.

This July the Land ſhall quieted be,
And in good condition as all men ſhall ſee,
Holland once more ſhall ſue for a peace,
And there will be hopes the miſchief will ceaſe.

If no peace be granted they'le do us ſmall harme,
Although about us like Locus they ſwarme,
For our brave Sea-men wee need not to doubt,
Will after ſome knocking put them to the rout.

Auguſt.

Much thunder and lightning in this moneth will be,
The Ayre much diſtempered the people ſhall ſee,
Many Sea-fights and blod ſhall be ſhed,
And many for want of wit are miſſed:

But after a while good newes ſhall wee heare,
Come from the Weſt to baniſh our feare,
A Mutiny in Spaine is likely to be,
And wee in this Nation ſhall hardly agree.

September.

This moneth of September if things fall out right,
Holland and wee ſhall give over to fight.
By means of Embaſſadours we are made friends.
And Holland be willing to make us amends:

The winds will grow high and may us affright,
But there is no Enemy 'gainſt us dare fight,
Then be of good comfort and be not caſt downe,
For we ſhall live quiet, though fortune may frown

October. (Newes.

The 1 weeke of this moneth wee ſhall heare good
Our Merchants returne and nothing ſhall loſe,
From the Weſtern parts with joy and content,
After much toyling and labour is ſpentt:

Our Land now ſhall flourish and Holland decline,
And to ſee us proſper our Foes ſhall repine,
If God be with us, who can us withſtand,
It is he alone that protecteth our Land.

Novemuber.

In this moneth of November good people ſhal ſtrive
Out of this Nation Tythes for to drive,
Who ſqueze the country-man out of his eſtate,
Even by their tyranny of their deceit:

Enough for to make all the people to riſe,
Againſt thoſe that over them thus tyrantze,
Who cannot be quiet untill they be eaſed.
And til that time come they will not be pleaſed,

December.

I would not have Merchants now for to grieve,
Their ſhips ſhall come home their minds to relieve
For providence keeps them, then do not deſpaire,
This moneth of December good news you ſhal hear,

And ſince it is now the laſt moneth in the Peare,
I would not have any poſſeſſed with feare,
Let's pray unto God our comfort in chiefe,
At the end of the peare for to end all our griefe.

Printed for W. Gilbertſon.

Ill-gotten Goods seldome thrive.
Or, The English Antick.

For Dick, that was a Miller by his Trade,
Did thinke to be a swaggering roaring Blade,
He bought brave Clothes, and powdered all his haire,
But serv'd in's kind for medling with light ware.

The tune is, was ever Young-man crost.

A Lustie Countrie Lad,
that lately came to Towne,
His pockets were so clad,
with many a Silver Crowne:
A Miller by his Trade,
his dwelling is at Bow,
A place of much resort,
as sundry people know:
But Dick the Millers Sonne,
that powdered all his haire,
Alas, he is undone,
by medling with light ware.

He bought a Perry-wig,
a gallant Suit of Clothes,
Which was bestrew'd with Musk,
more sweeter then a Rose:
A Cambrick Band and Cuffs,
his Halfe-shirt out before,
His Breeches had of Ribbons
at least a dozen score:
But Dick, &c.

A Beaver, and a Feather
the Crowne did over-top,
With Ribbons round about,
like a Haberdashers-shop:
He bought a paire of Boots,
with huge and mighty Toes,
The size was twenty foure.
which peept up to his nose:
But Dick, &c,

A Rapier by his side,
against his Spurs did clap,
At last he met a Lasse,
that prov'd a cunning snap:
His Cloake about his middle,
most brave he wore the same,
And walking in Moore-fields,
he met a Venus Dame:
But Dick, &c.

She rustled in her Silks,
as she by him did passe,
And after as I heard
she serv'd him like an Asse:
Good morrow sir, quoth she,
which made young Dick amaz'd,
To see her painted face,
his spirits sone were rays'd:
But Dick, &c.

Faire Pitteis then, said Dick,
let's to the Taverne goe,
Yet like a Maiden chaste,
at first she answeres no:
But Dick oppress with lust,
his spirits did so rise,
That he did her request,
and she no more denyes:
But Dick the Millers Sonne,
that powdered all his haire,
Alack, he is undone,
by medling with light ware.

This is the 2d pt of ye ballad pag 324

Imagine how their time
in merryment was spent,
With kisses sweet and fine,
which Richard did content:
And with her apron strings
young Dick began to play,
Yet she with modest lookes
cry'd, pish, nay fie, away:
But Dick the Millers Sonne,
that powdered all his haire,
Alas, he is undone,
by medling with light ware.

So smoking of his Nose,
and drinking store of Sack,
Thinking to have his will,
but his wits began to crack:
So civilly to bed
this loving couple goes,
She left him fast asleepe,
and stole away his Clothes.
But Dick &c.

The Vintner he came up,
his Reckoning for to have,
But Dick not well awake,
did call him saucie Knave:
But turning round about,
and could no Clothes espy,
Then Richard sone was forc'd
Peccavi for to cry.
But Dick &c.

The Vintner much in rage,
did strike him o're the face,
That Richard at that time
was in a stinking case;
And with his leg and feet
he kickt him out of doore,
And bid him like a Rogue
goe to his pocky Whoore.
Thus Dick &c.

Thus naked home he went
unto his Fathers Mill,
Where he was entertain'd,
and doth continue still:
When Richard took his Tole,
he three times more did take,
To buy him other Clothes,
which she sold for his sake.
Thus Dick &c.

Ill gotten goods nere thrive,
take heed you pilferers all,
Lest you like strutting Dick
to such mischances fall:
Then young men have a care
of painted curled Locks,
For such, though faire above,
below may have the Pox.
But Dick the Millers Sonne,
that powdered all his haire,
Alas, he is undone,
by medling with light ware.

London, Printed for W. Gilbertson.

Author Thoma Fairfax
Eboracensis — circ. an.

The Royal Victory,

Obtained (with the providence of Almighty God) againſt the *Dutch-Fleet*, *June* the 2d, and 3d. 1665. a Fight as bloody (for the time and number) as ever was performed upon the Narrow-Seas, giving a particular accompt of Seventeen Men of Warr taken; Fourteen Sunk and Fir'd. But forty that could eſcape of their whole Fleet, which at this time are hotly perſued by the Earl of *Sandwich*. Their Admiral *Opdam* ſlain by the Duke of *Yorkes* own Frigat. *Van Trump* Sunk by Capt. *Holmes*.

The number of their kill'd Men amounts to 10000.

To the Tune of, *Packingtons pound.*

LEt Eng'and, and Jreland, and Scotland reſoyce,
& render thanksgivings wth heart & wth voice
That ſurley Fanatick that now will not ſing,
Is falſe to the Kingdom, and Foe to the King;
For he that will grutch,
Our Fortune is ſuch.
doth deal for the Devil, as well as the Dutch;
For why ſhould my nature, or conſcience repine
At taking of his life, that fain would have mine

So high a Victory we could not command,
Had it not been gain'd by an Almighty hand,
The great Lord of Battels did perfect this work
For God & the King, and the good Duke of York,
Whoſe Courage was ſuch,
Againſt the Low-Dutch,
that vapour'd & ſwager'd, like Lords in a hutch,
But let the bold Hollanders burn ſink or ſwim,
They have honour enough to be beaten by him.

Fire, aire, earth & water, it ſeemes were imploy'd
To ſtrive for the Conqueſt, wch we have injoy'd,
No honour or profit, or ſafety can ſpring,
To thoſe that do fight againſt God & the King:
The Battel was hot,
And bloudily Fought,
the Fire was like Rain, & like Hail was ỳ Shot,
For in this Ingagement ten thouſand did bleed
Of Flemmings, who now are ỳ Low-Dutch indeed.

In this cruel Conflict ſtout Opdam was ſlain
By ỳ great Duke of York, & lyes ſunk in ỳ Main
Twas from ỳ Dukes Frigat that he had his doome
And by the Dukes valour he was overcome;
It was his good Fate,
To fall at that Rate,
who ſink under Princes, are buried in State.
Since valour and courage in one grave muſt lye,
It is a great honour, by great hands to dye.

315

The second part, to the same tune.

THat gallant bold fellow, ỳ Son of Vantrump
whose brains were beat out by the head of the (Rump
Ingageing with Holmes, a brave Captain of ours
Retreated to Neptunes salt waterie bowers;
His Fate was grown grim,
He no longer could swim,
but he that caught Fishes, now Fishes catch him;
They eat up our Fish without Reason or Lawes,
But now they are going to pay for the Sauce.

To mock at mens misery is not my aime,
It never can add to an Englishmans fame;
But I may rejoyce that the Battel is wonn,
Because in the victory Gods will is done,
Whose Justice appears
In such great Affairs,
who will for Amboina plague them & their Heirs
For he that doth comber his conscience with gilt
In shedding of blod, his own shall be spilt.

In this cruel Contest (our fortune was such)
We toke seventèn Men of War from the Dutch.
And likewise (as then the occasion requir'd
& as God would have it) fourtèn more were fir'd.
At Amboina when
They Torturd our Men.
they lookd not to have the same paid them agen
With fire & with water their Sinews they crackt
In fire and in water they dy'd for the Fact.

According as our God of Battel commanded
The best of their Vessels were Fir'd & Stranded,
All ships, Men of War; for what power hath man
To fight with that Army, where God leads ỳ Van
They Stère, and they Stem,
But 'twas so extream,
our men were neer dying, with killing of them;
They lost (when ỳ muskets & cannon so thunder'd
Twice so many thousand as we have lost hundr'd

Twould make a brave Englishmans heart leap to
But forty ships made an escape of their Fleet (feet
Wch our men persue with much courage & strenght
'Tis doubtless but we shall surprize them at
If God be our guide, (lenght;
And stand by our side,
we shall be befriended with fair Wind & Tide;
If Providence prosper us with a good Gale,
The Dutch nor the Devil shall ever prevaile.

Prince Rupert like lightning fleu thorrough their
Like flame mixt wth powder, their Army did (Fleet
Ten thousand slain bodies the Ocean ore- (met
That in few hours distance were living (spread,
Their Admirals all, (& dead,
Save one there did fall,
and death had command like a chief General,
Brave Smith in the Mary did shave out his way
As Reapers do Wheat, or as Mowers do Hay.
(parts,
Stout Lawson, and Minn, there did both play their
who emptied their Guns in their Enemies hearts
The burly fat Dutchmen being cut out in Slips,
The Vessels did looke more like Shambles then Ships.
God prosper the Fleet,
And send they may meet
De Ruiter, to make up the Conquest compleat.
God bless all the Princes, and every thing
That Fights for ỳ Kingdom, & prayes for ỳ King.

With Allowance. June *the* 9th. 1665.

London, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and R. Gilbertson.*

The Royal Victory,

Obtained (with the providence of Almighty God) againſt the *Dutch-Fleet*, *June* the 2d, and 3d. 1665. a Fight as bloody (for the time and number) as ever was performed upon the Narrow-Seas, giving a particular accompt of Seventeen Men of Warr taken; Fourteen Sunk and Fir'd. But forty that could eſcape of their whole Fleet, which at this time are hotly perſued by the Earl of *Sandwich*. Their Admiral *Opdam* ſlain by the Duke of *Yorkes* own Frigat. *Van Trump* Sunk by Capt. *Holmes*.

The number of their kill'd Men amounts to 10000.

To the Tune of, *Packingtons pound.*

LEt Eng'land, and Jreland, and Scotland reſoyce,
& render thankſgivings wth heart & wth voice
That ſurley Fanatick that now will not ſing,
Is falſe to the Kingdom, and Foe to the King;
For he that will grutch,
Our Fortune is ſuch.
doth deal for the Devil, as well as the Dutch;
For why ſhould my nature, or conſcience, repine
At taking of his life, that fain would have mine

So high a Victory we could not command,
Had it not bẽn gain'd by an Almighty hand,
The great Lord of Battels did perfect this work
For God & the King, and the good Duke of York,
Whoſe Courage was ſuch,
Againſt the Low-Dutch,
that vapour'd & ſwager'd, like Lords in a hutch,
But let the bold Hollanders burn ſink or ſwim,
They have honour enough to be beaten by him.

Fire, aire, earth & water, it ſeemes were imploy'd
To ſtrive for the Conqueſt, wch we have injoy'd,
No honour or profit, or ſafety can ſpring,
To thoſe that do fight againſt God & the King:
The Battel was hot,
And bloudily Fought,
the Fire was like Rain, & like Hail was ỹ Shot,
For in this Ingagement ten thouſand did bleed
Of Flemmings, who now are ỹ Low-Dutch indeed.

In this cruel Conflict ſtout Opdam was ſlain
By the great Duke of York, & lyes ſunk in ỹ Main
Twas from ỹ Dukes Frigat that he had his doome
And by the Dukes valour he was overcome;
It was his good Fate,
To fall at that Rate,
who ſink under Princes, are buried in State.
Since valour and courage in one grave muſt lye,
It is a great honour, by great hands to dye.

315

The second part, to the same tune.

THat gallant bold fellow, ỹ Son of Vantrump
whose brains were beat out by the head of the (Rump
Ingageing with Holmes, a brave Captain of ours
Retreated to Neptunes salt waterie bowers;
His Fate was grown grim,
He no longer could swim,
but he that caught Fishes, now Fishes catch him;
They eat up our Fish without Reason or Lawes,
But now they are going to pay for the Sauce.

To mock at mens misery is not my aime,
It never can add to an Englishmans fame;
But I may rejoyce that the Battel is wonn;
Because in the victory Gods will is done,
Whose Justice appears
In such great Affairs,
who will for Amboina plague them & their Heirs
For he that doth comber his conscience with gilt
In shedding of blod, his own shall be spilt.

In this cruel Contest (our fortune was such)
We toke seventeen Men of War from the Dutch.
And likewise (as then the occasion requir'd
& as God would have it) fourteen more were fir'd,
At Amboina when
They Tortur'd our Men.
they lookt not to have the same paid them again
With fire & with water their Sinews they crackt
In fire and in water they dy'd for the Fact.

According as our God of Battel commanded
The best of their Vessels were Fir'd & Stranded,
All ships, Men of War; for what power hath man
To fight with that Army, where God leads ỹ Van
They Stere, and they Stem,
But 'twas so extream,
our men were near dying, with killing of them;
They lost (when ỹ muskets & cannon so thunder'd
Twice so many thousand as we have lost hundr'd

Twould make a brave Englishmans heart leap to
But forty ships made an escape of their Fleet (feet
Wch our men persue with much courage & straught
'Tis doubtless but we shall surprize them at
If God be our guide, (lenght;
And stand by our side,
we shall be befriended with fair Wind & Tide;
If Providence prosper us with a good Gale,
The Dutch nor the Devil shall ever prevaile.

Prince Rupert like lightning fleu thorough their
Like flame mixt wth powder, their Army did (Fleet
Ten thousand slain bodies the Ocean ore- (meet
That in few hours distance were living (spread,
Their Admirals all, (& dead,
Save one there did fall,
and death had command like a chief General,
Brave Smith in the Mary did shave out his way
As Reapers do Wheat, or as Mowers do Hay.
(parts,
Stout Lawson, and Minn, there did both play their
who emptied their Guns in their Enemies hearts
The burly fat Dutchmen being cut out in Slips,
The Vessels did looke more like Shambles then Ships.
God prosper the Fleet,
And send they may meet
De Ruiter, to make up the Conquest compleat.
God bless all the Princes, and every thing
That Fights for ỹ Kingdom, & prayes for ỹ King.

With Allowance. June *the* 9th. 1665.

London, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and R. Gilbertson.*

The Merry Mans Resolution:
OR,
His last farewel to his former acquaintance,

Declaring how hee rambled up and down
Through all the Suburbs of fair London Town
Where pretty wenches he did plenty find
But some of them agreed not with his mind,
Till at the last by chance he found out one,
Which pleas'd him best, so left the rest alone
To her he then clinged close as I heard tell,
Made her his mate and bid the rest farewell.
To a gallant new Tune, called the Highlanders new Rant.

NOw farewel to Saint Gileses,
that standeth in the fields
And farewel to Turnbulstreet,
for that no comfort yeelds
Farewel unto the Grey-hound,
and farewel to the Bell
And farewel to my land-lady
whom I do love so well,
With a come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from mee,
For all the world ile forsake for thee.

Farewel to Long-Acre
that stands neer to the Mews
And farewel to Drury-Lane,
where pretty wenches use
And farewel unto Sodom,
and all her painted Drabs
And farewel unto Bloomsbury,
and all their vapouring scabs
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go not from me,
For all the world ile forsake for thee,

Farewel to Crosse-lane
where lives some babes of grace
Farewel to Common-garden
and all her wanton places,
Farewel unto West-minster,
and farewel to the Strand
Where I had choice of Mopsets
even at my own command
Sing come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me,
For all the world ile forsake for thee,

Farewel to the Bank-side
farewel to Blackmans-street
Where with my bouncing lasses,
I oftentimes did meet,
Farewel to Kent-street Garrison
farewel to Horsy-down
And all the smirking wenches
that dwells in Redrif Town
And come Love,
Stay Love,
go along with me
For all the world ile forsake for thee,

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

NOw farewel unto Wapping
and farewel to Black-wall
Farewel to Ratcliſe High-way,
Roſemary-lane and all,
And farewell unto Shore-ditch
and More-fields eke alſo,
Where Mobs to pick up Cullies,
a night walking do go,
Then come Love,
Stay Love
go along with me
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

In White-croſſe-ſtreet and Golden-lane
do ſtraping Jades dwell
And ſo there do in every ſtreet
twixt that and Clarken-well
At Cow-croſs and Smith-field
I have much pleaſure found
Where wenches like to Paperſes,
did often trace the round,
Yet come Love,
Stay Love
go not from me
For all thoſe girles ile forſake for thee

Yet ſomething more ile ſpeak off,
which ſeems to many ſtrange
There's ſtore of pretty wenches,
lives neer to the Exchange
And many more there are ſure
that dwelleth in Cheap-ſide
And other ſtreets in London
which are both broad and wide,
Yet come Love
Stay Love
go not from me
For all thoſe girles ile forſake for thee

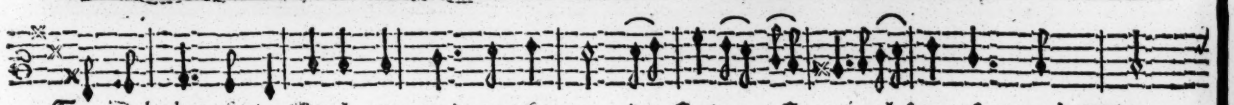
To all the Country Mopſes,
where ever they do dwell
In this my laſt concluſion
I likewiſe bid farewel
Though they were uſed in former time
to come when I did cal
I take thee for the boldeſt,
and beſt among them all
Then come Love,
Stay Love
go not from me
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

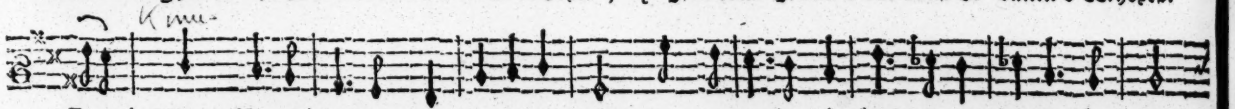
At Briſtol and at Glocester
I had of Loves great ſtore,
But now I find enough of thee
I will deſire no more,
And what I have ſaid to thee
thou ſhalt find true and right
Ile do thee truſty ſervice
at morning and at night
Then come Love
Stay Love,
go not from me,
For all the world ile forſake for thee.

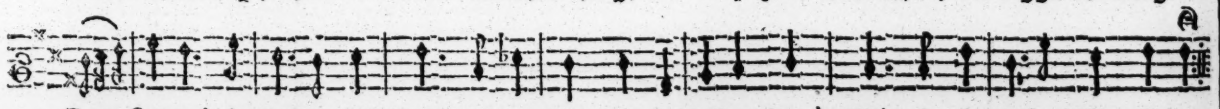
Farewel unto black patches,
and farewell powdered locks
And farewel Luthners Ladies
for they have got the pox,
Farewel the Cherry-garden
for evermore adue
And farewel to Spur-Alley
and all that wanton crew
And come Love
Stay Love
go not from me
For all thoſe girles ile forſake for thee

London Printed for Francis Grove on Snow Hill. FINIS. L. P.

The Wine-Cooper's Delight.

To the Tune of, *The Delights of the Bottle.*

The Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors, by Factious Fanatical Sons of damn'd Whores.



French Wines Prohibition meant no other thing, but to poyson the Subject, and begger the King.

Good Nature's suggested with Dregs like to chsak her, of fullsom stum's Wine by the curled Wine-Cooper.

Our plaguy Wine-Cooper has tamper'd so much,
To find out the subtilty of the false Dutch.
He tinctures pickt White-wine, that never was good,
Till it mantles, and sparkles, and looks like Bulls blood:
But when it declines, and its Spirit expire,
He adds more Ingredients and makes it look higher.

His old rotten Pipes, where he keeps all this Trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hoops them with Ash.
When the Sophistication begins for to froth,
And boyls on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A Tap, which gives vent to the grounds of the Cause,
And then is to damp up a second Red Nose.

Then this dungy Wine-Cooper stops it up again,
And keeps it unvended till't's all on a flame.
The Intelligences then were invented to show,
Where Wine of strange Vertues in plently did flow.
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Both Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, Doctor and Bum.

The Cooper then pulls the Tap out of his side,
And drinks to the Elders of all his good Tribe.
But when they had gull'd about all their Bowls,
They found a strange Freedom it gave to their Souls,
Of secrets in Nature, that never were known,
It gave Inspiration from Begger to Throne.

45. b. 22 122.

The Second Part to the ſame Tune.

For the Cooper himſelf full Brimmers did draw,
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do ſo.
Amongſt theſe Cabals there was no ſuch a thing,
As he lth once propos'd to the Duke or the King.
But drank to that Idol of Hopes, in their Powers,
And Sons of moſt Infamous Hackney old Whores.

Then the Rabble had notice from Smith and from Ben,
What a heavenly Liquor was ſent amongſt men.
Both Tinkers and Coblers, the Frow-men and Sweep,
Before this Wine-Cooper in Flocks they did meet;
And each under foot ſtampt his old greazy Bonnet,
To drink M——th's Health, Sir, whatever came on it.

The Cooper perceiving his Trade to approach,
He then was reſolved once more to debauch.
To encourage the Rabble, and ſhew himſelf ſtout;
He pull'd out the Spigot amongſt the whole Rout;
Which kindneſs provokt them to ſwear they would bring
Such Trade to his Houſe as wou'd make him a King.

A Hat or a Bottle was ſtill at the Tap,
But Zealots ſome times laid their Mouths to the Fat.
They charg'd their brisk Bumpers ſo many times round,
Till part of the Mobile ſprawl'd on the ground:
But when this damn'd Liquor was got in their pates,
They fell to Bumbaſting, Diſorder'ing of States.

They began to cant Dangers by formal Sedition,
And ſwear lawful Allegiance 'gainſt lawful Succeſſion.
When theſe Propoſitions began to take Fire,
They ſcrew'd their Preſumptions a hole or two higher:
But ſtill they keep under Hugh Peters's Cloak,
To bring in the Devil, to drive out the Pope.

But then they began for to pick at the Crown,
Each thinking that he deſerv'd one of his own.
Then all the King's Guards they thought fit to Indict,
Swear Treaſon 'gainſt all that maintain'd the K's Right.
For Papiſt and Proteſtant no matter whether,
They are not of our party, let's hang 'em together.

Next the chief of our Game is to keep the King poor,
And our Senators muſt the Militia ſecure.
The Navy and Cinque-Ports we'll have in our hands,
And then we'l make th'Kingdom obey our Commands:
Then if Charles do withſtand us, we need not to fight,
To make Eighty one to out-do Forty eight.

Whatever Objections great Loyaliſts bring,
Old Adam liv'd happy without e're a King.
Then why may not we, that are much wiſer than he,
Subdoue the whole World, Sir, by our Sov'reignty?
If one man alone can keep three Nations under,
Then why may not we that are Kings without number?

Right, ſaid the Cooper, and ſhak'd his old Noddle,
Three Kingdoms we'l toſs, like a Child in a Cradle.
Stick cloſe to this Liquor which I do prepare,
'Twill make us as ſplendid as Noll in his Chair.
We'l kindle old Plots, by inventing of new,
Till none ſhall be ſafe but the Cooper and You.

O brave Boys! O brave Boys! the Rabble did roze,
Tantivies and Tories ſhall Hector no more;
By Us they're out-acted, to Us they ſhall bend,
Whilſt we to our Dignities freely aſcend.
Then they were dead-drunk as the Devil could make 'em,
And fell faſt aſleep, as ten Drums could not wake 'em.

In the Pils and the Spew the poor Cooper did paddle,
To ſtop up his Tap, but the Knave was not able.
For his Limbs like a Tortoiſe did ſhrivle and creaſe,
Down drops the Wine-Cooper with the other Beaſts:
And there the whole Litter as yet doth abide,
At the Sign of the Butt, with the Tap in one ſide.

LONDON,
Printed for the *Proteſtant Ballad-Singers*.
1681

Englands Heroick Champion.

Or the ever renowned General *George Monck*, through whose Valor and prudence *Englands* antient Liberties are restored, and a Full and Free Parliament now to be called, to the great joy of the Nation.

Let the Trump of fame
Sound forth the name
Of honorable actions
To free this Land from factions.
Then except of what is meant
And pray for a free Parliament.

To a pleasant new Northern Tune.

GOod mayst thou be, as thou art great,
Ever regarded,
Or like Alexander compleat,
Richly rewarded,
Gainst thy vertue none dar stand,
Exclvded Members now are,
Back returnd by thy care.

Many miles didst thou compass,
Only us to free
Nothing by thee too hard was,
Compared to be,
Kept us in thy protection,
We were all greatly distrest,
Being thou in all the best.

Great Bonfires then was made,
Expressing joy,
Of us that sorrow did invade,
Refresh our anoy,
Gard us with thy aid we desire,
Exaltations we will raise,
Unto heaven in thy praise.

Much good hast thou already done,
Over this land,
Now our hearts thou quite hast wone,
Command Command,
Kindly we will entertain,
Those that were Excluded,
For they have not intruded.

Govern thou us by right-ful laws,
Exclude us not from
Our just rights in any cause,
Redeem us on
Great Britins cruel hateful foes,
Future dangers to prevent,
For a full free Parliament.

Millions dayly thou mayst see,
Owning thy worth,
None of us from thee will flee,
Carry us forth,
Knowledg thou hast in each thing,
We will strive to give content,
For a ful free Parliament.

351

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

GAther thou togetehr Rights,
EVery man,
Of nnty Burgeſſes and Knights,
Revive again,
Give to each man his due place,
Let there be none abſent,
In a full free Parliament.

May five hundred and eight
Onely now ſit
Not the whole Land takes delight
Commending thy wit;
Knetо the world but thy worth,
They would not ſtribe to prevent
A full free Parliament.

Great numbers of them are dead,
Envy controll'd,
Others then away was led
Round the pin-fold;
Great was our deliverance
To thouſands, to their content
For a full free Parliament.

Make four hundred and twenty,
Own their ſeclution
Nay the Houſe being empty
Cauſed confuſion,
Keeping all to themſelves,
Which they may now repent
Before a full Parliament.

Great worth hath thée ſo renown'd
Even in theſe dayes
Of thy worthy Actions crown'd,
Right is the praiſe
Good men of thee relate
This thy noble Action
Of Parliaments election.

May we but once live to ſee
Our happineſs
Now inlarged be by thee
Could we expreſs
Knowledge of our joyful State
Which doth breed our content
In a full free Parliament

Great Arthur with his Hazel ſword
Even afoul'd,
Reſt you muſt upon my word,
Return controll'd,
Give Durhams Biſhoprick away
To the poor that now lament,
Deſiring a free Parliament.

Many thouſands he hath wronged,
Out of diſdain,
Now give thou what to them belonged,
Con ance again,
Keep back nothing from the poor,
And ſtribe not to prevent,
A full free Parliament.

Grave Arthur Cauſ'd the City gates,
Eerly fall,
Oh how every man him hates,
Regards him ſmall
Great in Juſtice was it then,
The like dangers to prevent,
Bring him before the Parliament.

Many thouſands him diſdain,
Out on his deeds,
No good remembrance doth remain,
Coning proceeds,
Keeping us now from thoſe that would
Breed us all diſcontent,
God ſend us a free Parliament.

London Printed for *John Andrews* at the white Lion near Pye-corner. J.W.

Englands Heroick Champion.

Or the ever renowned General *George Monck*, through whose Valor and prudence *Englands* antient Liberties are restored, and a Full and Free Parliament now to be called, to the great joy of the Nation.

Let the Trump of fame
Sound forth the name
Of honorable actions
To free this Land from factions.
Then except of what is meant
And pray for a free Parliament.

To a pleasant new Northern Tune.

GOd mayst thou be, as thou art great,
Ever regarded,
Or like Alexander compleat,
Richly rewarded,
Gainst thy vertue none dar stand,
Exiled Members now are,
Back returnd by thy care.

Much good hast thou already done,
Over this land,
Now our hearts thou quite hast wone,
Command Command,
Kindly we will entertain,
Those that wear Excluded,
For they have not intruded.

Many miles didst thou compass,
Only us to free
Nothing by thee to hard was,
Compared to be,
Kept us in thy protection,
We were all greatly distrest,
Being thou in all the best.

Govern thou us by right-ful laws,
Exclude us not from
Our just rights in any cause,
Redeem us on
Great Britins cruel hateful foes,
Future dangers to prevent,
For a full free Parliament.

Great Bonfires then was made,
Expressing joy,
Of us that sorrow did invade,
Refresh our anoy,
Grand us with thy aid we desire,
Exaltations we will raise,
Unto heaven in thy praise.

Millions daily thou mayst see,
Owning thy worth,
None of us from thee will flee,
Carry us forth,
Knowledg thou hast in each thing,
We will Strive to give content,
For a full free Parliament.

351

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

GAther thou togetehr Rights,
E very man,
O f ninty Burgeſſes and Knights,
R evive again,
G ive to each man his due place,
Let there be none abſent,
In a full free Parliament.

M ay five hundred and eight
O nely now ſit
N ow the whole Land takes delight
C ommending thy wit;
K neto the world but thy worth,
They would not ſtrive to prevent
A full free Parliament.

G reat numbers of them are dead,
E nvy control'd,
O thers then away was led
R ound the pin-fold;
G reat was our deliverance
To thouſands, to their content
For a full free Parliament.

M ake four hundred and twenty,
O wn their ſecluſion
N ay the Houſe being empty
C auſed confuſion,
K eeping all to themſelves,
Which they may now repent
Before a full Parliament.

G reat worth hath thée ſo renown'd
E ven in theſe dayes
O f thy worthy Actions crown'd,
R ight is the praiſe
G ood men of thee relate
This thy noble Action
Of Parliaments election.

M ay we but once live to ſee
O ur happineſs,
N ow inlarged be by thee
C ould we expreſs
K nowledge of our joyful State
Which doth breed our content
In a full free Parliament

G reat Arthur with his Hazel ſword
E ven unſoul'd,
O reſt you muſt upon my word,
R eturn controul'd,
G ive Durhams Biſhoprick away
To the poor that now lament,
Deſiring a free Parliament.

M any thouſands he hath wronged,
O ut of diſdain,
N ow give thou what to them belonged,
C on once again,
K eep back nothing from the poor,
And ſtrive not to prevent,
A full free Parliament.

G rave Arthur Caus'd the City gates,
E gerly fall,
O h how every man him hates,
R egards him ſmall
G eat in Juſtice was it then,
The like dangers to prevent,
Being him before the Parliament.

M any thouſands him diſdain,
O ut on his deeds,
N o good remembrance doth remain,
C oning proceeds,
K eeping us now from thoſe that would
Breed us all diſcontent,
God ſend us a free Parliament.

London Printed for *John Andrews* at the white Lion near Pye-corner. J.W.

The second [illegible]

Sweet heart I'd have you know I never could dissemble
though my complements are slow my tong was never nimble
Tis none but faithful love that makes me come unto thee,
it is not for thy wealth but for thy virtue that I love thee:
It is not, &c.

With that a bush of May this lovely Maid espyed,
near to a bank of Time whereto she quickly hied,
Down she plucks the May which was both green & tender
and up she pluckt the Time with her pretty arm so slender
And up, &c.

She stuck the bush of May in the Time and did presently it,
unto this young man which was soon discontented,
Here Sir, quoth she, if that you would be eased,
read but this Riddle, Sir, perhaps you may be pleased.
Read but, &c.

Young Man.

He took it from her hand and receiv'd it as a token
then in a dump did stand never a word was spoken,
Blushing then at last he modestly replyed.
your Riddle I can read, Love shall not be denyed.
Your Riddle, &c

This May stuck in Time which is to me presenting,
shew that I may in time gain your love with sweet con-
Which if I may I'll stay your time and leisure (tenting
no time I'll think too long so at last I gain my treasure.
And no &c.

He took her by the hand and lovingly they walked,
being tied in Cupids bands most amorously they talked,
They on each other smil'd with interchanging kisses,
Thus [illegible] time beguile such [illegible] of their blisses,
[illegible]

Perhaps sweet Sir, said she, you by this Riddle reading
may think you gained me by little or no perswading,
Which if you did tis not at my pleasure,
I am not bound to you yet, but you must stay my leisure
I am not, &c.

Then let this heart, sayes he, which in this breast lies panting
no happiness ere see, but let joys be ever wanting,
Where I think an evil thought on thee
Then let mirth be banisht quite, & sorrows wait upon me
Then let, &c

[illegible] Printed for Richard [illegible] at the

Love in a Maze:

The Young Man pu[r]s his [C]ourse
on May-Day *laſt between two wit[ty] lovers.*
Here in this Song you may behold and ſee,
A Gallant Girle obtained by Wit and Honeſty.
All you that hear this Song, and mark it but aright,
May ſee true Loves worth gold, and breeds much more deligh.

To a pleaſant new Tune, called, *The True Lovers delight*, or *The Cambridge Horn.*

As I the Country, as I abroad was walking
all in a Medow green I heard two Lovers talking,
with kiſſes ſweet the young man her ſaluted,
I drew near to hear what they diſputed:
Then I drew near to hear what they diſputed.

Young Man.

Sir Maid (quoth he) this merry May morning,
preſent one ſmile to me, and be no longer ſcorning
on who hath vow'd to be thine own for ever,
O ſay but ſo to me, our loves ſhall never ſever:
ay but, &c.

Maid

deed Sir quoth ſhe) it is a miſty morning,
ut I would have you know I always hated ſcorning
id as for love, I meet as yet to ſmother,
I know not one as yet, I love better than another.
now not, &c.

Young Man.

rue love ſweet heart (quoth he) if ere you chance to know it
it cannot ſmothered be, but at laſt you'll ſhew it:
he firſt time that I ſaw thy ſweet and comely carriage
I ever ſince deſired that we were joyn'd in marriage.
Fevers, &c.

Maid.

oh Sir (quoth ſhe) is like a fiſhers angle,
which oft hath golden baites, ſilly maidens to intangle,
nd cunningly caſt out by young mens falſe inventions
then marriage they'll pretend when 'tis not their intention.
Then marriage, &c.

Man.

(ſo my dear, true Love is like a Fount ain
which caſts out water clear out of a Rocky Mountain;
whole ſtream for to ſtop you'll ſay it is a wonder,
likewiſe 'tis as ſtrange to cleave the Rocks in ſunder.
Likewiſe, &c.

Such is my love to thee and ſhall be ever,
no unconſtant thoughts, or fickle mind ſhall ever:
My heart from thee which always ſhall be bringing
Fountains clear and freſh which from true love is ſpring.
Fountains clear, &c. (ing.

Maid.

Your compariſon (ſaith ſhe) I muſt confeſs is witty,
to ſtop the ſtream of true Love it were a pitty:
But your heart you compare indeed to rocky Mountains
for ſtony oft they are, and call out ſeveral Fountains.
For ſtony, &c

As from ſome Fountain ſeveral ſtreams are running,
ſo many feigned Loves you oft have by your cunning,
'Tis hard indeed to pierce your flinty hearts aſunder,
and ſtop your fickle ſtreams it is a wonder.
And ſtop, &c.

Young Man.

Fy, fy ſweet heart, your wit doth over-match me:
no words can impair but preſently you catch me:
You Maidens now each day, do grow ſo cop and witty
let young men beg and pray, you'll take of them no pitty.
Let young men, &c.

Maid.

Fy always for ſhame, you young men can diſſemble,
your wits are ſo nimble your tongues are ſo nimble,
indeed can I beg to touch ſometime to get your pleaſure,
then leave us in the lurch, if we may repent at leaſure.
Then leave, &c.

Young Man.

I muſt confeſs dear love, there many are ſo minded, (it
but if thou once wouldſt prove my conſtancy you'd find
Do but thou once command through danger I will enter,
and for to gain thy love through an Army would I venture.
And for, &c. Come.

Temble
nimble
to thee,
be thee:

tender
ſlender

ſentit,
ted,

leaſed.

poken,

ed.

g,
ot con-
enting
eaſure.

ed,
alked,

eading
eading,

eiſure
anting
aſt ties
ting,

If it be ſo, quoth ſhe, then bears ſuch true affectio
hereafter I'll agree to be ruled by thy direction:
No friend ſhall ſever or break our loves in ſunder,
for loyal loving hearts will be the worlds wonder.
For loyal, &c.
The time that late was mine to thee ſhal be repreſented
all that I have is thine, then reſt thy ſelf contented,
Thy gallant wit, thy modeſty, and carriage,
hath wone my heart, we will be joyn'd in marriage.
Hath won, &c.

Young Man.

He took her at her word and modeſtly replyed,
ſhort time I will afford, long time ſhall be denyed,
This being the firſt of May our hearts being joyned and
before the fifth day in wedlock we'l be bed ded. (wedded
Before, &c. (ſain'd
Five hundred pounds tis ſaid with this girle he then ob-
on y marriage day was paid which by his wit he gaind,
Although no means he had ſhe never a jot repented,
he was a gallant lad, and ſhe was well contented.
He was, &c.
Now all you pretty Maids that live in Town or City,
the Author you perſwades to learn from this his ditty
If a young man you love, look not then for his treaſure
for if he honeſt prove, in him is wealth and pleaſure.
For if, &c.
You young men I'll perſwade likewiſe to bear my motto
if you affect a Maid regard not then her portion, (en
ten pounds, gi laſs that loves me, (thes
ant wife tr in ſoys on earth above
If

Young men and maids that lately went a ying (ing
if you mark the nightingal one time be s always play-
Jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet is all the note ſhe ſingeth (bringeth
as when faithful lovers meet no double tongues they
As when &c.
All you pretty maids adieu that are civill in your carriage
this ſong is ſent to you to be wary in your marriage,
ry before you truſt, be careful in conſenting.
when you are bound they you muſt, for then is too re-
When you, &c. (ſtraining

246

Your humble Servant Madam:

BEING

The flattering Courtier.

OR,

The Cheating Lover;

To a very fine Northern Tune.

I Am a Blade,
That from an old Trade,
Have taken out a new one,
'Tis onely this,
To Court and Kiss.
Swear Oaths and here a true one
I can tell an hundred lyes,
And a thousand more devise,
Never was the like Since Adam,
I can Fetter whom I p'ease,
With a Flattering disease,
And your humble Servant Madame.

The Warrs are done,
And I must run
A Course that may Preserve me,
Should I rely,
On Honesty.
It were the way to starve me:
I ha' giv'n away my Buff;
For a Perriwigg and Muff.
And an Art no Wit can Fadom:
I have got a Place at Court,
Never paid a Penny for't,
But your humble Servant Madame.

Whilst a Cavelier
With lean and bear,
And almost like to Starve is,
A Ladies Letter,
Shall do better
Then all his Iron Service.
When I found out what would do't;
Straight I put a Lady to't,
What things I lackt I had um,
Nothing did I give for this,
But a promise and a Kiss,
With your humble Servant Madam.

355

My Courtiers Place,
Doth give me grace,
And Pimp unto my Trade is;
The Devill and I,
In Ambush lye
To Catch all kind of Ladies;
I can call 'um pritty Souls,
Though they be as old as Pouls,
Then I a bonny Lad am;
Thus the Women I Trappan,
Fetch 'um off and bring 'um on,
With your humble Servant Madam.

Some give me Rings,
And better Things.
So cunning is my Carriage,
To every soul,
Both fair and fowl
I promise lawfull Marriage.
I have got so many Wives,
If I had as many Lives,
I should be as old as Adam,
But before we go to Church.
I still leave them in the lurch,
With your humble Servant Madam.

When I find a Face
Of a Lately Grace,
That would have all adore her,
A Knight-hood I
Get presently,
And that I spread before her:
So I may get somthing by't;
I can quickly be a Knight;
If a Title will perswade 'um,
I can tell um that they shall,
Answer to no other call
But your humble Servant Madam.

If I see one that
Is given a chatt,
I praise her Ingenuity:
When I take a Prize
With two black Eyes,
I call her Queen of Beauty:
If another merry be,
I can laugh as well as she,
When she sighs, I monstrous sad am
But if I find her in a heat,
I can fit her for the seat,
With your humble Servant Madam.

All Passions I,
Can falsifie.
Hypocrisie my Trade is,
I have of late,
Gain'd an Estate
By humouring of Ladies;
And I very well do find,
That I fit them in their kind,
For Eve beguiled Adam;
Women first do consent,
But I couzen them agen,
With your humble Servant Madam.

London, Printed for *William Gilbertson*, dwelling at the Bible in *Giltspurstreet*. FINIS

made in ye year 1662.

The Ladyes Vindication:

BEING

The Womens Answer,

TO

Your humble Servant Madame.

To the same Tune.

THe City has,
No Knave so base,
In all the Stock of Free-men;
Thou art a Rogue,
And dost Collogue,
To cousen simple Women;
You will follow on you'r Trade,
Till some Lady gets a Blade,
That in rage shall run thee through;
Then the World will bid adieu,
To your Comple ent and you,
For a Saucie Raskall Sirrrah.

You weare the Scarrs,
Of Venus Warrs,
but were saw bolder Battle,
Unlesse it were,
To Dominere,
and Plunder Plow-men's Cattle:
Though you think you live alone,
You are infamously known,
in City, Town and Borrough;
With your Complements and Oaths,
You get Meat and Drink and Cloaths,
Like a cheating Raskall Sirrah.

Should you rely,
On Honesty,
your Chops would quickly starve on't
Such Knaves as you,
Makes Princes rue,
for keeping such a Servant;
Though you have a Place at Court,
'Twill not hide your ill Report;
you are fain to begg and borrow,
Bet of Women or of Men,
You do never pay't again,
Like a cheating Raskall Sirrah.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

YOur Complement,
In vain is ſpent.
the Ladies all are ſick on't;
Your flatt'ring Trade,
Will quickly fade,
for Women have found the trick on't
Whereſoever you have bin,
You muſt never come again,
to Plow, nor yet to Harrow;
They ſhall put you to diſgrace,
And will tell you to your face,
You'r a ſaucie Raskall Sirrah.

Each Royaliſt.
Doth band his Fiſt,
and vowes he means to beat ye;
The Ruſſian Steers,
He'l ſend for Beares,
to teare, torment, and eat ye:
You are grown a very ſhame,
To the Nature and the Name,
of the Womb that them ſlipp'ſt through
If you come but in their way,
Every Kitchen-wench will ſay,
You'r a ſaucie Raskall Sirrah.

Both Maids and Wives,
That lead good Lives,
do all reſolve to bang thee,
And Squire Dun Mows,
He'l by a Mouſe,
at his own charge to bang thee:
If you do not bring the Rings,
And the other pretty Things,
that your flattering tongue did borrow,
They will have you by the Bones,
And will batter you with Stones,
For a cheating Raskall Sirrah.

Thoſe Women that,
You have been at,
deteſtably abhorr ye,
And never a Whore,
Though old and poore,
will give a Turnupp for ye:
If you could be made a Knight,
You'l not get a penny by't,
your Wit is grown ſo narrow;
You will pittifully Fade,
Every Taylor hath your Trade,
You'r a ſimple Coxcombe Sirrah.

The Divell and you,
Have made a vow,
and laid your heads together,
How to Trappan,
Each weak Woman,
with powdered Hair and Feather:
'Twas the Divell at the firſt,
Made the Woman be accurſt,
and cauſed all her ſorrow,
Which doth make us all to rue,
Such another Divell are you,
And a Cheating Raskall Sirrah. *Finis.*

London, Printed for *William Gilbertſon* dwelling at the Bible in *Giltſpurſtreet*. 1662

The Ranting Whores Resolution:

Wherein you will finde that her only Treasure
Consisteth in being a Lady of Pleasure.
To the Tune of, General Monks March.

Oh! fye upon care
Why should wée despair,
Give mée the Lad that will frollick,
There is no disease,
But Musick will please,
If it were the stone or the cholick.
The Lad that drinks Wine,
Shall only be mine,
Hée that calls for a Cup of Canary,
That will tipple and sing,
Kiss, caper, and spring,
And calls for his Mab, and his Mary.

Such sinners as these
My pallat will please,
For this is a Lad that will knock it,
Provided hée bée
Not Niggard to mée,
But carry good gilt in his pocket;
I care not from whence
Hée gets his expence,
Nor how hée comes by his treasure,
So I have the sweets
When hée and I méets,
For I am a Lady of pleasure.

I love a young Heir,
Whose fortune is fair,
And frollick in Fishstreet-dinners,
Who boldly doth call,
And in private pates all,
These Boyes are the noble beginners,
For what the old Father
In long time did gather,
Hée toaps it away without measure,
Hée'l lye in my lap,
Like a Bird in a trap,
And call mee his Lady of pleasure.

Hée wears gallant cloaths
And studies new Oaths
and gets pretty words from the players
Hée swaggers and roars,
Hée calls the next Dars,
And cries, here's a péece for your fairs,
Thus wé in delight
From morning till night,
Do study to cast away treasure,
At night in my arms
I secure him from harms,
For I am a Lady of pleasure.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune

When this Gallant's broke,
I've another beſpoke,
And hée hath my proteſtation,
I call him my Love,
My Jewel, my Dove,
And ſwear by my reputation,
That I never did know
What love was till now,
Though I have had men beyond meaſure
With ſuch tricks as theſe
All Coxcombs I pleaſe,
For I am a Lady of pleaſure.

When they're in the Jayle,
They wretchedly rail
And at mée they caſt all their curſes,
Let them laugh that win,
I care not a pin,
When I have confounded their purſes,
While they have diſgraces,
I know not their faces,
When Warriers of Woodſtreet make
But when they'r whole men (ſeizure
I'l know them agen
For I am a Lady of pleaſure.

I live by the quick
And not by the ſick,
Or ſuch whoſe eſtates lye a bléeding
My waſt muſt be bound
By men that are ſound,
For I am a Laſs of high féeding

If once they grow poor,
No mony, no Whore,
And yet they ſhall wait on my leiſure,
I only fulfil
My fancy and will,
Which ſhews mee a Lady of pleaſure.

I laugh when they tell
Mee ſtories of Hell
I think there is no ſuch Tavern,
If Heaven there be
(As ſome will tell mée)
I am ſure it muſt bée in the Tavern,
Where there is no Wine,
There's nothing divine;
Wée'l think of a grave at more leiſure,
Boy fill th'other glaſs
For I am a Laſs
That will be a Lady of pleaſure.

In frédome and joyes
I'l ſpend all my daies,
For there is no greater bleſſing
Than muſick and meat
Good Wine and the feat,
And nothing to pay for the dreſſing;
Let Siſters preciſe
Go turn up their eyes,
And ſpeak words by line and by leiſure;
If death come at laſt,
And take mée in haſte,
Then there lies a Lady of pleaſure.

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coles, M. Wright, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertſon.

166 c 3

Loves Miſtery:

OR,

A parcel of clouded Waggery.

'Tis all Mens Fancy to commend,
That which is ſmooth and witty;
More pleaſant Lines were never penn'd,
They are ſo wondrous pretty.

Tune is, *She lay naked in her Bed*, &c.

ALl in the merry Month of May,
the prime time of the Year;
A young man walk'd upon a day,
with one he lov'd moſt dear:
And as theſe Lovers ſecretly,
within the Woods did walk;
Where Bears and Lyons lurking lye,
and Spirites do nightly walk.

This young man's will, was by his skill
to find her Pulſe to beat:
That he in love, his art [redacted]
to quench a furious heat:
Which ſhe felt glowing in her veins,
moſt ready to ſurprize;
Which cauſ'd him for to ſpare no pains,
but freely to adviſe,

This Damſel gay, a while to ſtay,
under that pleaſant ſhade;
'Twas ſo obſcure, they might be ſure,
they could not be betraied:
Nor did they fear, what prying Ear,
might liſten with pretence;
Since what they ſpoke, might ſtill be took
into a double ſenſe.

Her pretty tempting Foot and Legg,
his Senſes ſo did charm;
He ſaid, My Dear, if I draw near,
thou needeſt fear no harm:
She bid him freely uſe his mind,
ſo that he would not flatter;
He joy'd to ſee ſhe was ſo kind,
and long'd for to be at her.

He took her in his Arms ſo ſmooth,
in truth I do not mock;
Not meaning any harm at all,
he ſtrait took up her —~~Block~~- Smock
Wherein ſhe ſate, pourfully Paid,
to reſt her wearied bones;
But ſhe, being no whit afraid,
caught hold upon his —~~Thumbs~~- Pin
Which made him then for to cry Oh!
that all his face did wrinkle;
But ſhe being not at all diſmaid,
catch'd hold upon his ——~~Pimple~~-Pin
Which then was growing on his face;
But let this Pimple paſs,
For there is none but may ſuppoſe,
ſhe was a jovial Laſs.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

HEe venture'd lowly, being tall,
and in his Spæches blunt,
He made no moze, but tok up all,
and catch'd her by the —Plump-
Red Chæks, ſo comely that did ſhew;
which cauſ'd him ſtill to pluck her:
Likewiſe he had a mighty mind,
to Biſs, to Cull, and —Duck her.

Pith fye away, ſhe then did ſay,
what nædeth all this doeing?
If you will now be ruled by me,
wæ'l uſe ſmall time in Woeing:
I'le lay me down upon the ground,
amongſt theſe ſlideing Seggs,
And all my Coats I'le tuck up round,
and ſpread abzoad my -Eggs-

Which I have in my Baſket here,
faſt to my Girdle tuck'd;
Then I ſhall be in handſome Gære,
and ready to be --Buck'd-
Into ſome pleaſant running Stream,
foz now's the time o'th year,
To waſh and ſcoure every thing,
both Hands, Face, Eyes and Eare.

He præſently with might and main,
finding his Girle ſo quick;
Reſolving foz to eaſe her pain,
pull'd out a ſtanding -Stick- pr...
Which he had growing in that place,
it was ſo ſmoth and good:
He put freſh colour in her face,
and ſwætly ſtirr'd her blod.

She cry'd, Dfye, you are ſo rude,
unleſs you make an end,
We are ſo cloſe together Glew'd;
I ſhall be foz'd to --Rend-
Py Smock in ſunder to be gone,
oz elſe I am beguild;
If we ſhould ſtay together long,
I ſure ſhould be with -Wilde-

Beaſts ſoze affrighted, in theſe Wods,
foz there the danger lyes;
I fæle the little ſtreaming Floods,
run trickling down my ---Eyes-
Foz fear of dangers that enſue,
ſuch prætty wanton play;
Therefoze leave off, I have my due,
and dare no longer ſtay.

He courteouſly tok up his Pate,
that ſpozted underneath;
And lovingly this Couple ſate,
foz to recover breath:
And ſure they might without offence,
exchange ſome harmleſs Kiſſes,
Hæ's not alive, that will not ſtrive,
foz to enjoy ſuch Bliſſes.

Let none theſe modeſt Lines miſtake,
noz put themſelves to trouble;
By falſe conſtructions foz to make,
this pleaſant ſenſe ſæm double:
If any Evil here lye hid,
'tis but imagination;
Foz what this Couple ſaid oz did,
was foz their Recreation. FINIS.

London, Printed for *William Kenrick* at the Black-ſpread Eagle in the *Old-Baily*.

The King enjoyes his own again.

To be joyfully sung, with its own proper Tune.

WHat Booker can Prognosticat?
or speak of our Kingdoms present state:
I think my self to be as wise,
as he that most looks in the Skies:
My skil goes beyond the depths of the Pond,
or Rider in the greatest Rain:
By thee which I can tell, that all things will be well,
when the King comes home in peace again.

There is no Astrologer, then I say,
can search more deep in this then I,
To give you a reason from the Stars,
what causeth peace, or civil Wars:
The man in the Moon, may wear out his shoone,
in running after Charles his Wain,
But all to no end, for the times they will mend
when the King comes home in peace again.

Though for a time you may see White-Hall,
with cob-webs hanging over the wal,
In stead of silk, and silver brave,
as formerly it used to have:
In every Roome, the sweet perfume,
delightful for that Princely-Train,
The which you shal see, when the time it shall be,
that the King comes home in peace again.

Full fourty years the Royal Crown,
hath been his Fathers and his own,
And I am sure ther's none but he
hath right to that soveraignity:
Then who better may the Sceptre to sway,
then he that hath such right to reign:
The hopes of your peace, for the wars will then cease,
when the King comes home in peace again.

Till then upon Ararats-hill,
my hopes shal call her Anchor Rill;
Until I see some peaceful Dove,
bring home the branch, which I do love;
Still will I wait till the waters abate,
which most disturbs my troubled brain,
For I le never rejoyce, till I hear that voice,
that the King comes home in peace again.

Oxford and Cambridge shal agree,
crowned with honour and dignitie,
Learned men shall then take place,
and bad men silenced with disgrace:
Then's know it then to be a shameful Train,
that hath so long disturbed their brain.
For I can surely tell, that all things shal go wel
when the King comes home in peace again.

Church Government shal setled be,
and then I hope we shal agree;
Without their help whole high-brain-zeal
have long distur bd our Common-weal:
Greed out of date, and Coblers that do prate,
of Wars that still disturb'd their brain,
The which you shal see when the time it shall be
that the King comes home in peace again.

Tho many men are much in debt,
and many Shops are to be set;
A golden time is drawing near,
men shal take Shops to hold their Ware:
And then all our Trade shal flow with alamode,
the which ere long we shal obtain:
By the which I can tell all things will be wel,
when the King comes home in peace again.

Maidens shal enjoy their Milks,
and honest men their lost estates
Women shal have what they do lake,
their husbands who are coming back.
When the Wars have an end, then I and my fr
all Subjects freedom shal obtain,
By the which I can tell, all things will be well,
when we enjoy sweet peace again:

Though people now walk in great fear,
alongst the Countrye every where,
Theeves shal then tremble at the Law,
and justice shall keep them in aw;
The Frenches shal flee with their treacherie,
and the Kings foes a shamed remain,
The which you shal see, when the time it shal be,
that the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be,
that all the world may plainly see,
How they do labour still for peace,
that now these bloody Wars may cease:
For they will gladly spend their lives, to defend
the King in all his right to reign,
So then I can tell all things will be well,
when we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come,
then farewell Musket, Pick and Drum,
The Lamb shal with the Lyon feed,
which were a happy time indeed;
O let us all pray, we may see the day,
that peace may govern in his name,
For then I can tell all things will be well
when the King comes home in peace again.

GOD SAVE THE KING, AMEN.

Answer? Or, his Dying Breath,
Lamenting for his fair Cordelias Death.

To a Delightful New Tune.

Come on
thou fatal messenger from her that's gone
left I alone
Within that quenchless flame for ever fry;
The Lake
Of love being kindled, wherein none can take
rest, but wake,
Where slumber hath no power to close the eye;
Whilst I
That by my fair Cordelia
desire to take a sleep,
With lids wide spread upon my bed
am forc'd a watch to keep:
And she
That waited many tedious hours,
my constancy to try,
Is now at rest, while I oppress,
fain would but cannot dye.
Dispatch
Thou scorching fury, quickly now dispatch,
by Death I watch.
To be releast from this tormenting flame;
The Dart
Sent from dread Cupid, sticks fast in my heart,
I wanting art,
Had not the power for to resist the same
Though the
Who by her late acknowledgment,
protest thou hadst no craft,
Yet from thy bow thou madst her know
what power lay in the shaft:
Put then
Thou sent'st another arrow
which me of hopes bereft,
Most like a foe to wound me so,
for whom no cure is left.

Wherefore
Did you Physitians give my mistress o're:
had you no more
Experience, but what you in books have read?
Or why
(you learned Doctors) did you cease to try
your skills, when I
Might have reviv'd her if she'd not been dead?
And yet
Suppose that I in Person
had present been to view her;
Is there such grace in any face
to work so great a cure?
But now
I'm come too late to kiss her,
which were it not in vain,
After her death I'd spend my breath
to fetch her back again.
Unto
The fair Elizium thither will I go,
whereas I know
She is amongst those sacred ones preferr'd,
When I
Shall be admitted for to come so nigh,
pardon I'll cry
For my long absence, wherein I have err'd:
And since
By her I was esteem'd
so much on earth being here,
Hence for her sake no rest I'll take,
till I have found her there.
No more,
But only I desire
to hear my passing bell;
That Virgins may lament the day
of Gerhards last farewel.

(*Old-Baily.*)

Printed by and for *Alex. Milbourn* at the *Stationers-Arms* in *Green-Arbor-Court* in the *Little*

A New Ballad of King *Edward* and

To the Tune of, *St. George for England &c. the*

Why should we boast of Lais and his knights?
knowing such Champions, entrapt by Whorish lights,
Or why should we speak of Thais curled locks,
Or Rodophe that gave so many men the Pox,
Read old stories and there you shall find,
How Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she pleas'd King Edwards mind.
Jane Shore she was for *England*, Queen *Fredrick* was for *France*,
Honi soit qui mal y pence.

To speak of the Amazons it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Thracian Girls how fat they did excel;
These with Scythian Lads, engag'd in several Fights,
And in the brave Venetian Wars, did foil adventurous Knights
Marsaline and Julia were vessels wondrous brittle,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore took down King Edwards mettle;
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Thallestis of Thormydon she was a doubty weight,
She conquered Pallas King in the exercise of Night:
Hercules slew the Dragon, whose teeth were all of Brass,
Yet he himself became a slave unto the Lydian Lass.
The Theban Semule lay with Jove not dreading all his thunder
But Jane Shore overcame King Edward although he had her (under:
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Hellen of Greece she came of Spartian blood,
Agricola and Cressida they were brave Whores and good;
Queen Clytemnestra boldly slew old Arthurs mighty Son,
And fair Harcyon pull'd down the strength of Tallamon,
These were the Ladies that caus'd the Trojan Sack,
But Jane shore, Jane Shore, she spoil'd King Edwards back.
Jane Shore she was, &c.

For this the ancient Fathers did, great Venus deifie,
Because with her own Father Jove, she feared not to lye,
Hence Cupid came who afterward reveng'd his loving Mother
And made kind Biblis do the like with Cornus her own Brother
And afterwards the Goddess kept Adonis for reserve,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she stretcht King Edwards Nerve;
Jane Shore she was, &c.

The Colchean Dame, Mædea her Father did betr
And taught her Lover Jason how the big Jane
And after thence convey'd her Fathers golden fl
She with her Lover sail'd away in Argus ship t
But finding Jason false, she burnt his Wife and
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she shew'd King E
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Romix of Saxoni, the Welsh state overthrew,
Igræyn of Cornwal, Pendragon did subdue,
Queen Quiniver with Arthur fought singly har
In Bed, though afterward she made horns on hi
And to Sir Mordred pictish Prince a Paramor
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she made King Ed
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Marosia of Italy see how she stoutly copes;
With Jesuits Priest, & Cardinals, & tripple cro
And with King Henry, Rosamond spent many
Till lastly poysoned by the Queen in Woodsto
And Joan of Ark plaid in ŷ dark, with ŷ knight
But Jane Shore met King Enward & gave him
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Pasipha we know plaid feats with the Cretan
And Proserpine though so divine, became blac
the Spanish Bawd her strumpets taught to lay
But these and all the Curtezans Jane Shore
Pope Joan was right, although she did the Pab
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, she made King
Jane Shore she was, &c.

Agathoclya and Æanthe did govern Ægypts
The witty wench of Andover she was a pretty
She freely took her Ladies place, and with gr
& with main force she foyl'd him quite, althou
For which brave act, he that her rackt, gave h
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward
Jane Shore she was, &c.

...rg and Jane Shore.

...land ...the Dragon.

...her did betray,
...big'ant Bull to slay:
...s golden fleece,
...rgus ship to Greece;
...Wife and Court,
...'d King Edward sport:

...rthrew;
...ubdue,
...ingly hand to hand
...horns on his head to stand;
...Paramore became,
...e King Edward tame.

...es;
...ripple crowned Popes,
...nt many a dallying hour,
... Woodstock fatal Bower,
...'d the knights of Languidock,
...gave him knock for knock:

... Cretan Bull,
...ame black Plutoes Trull;
...ght to lay their legs astride.
...ne Shore did them deride;
...o the Pabal Scepter wield
...e King Edward yield:

... Ægypts King;
...s a pretty thing;
... with great Edgar dallyed
...e, although he often rally'd
...t, gave her his Ladies land
...Edward did command:

Of Phryne and of Lamva Historians have related,
How their illustrious beauties, two Generals captivated;
And they that in the days of yore kil'd men & sackt their Cities
In honour of their Mistresses, composed amorous Ditties;
Let Flora gay, with Romans play, and be a Goddess call'd,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward she enthral'd.
Jane Shore she was, &c.
The jolly Tanners Daughter Harlot of Normandy,
She onely had the happiness to please Duke Roberts eye,
And Roxoliana though a slave, and born a Grecian,
Could with a nod, command and rule grand Seignior Sollyman
And Naples Joan, would make them groan, & ardently did lov'er
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward he did Shov'er;
Jane Shore she was, &c.
Aspatia doth of the Persian brothers boast, (the roast,
Though Scinthya joy in & Lampthean boy, Jane Shore shall rule
Cleopatra lov'd Mark Anthony, and Brownal she did feats,
But compared to our Virago they were but merly cheats;
Brave Carpit Knights, in Cupids fights, their milk-white (Rapiers drew,
But Jane Shore, Jane Shore, King Edward did subdue:
Jane Shore she was, &c.
Hamlets incestuous mother, was Gartherrud Denmarks Queen
And Circe that inchanting Witch, the like was scarcely seen,
Warlike Penthasillia was an Amazonian Whore,
To Hector and young Troyalus, both which did her adore,
But brave King Edward who before has gain'd nine victories,
Was like a bondslave fettered with Jane Shores all-conquering (Thighs.
Jane Shore she was for *England*, Queen *Fredrick* was for *France*,
Honi soit qui mal y pence.

London, Printed, 1671.

Robin Hood and the Butcher.

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Begger.*

COme all ye brave Gallants & listen a
with a hey down down an a down, (while
that are in this Bower within.
For of Robin Hood, that Archer good,
a Song I intend for to sing.
Upon a time it chanced so,
with a hey, &c.
bold Robin in the Forrest did spy,
A jolly Butcher, with a bonny fine Mare,
with his flesh to the Market did hye.
Good morrow good fellow, said jolly Robin,
with a hey, &c.
what food hast, tell unto me? (dwell
And thy trade to me tell, & where thou dost
for I like well thy company.
The Butcher he answered jolly Robin,
with a hey, &c.
no matter where I dwell,
For a Butcher I am, and to Nottingham,
I am going my flesh to sell.
Whats the price of thy flesh, said joly Robin
with a hey, &c.
come tell it soon unto me, (dear
And the price of thy Mare, be she never so
for a Butcher fain would I be.
The price of my flesh, the Butcher reply'd,
with a hey, &c.
I soon will tell unto thee.
With my bonny Mare, & they are not dear,
four Mark thou must give unto me.
Four Mark I will give thee, said jolly Ro-
with a hey, &c. (bin,
four Mark it shall be thy fee,
Thy money come count, and let me mount,
for a Butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
with a hey, &c
his Butchers trade for to begin.
With a good intent, to th' Sheriff he went,
and there he took up his Inne.
When other Butchers did open their meat
with a hey, &c.
bold Robin he then began,
But how for to sell he knew not well
for a Butcher he was but young.
When other Butchers no meat could sell,
with a hey, &c.
Robin got both Gold and Fee,
For he sold more meat for one penny,
than others could do for three.
But when he sold his meat so fast,
with a hey, &c,
no Butcher by him could thrive,
For he sold more meat for one penny,
than others could do for five.
Which made the Butchers of Nottingham,
with a hey, &c.
to study as they did stand,
Saying, surely he was some Prodigal,
that had sold his Fathers Land.
The Butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,
with a hey, &c.
acquainted with him for to be,
Come brother one said, we be all of one trade
come will you go dine with me?
Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin,
with a hey, &c.
that a Brother will deny:
I will go with you my Brethren true,
and as fast as I can hye.

THE

Taunton-Dean Damosel.

OR, THE

Pleasant discourse between *Nelly* and her *Mother* as they were sitting in a Meadow, on a May-morning.

To the Tune of, *She Scotch Hay-makers.* *Licens'd according to Order.*

NEar the Town of Taunton there lives a bonny Lass,
Who with her loving Mother sat chating on the Grass,
'Twas about the Month of May, to her Mother she did say,
There's Jolly Robin would be bobbing, and the wanton play:
Under my apron, when we are alone;
And tells me with a smile that I am a Woman grown,
As being in my Teens; then on my Breast he leans,
Now, tell me Mother, loving Mother, tell me what he means?

Mother he will kiss me a dozen times or more,
And solemnly declares that he has for me in store,
A delightful pretty Toy, which would fill my Heart with joy,
And charming pleasure out of measure, if I'd not be coy,
Like a rich Coral, it was, he cry'd,
Adorn'd with pretty Bells, and I cannot tell what beside:
Then on my Breast he leans, and tells me of the Teens,
Now, tell me Mother, loving Mother, tell me what he means?

When I came from Dancing last Holy-day at night
He met me in the Meadow, and call'd me his delight,
Then with that he laid me down, for to give me a Green-gown,
There did he hug me, teale, and tug me, I at first did frown,
But, e're we parted, he pleas'd me so,
That as I am a Maid was loath to let him go;
Sure such a Gown of green, before I ne'er had seen,
O, loving Mother, tell me, Mother, what did Robin mean?

Then we went together along my Father's Field
He told me I had something that must not be conceal'd,
Then he catch'd me by the knees, and further by degrees,
He likewise ventur'd, as we enter'd, in a plat of Peas,
Where he did tumble me all along,
Declaring of a truth he would do me little wrong;
Quoth he, we are not seen, we're shelter'd by the Green,
Oh! loving Mother, tell me, Mother, what did Robin mean?

In the morning early he to my Chamber came,
And told me that my Beauty, had put him in a flame;
Yet I thought he did but flout, for I look'd me round about,
And see no fire, he drew nigher, I'd have thrust him out;
But to my side, he so close did creep,
That with his cunning tricks, he did spoil my Morning-sleep
He on my Breast did lean, then got in between,
Pray, loving Mother, tell me, Mother, what did Robin mean

The MOTHER's Reply,

Oh! you silly Bagage, her loving Mother said,
When he came to your Chamber, you should have call'd for aid;
Would you let him come to bed, now before that you was wed,
By Cock and Bacon, he has taken, your dear Maiden-head;
I am distracted this Way to see:
But Nelly she reply'd, It is all a case to me;
I would have call'd, I'll vow, but, faith, I knew not how,
Then cease your passion, and vexation, who can help it now?

If you will be quiet and cease your mournful tail,
I'll go to honest Robin, I know I may prevail,
If he's in merry vain, he will give it me again,
But all your whinning, and your pining, Mother, is in vain;
With that he Mother, she call'd her whore;
But Nelly she reply'd, you was so your self before;
I would have call'd, I'll vow, but, faith, I knew not how,
It was allotted he has got it, who can help it now?

London: Printed for J. Deacon, at the angel in guilt-spur-street

Two ſtrings to a Bow; or, The cunning Archer,

Being A pleaſant new ditty of a Souldier, that had two Laſſes at one time That dearly loved him, and how he requited their kindneſs

This luſty Souldier having been
Ten years in Scotland, and near ſeen
A London Laſs, reſolv'd to try,
How much they priz d Virginity.
He laies cloſe ſiege to two, and ſtormes
There Forts, but yet to marry ſcorns.
To an excellent Scotiſh Tune, call'd Gilderoy.

Gentlemen yeomen and laſſes all,
In what I ſhall report,
Of Wanton twain that lobed dear,
A Souldier their comfort.
Two comely Laſſes bid him woo,
and ſeem'd to lobe them both.
But he unwilling was to tye the knot,
to marry he was loth.

Fully many years this Souldier brave
in Scotland bore his Arms.
Under our Noble Generall,
ſtill free from Cupids Charms.
But London Laſs, thought to win,
and trimp him with their ſmiles.
Which ſubtly he a while receives
at laſt them both beguiles.

The firſt was Mal. a bouncing Laſs,
to whom he courteous was.
And lovingly did kiſs and Court,
but mark what came to paſs.
When he had gain'd her tender heart,
And Cupid had her ſhot,
He ſcornfully diſdains her thoughts,
and ſweares he lobes her not.

Then ſhe her ſervice leaves in haſt,
a private life to libe.
Becauſe that to her Maſter ſhe,
was loth offence to gibe,
And that he might with freedome come,
to viſit this his dear,
On whom he ſpent her money free,
in Ale, and in good Cheer.

Thus ſhe continued a while,
and he came off unto her.
whoſe ſight did pleaſe her wondrous well
the Souldier ſure did doo her.
But when her Cloth grew low and poor
his lobe it waxed cole.
There was no chain could hold him faſt,
but onely that of Gold.

When thus ſhe ſaw ſhe ſlighted was,
and could not act the Game.
With heavy mone ſhe did repine
and her hard fortune blame.
While ſhe with lobial liſts did ſing,
and did contribe it ſo.
That he had got another Laſs,
and two ſtrings to his Bow.

The second Part, to the same Tune

HAving thus put his first lasse off,
the second comes in play.
The which was pretty Dorothy:
who was both fine and gay.
To whom he doth express his lobe,
with amorous Glances many:
And sweares that she shall be his wife
if ever he have any.

This did so pierce her tender heart
with joy and great delight.
That she her service proffer'd him,
by day and she by night:
Which he most kindly doth accept,
and void of dread or fear.
He gets her in his Chamber close,
one night, as you shall hear.

In sober guise the Souldier goes:
one night unto his bed.
Where she must come in all the hast,
to lose her Maiden-head.
The people being all at rest,
and every one asleep.
The lasse goes to his Chamber straight,
and to his bed does creep.

He that in bloody Battels fought,
and lay in Frost and cold,
Enduring hardships plentifull,
against his foes so bold.
Can now in's bed surprize a Fort,
which no manere did enter
The Lady and the Owner gibes,
at him for his adventure.

Her Master and her Mistrisse both,
about the break of day.
Awaking, called for their Maid,
but she no word did say,
She was in bed with her delight,
and sporting with her dear.
Not thinking that her Master call'd;
lobe would not let her hear.

Then up her Master gets in hast,
to finde the poor lost sheep.
And folded in the Soulaiers Armes,
he finde his Maid asleep.
Then with one blow upon her cheek
he wakes her from her dear.
And kicks the lasse out of doors.
No Whores (quoth he) live here.

When this black chance was once found out,
the lasse she fain would marry.
The Souldier he refuses quit,
tells her he must be wary;
But she perplext, doth urge him still,
and begs the same with Tears.
Quoth he, I am not in your debt,
I paid you your arrears.

Take heed you loving lasses.
be warn'd by my report.
Trust not a lusty Souldier,
for he'l soon take your Fort,
And then you must turn chamber maids
alas my chance is so.
The Souldier he will shoot no more,
h'as broke two strings to's bow Finis.

London Printed for *Charls Tyus*, on London-bridge

471 b
Roxb. I. 442

A Warning to all lewd Livers.

By the Example of a diſobedient Child, who riotouſly waſted and conſumed his Fathers and Mothers goods, and alſo his own, among ſtrumpets and other Lewd Livers, and after died moſt miſerably on a Dung-hill.
To the Tune of, Sir Andrew Barton.

My bleeding heart with grief and care
doth with all young men to beware
That they no ſuch like ſteps may tread
nor lead the life which I have lead.

My Father was a Gentleman
as many Gallants witneſſe can
He had no ſons but onely I,
which made his gold and ſilver flye.

When as my Father had me ſent
to ſell his goods and take up rent
I did conſume and waſte the ſame.
in drinking or unlawful game.

The Cards and Dice were my delight,
I haunted Taverns Day and Night
Lewd Women were my chiefeſt Joys
and my conſorts were cut-purſe boys.

Gods holy Word I diſobey'd
I car'd not what the Preacher ſaid
For quaffing cans of Ale and Beer,
was all the ſervice I would hear.

Thus acting my ungracious part
I broke my aged fathers heart
When gaſtly death on him did ſeize
I thought my ſelfin happy caſe.

What he had left I thought well got,
but now the ſhame falls to my lot
Five hundred pound in good red Gold,
for wine and beer I quickly ſold.

Then was I preſt to ſerve the King,
that might my name to honour bring
A Souldiers life I held it baſe
and alwaies took it in diſgrace.

And having thus conſum'd my ſtore,
I to my Mother went for more
Who ſold and morgag'd all her land,
and put the mony in my hand.

And then with tears theſe words ſhe ſaid
thou knoweſt my Son thy fathers dead
No more is left but I and thee
therefore dear Son be good to mee.

If that thy love from me ſhould fall
I have no friend on earth at all
Therefore good Son to me prove kind
and thou reward in heaven ſhalt finde.

Then on my bended knees fell I
deſiring of the Lord on high
A ſhameful death might be his end.
that would his Mother once offend.

All you that do no reckoning make
of ſwearing when your words you ſpeak
Give ear to that which I'le you tell
lewd livers ſelcome dyed well

You diſobedient children all
draw near and liſten to my fall.
Example take, repent in time
leſt that your woes be like to mine

The second part to the same Tune.

p 271.b

YOu fathers déer and mothers kinde,
bear you this lesson in your minde
Trust not too much a wicked Child,
for oft times men are so beguil'd.

When twigs are grén you may them ply
but let them grow till they be dry
They will so stiffe and stubborn stand
you cannot bend them with your hand.

So I that ran a wicked race
and to amend had not the grace
Fifteen score pound in good red gold
into my hand my mother told

But in the compass of one year
I spent it all as may appear
And having left no means at all,
I unto robbing straight did fall

Then did I steal my mothers Rings,
her brass, her pewter, and such things,
The very bed whereon she lay
I like a villain stole away.

What ever I could get or take
I thereof straight would money make
My flinty heart did feel no grief,
to see my mother want relief.

At last she grew exceeding poor
and beg'd relief from door to door,
No Infidel nor Pagan did
could bring to light so bad a child.

At last my mother lost her breath
as she constrained was by death (scant
Who yelds relief when friends grow
and easeth those that are in want

From place to place then was I tost
by every man and woman crost,
No harbour could I get whereby
I might at night in safe-guard lye

My dearest kinsfolks do me chide
my nearest friends mock and deride
Those that were my consorts of late
their love is turned into hate.

Those that have feasted many a time
and fed upon that which was mine
Despise at me a long the street
as if they should a Serpent meet.

Both Old and Young, both great & small,
both rich and poor despise me all
No friend to take my part have I
but was constrain'd in field to lie.

In this my extream miserie,
my grief, and my necessitie
No creature gave for my relief
one peece of bread to ease my grief

But like a poor despised wretch
his latest gaspe that he did fetch
Was on a Dung-hil in the night
when as no creature was in sight.

But in the morning he was found,
as cold as clay upon the ground
Thus was he born in shame to die
and end his dates in misery.

Take warning young men by this vice
learn to avoid both Cards and Dice
Lewd womens company forbear
they are the high-way unto care

All Parents whilst your babes be young
bow to their wales in hand and tongue
Then wickedness will not abound
but Grace in children may be found.

FINIS. M.P.

London. Printed for Fra. Grove on Snow-hill, entred according to Order.

A pretty new Ditty:

OR,

A young Lasses Resolution, As her minde I truely scan,
Who shewes in conclusion, She loves a handsome young man.

To the tune of *I know what I know,*

YOu Maids and young men,
I pray you give eare,
And with hand and pen,
Ile plainely declare,
Of a Maids resolution,
which to loue is won,
And in the conclusion,
She'll haue a handsome young man.

Some happily will
coniecture of me,
That I desire still
to liue wantonly:
No I am a Lasse sure,
that liue vnwedded can,
And much will endure
for a handsome young man.

Quoth she, I am young,
and now in my prime,
Though some say too long,
yet Ile lose no time,
I will haue some pleasure
as soone as I can,
What care I for treasure.
Ile haue a handsome young man.

I would haue you know,
that I am not so base,
Nor shall our sexe so
by me haue disgrace:
No, I haue some treasure,
beside house and Land,
Therefore Ile take pleasure
with a handsome young man.

Some Maidens are coy,
and strange in their carriage,
And scorne to enioy,
a neat young man in marriage:
Some wed for money,
and some wed for Land,
But Ile chuse a honey,
shall be a handsome young man.

The man that Ile chuse,
shall be of good size,
Yet Ile none refuse
if that he be wise:
With handsome complexion,
neat foot, leg, and hand,
This is my affection,
to haue such a man.

I haue knowne some Mayds,
that haue denyed men,
And afterwards glad
to obtaine them agen:
They will not, and will,
thus will they withstand,
But Ile vse my skill,
to haue a handsome young man.

If I wed a fole,
with great store of treasure,
Then he'l pine and whole,
and debarre me of pleasure:
He'l tell me of fine Gownes,
Kertles, Maske and Fan,
For a thousand pounds
Ile not wed such a man

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

And further then that,
If I wed with a clowne,
Hee'l anſwer me What,
and with anger will frowne:
Then muſt I beware,
perchance with his hand,
Hee'l ſtrike me o'th eare;
but Ile haue no ſuch man.

And many there are,
that are ſomewhat jealous,
But Ile haue a care,
and match no ſuch fellowes,
Their wiues neere to men,
muſt not ſit nor ſtand,
But their heads ake then,
oh hang vp ſuch a man.

Loe thus I haue ſhowne,
the conditions of ſome,
But none can be knowne,
till to tryall they come:
And I am inclined
as ſoone as I can,
For to be ioyned,
with a handſome young man.

Some Maydens doe chuſe,
for to haue Tradeſmen.
And ſome will refuſe
them as much agen:
But for my owne part,
as at firſt I began.
I loue with my heart
a handſome young man.

Let him be a Tailor,
or a neat Shoomaker,
A Weauer or Glouer,
a Brewer or Baker:
Be he neat or comely
my loue is ſoone won,
For my minde is onely,
of a handſome young man.

If that he be gallant,
or meane in apparell,
If his lookes be valiant,
to maintaine his quarrell,
Then ſhall he be welcome
vnto pretty Nan,
For I am delightſome
to a handſome young man.

I paſſe not what name,
he is called by,
If that I can frame,
to loue him truely,
Either Dicke or Robin,
Humphery, Will, or Iohn,
Any one me ſhall win,
that's a handſome yong man.

And thus I conclude,
and heere end my Song,
Let none ſtrike me rude,
nor large of my tongue:
For I am intended,
as firſt I began,
Then let me be friended,
with a handſome young man.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for H. G.

The Life and Death of the Famous THOMAS STUKELY:

An English *Gallant in time of Queen* Elizabeth, *who ended his Life in a Battel of three Kings of* Barbary. *Tune is,* King *Henry*'s going to *Bullogn*, &c.

IN the West of England,
Born there was I understand,
a famous Gallant was he in his days,
By birth, a wealthy Clothier's son,
Deeds of wonders he hath done,
to purhase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
and Lusty Stukely, he was call'd in Court;
He serv'd a Bishop in the West,
And did accompany the best,
maintaining of himself in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every-where well deemed,
he gain'd the favour of a London Dame,
Daughter to an Alderman,
Curtis she was called then,
to whom a suitor gallantly he came.

When she his person spied,
He could not be denyed,
so brave a Gentleman he was to see;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weal or woe to lead her life,
her Father willing, thereto did agree.

Thus in state and pleasure,
Full many days they measure,
till cruel Death with his regardless spight,
Bore old Curtis to the grave,
A thing that Stukely wisht to have,
that he might revel all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely he presumed
to spend a hundred pound a day in waste;
The greatest Gallants in the land,
Had Stukely's purse at their command,
thus merrily the time away he past.

Taverns and ordinaries,
Were his chiefest braveries,
golden angels there flew up and down;
Ryots were his best delight,
With stately feasting day and nigh,
in Court and City thus he won renown.

Thus wasting lands and living,
By his lawless giving,
at length he sold the pavements of the yard,
Which cover'd were with dishes of tin,
Did Curtis left the same to him,
which he consumed lately as you've heard.

Whereat his wife sore grieved,
Desiring to be relieved,
'Make much of me dear husband, she did say.
'I'll make much more of thee (said he)
'Than any one shall betide,
'I'll sell thy cloaths and so I'll go my way.

Cruelly thus hard hearted,
Away from her he parted,
and travell'd into Italy with speed;
There he flouriſht many a day
In his silks and rich array,
and did the pleasures of a Lady feed.

It was the Lady's pleasure,
To give him goods and treasure,
for to maintain him in great pomp and fame;
At last came news assuredly,
Of a fought battel in Barbary,
and he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble Gallant,
Sold both land and talent
to follow Stukely in his famous fight;
Whereas three Kings in person would
Adventurously with courage bold,
within this battel shew themselves in fight.

Stukely, and his followers all
Of the King of Portugal,
had entertainment like to Gentlemen;
The King affeared Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
and bore his royal standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour
Each man did shew his banner,
Moroceo and the King of Barbary;
Portugal and all his train,
Gayly glittering on the plain,
and gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they rebounded,
Thundring guns resounded,
Kill kill then was all the souldiers cry;
Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was drown'd,
the sun likewise was darkned in the sky.

Heaven was so displeased,
And would not be appeased,
but tokens of God's heavy wrath did show,
That he was angry at this war,
He sent a fearful blazing star,
whereby the Kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was the slaughter,
Or rather wilful murder,
where sixscore thousand fighting men were slain;
Three Kings within this battle dy'd,
With forty Dukes and Earls beside,
the like will never more be fought again.

With woful arms infolding,
Stukely stood beholding
this bloody sacrifice of souls that day;
He sighing said, 'Woful wight,
'Against my conscience here do fight,
'and brought my followers all unto decay.

Being thus molested,
And with grief oppressed,
those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely for to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
upon him all did lay their murdering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow swounded,
and to them thus he made his heavy moan:
'Thus have I left my country dear,
'To be so vilely murthered here,
'e'en in this place where as I am not known.

'My wife I have much wronged,
'Of what to her belonged,
'I vainly spent in idle course of life;
'What I have done is past I see,
'And bringeth nought but grief to me,
'therefore grant me pardon gentle wife.

'Life I see consumeth,
'And death I see presumeth
'to change this life of mine into a new:
'yet this my greatest comfort brings,
'I di'd and dy'd in love of Kings;
'and so brave Stukely bids the world adieu.

Stukely's life thus ended,
Was after death befriended,
and like a souldier buried gallantly;
Where now there stands upon the grave,
A stately temple builded brave,
with golden turrets piercing to the sky.

Printed by and for *W. O.* and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*.

By the merry Landes date ah, 3
There dwelt a jolly Miller,
And a good old man was he,
Was he, was he hay hoe.

He had, he had an a son ah, 3
Men cal'd him jollie Raynold,
A mighte man of might
Was he, was he hay hoe.

And from his father he would ah, 3
His fortune for to seeke,
From merry Landes date
Would he, would he hay hoe.

His father he would him seek ah, 3
And found him fast asleep,
Undneath the hathorne tree
Was he, was he hay hoe.

He took, he took him up ah, 3
All by the lilly white,
And set him on his feet,
And by him stand hay hoe.

He gave to him & a bent bow, 3
Made of a trustee tree,
And arrowes in his hand,
And bid him let them flee.

And shoot with yt he did ah, 3
Some say he shot a mile,
But half a mile nay more
Was yt he shot hay ho.

And at the half miles end ah, 3
There stood an armed man,
This child he shot him through,
And through, & through hay ho.

His beard was all on a white ah, 3
As white as driven snow,
His teeth they were as cleer
As chistall snow hay ho.

And there of him they made ah, 3
Good yeoman Robin Hood,
Scarlet and Little John,
And Little John hay ho.

---

3 To be Sung Thrice.

Sir Hugh and the Maiden.

NERE to Carleile there dwells a Knight
Of gode and comlye meine,
Jf J this ſtorie tell aright,
And folkes take what J meane.

His Caſtle is as faire a one
As any in the Lande,
And round about bedight with Towers,
Nere Engiſhe wood did ſtande.

Sir Hugh this Knight was called,
A bold Knight's ſon was he,
That ever faut with ſhynand brande,
Or ever bent on a knee.

His Ladie was of goodly make,
Her Chekes were of redde and white,
A comlier face was never ſene
With glimmering eyn ſo brighte.

Her Fathir he had many a Tower,
Of Lynage proude was he,
And many a houſe with coſtly Bowere,
He geide for a Wolwrie.

Ella ſhe keeped a falſe woman,
For that was our Ladie's name,
A falſer woman ſhure never was borne,
Than into this Caſtle came.

She would have layne by her ain Maſter,
Jf ſhe thought he wold not ſay naye,
For ſhe wiſhed to ruin her gode Ladie,
And get her a turned away.

So traitory Stories ſhe often wolde telle,
Her Myſtreſs to undo,
Which coming to the Knight's heering,
Wid cauſe him very ſore wo.

He writhed his minde baithe backe and fro,
And aie he doubled his brow,
For he wiſhed to ha that wily Knight
Who crackened his wife's falſe vow.

And he offered to them, whoever wolde telle
Who this Knight ſholde be
That wroght him wrothe in his Caſtle,
Sholde have lande and golden fee,

Gladd was the Maiden when ſhe did finde
The Knight was ſtricken with baile,
Then ſlilye ſhe hyed her till his Bowere,
And ſpake her falſing tail.

J come frae your Wife as J ha life,
Your Wife who is falſe to thee,
And if J mayeſte tell what J ha ſene,
J ſertenly killed ſholde be.

Speik on, ſpeik on my maiden dear,
Be it truei thou telleiſt to mee,
A Boone thou ſhalle ha, and to boote J wille grant
Much Goulde and goode Cuntrie.

O nere wille J ſlepe till J ha wreked
My Sweard's pointe in his bluide,
The mickleſt Milane that ever has wente
Tween this and Engiſh wood.

" O Sir, quoth the Maiden, he is nae Knight,
" But a Man of lowe degree,
" And when the Sunne is ſlepein owre the hill,
" At thy Ladyes Bowre Window he'll be.

" Pcladd in your beſt graine doublet
" And your hode he is bedight,
" To make the folke thinke he is Sir Hugh,
" And not a ſtranger knight."

Now anger and crumpling ſeelouſie
Wid our Knight's harte torment.
He ſwore to the Maiden by the Holy-roode,
That his fere he wolde ha brent.

" Helle tak thee thou carliſh thiefe,
" To nighte J wroken ſhall be,
" Bathe of Me and my aine falſe wife,
" That J onee loved tenderlie."

The Knight he ſtriken his heid and his brieſt,
And moned moſt wofullye,
He grindled his teeth and rolled his eyn,
And ſumpted moſt myghtilie.

For many a wondrous ſyhe he guide,
His hart was grieved ſo,
The caſe of which he thoughe twas truei,
As you ſhalle ſpeedelye knoe.

Then away ſped the Maiden, like a braide arrowe
Shotten frae a truſtie Bowe,
For liken till, whilk alway dothe ſcathe
Where ever it may goe.

She ſped to her Myſtreſſe her for to telle,
Her Myſtreſſe once ſo deere,
A falſe leaſinge taile of her owne dear Knight,
Which you ſhalle quicklye heere.

" O Ladie quoth ſhe, what J ſpeik to thee
" Leeve it is very truei,
" This eene thy Knight at eventide
" J trowe another will wou.

" O two till you quoth the Knight's Ladie,
" Grammercye on your ſoulle,
" Jf it be falſe what J this day trow,
" You ſhalle dye ere the Curfeu knowles.

" O Ladie deere as J hope to ha feere,
" The howre J am going to dye,
" It is not falſe, but true as J live,
" What J ha telled to thee.

" And more, at nicht they ha agreede
" Jn youre beſt bower to meete,
" To paſſe the time unkenned to you,
" And brok with kiſſes ſweete."

Faire Ella was greeved to the hartes life,
And ſore perplered was ſhe,
She vowede to Saint Johne that if it be ſo
J ſertanelye wroken will bee.

Heere ſayde the Maiden tak my cleadinge,
And till youre little bowere hye,
For there you will witte what is doinge
Thrueghe the windowe ſecretlye.

The ſuthe hadd changedd ether cleadinge,
The Myſtreſſe the Maiden's did weare,
And proud was the falſe one ſo bedecked
All in her Ladyes geer.

This wicked ſaide had theretoe biddenn
One more of her varletts vile,
To go to her Ladyes little bowere
And murdeir her the while.

When it was darke the menn did cum,
As the Maiden telled to theye,
For theye were as wicked as ſhe herſelle
Jn the wylles of lecherye

They all beene com and the Knyghte alſo,
Under the greene woode Tre,
He ſtopped awhile with his Sweard in his hand,
Till he his fere mighte ſee.

The Maiden to the windowe did goe,
To ſtande there for awhile
And ſhowe her face to the carliſh man,
The Knighte for to begyle.

The Knight when he ſaw his Ladyes face,
He at the carliſh man flue,
And he ſtrickened him with his Sweard edge,
And thruſten him threugh and through.

Lye there and die ſayde the angrie Knight,
Whoſe Lege-man ever ye bee,
Such mickle nere went on earth,
As two like you and ſhee.

At the ſame tyme all in the bowere,
The like was doinge alſo
But inſtead of the Myſtreſſe the man didd ſtrike
The Maiden a wofull blow.

Sir Hugh cummin in to catche his wife,
Aſtounded he was to ſee
That ſhe was all bluidye, and on the Ground
Woning moſt pitiouſlye.

But when he kenned that it was the Maiden
Jn Buſked in his Ladies Geere,
Where is my fere, what man is this,
Some traitorye J do feere.

" Ha mercye, ha mercye, ſayde the Maiden,
" On my poore dyeinge Shrive,
" For J am the wickedeſte of woman,
" That ever was borne alive.

" Forgive, forgive before J die,
" And J will tell you all,
" J do forgive you you wicked maiden,
" As ever came in a hall.

" O then, Sir Knighte, your Ladye deer
" The Carle was to have Slayne,
" In hope that when you loſt your fere
" J ſhoulde ha beene your aine.

" Or if ſhe had not killed been,
" J wanted to torment
" Your harte, with fallinge tailles of her,
" And ſo to ha her brent."

The Ladye all this while ſtoode bye,
Buſked in the Maid's attyre,
Nor could ſhe ſpeik a ſingle motte,
She choked ſo with ire.

Here tak thy Ladye good Sir Hugh,
For a truere one nere can bee,
There is never a Knighte in all Englande
Has one fairer or maire comelie.

The Knighte he claſped her in his arms,
My Wife, my ſweete Ladie,
See this vyle Maidden getteth the pane
She meened for you and me.

Mayeſte alwayes ſyke luck the willye have,
My prayers ſhalle alway bee,
That themſelfes maye alyke be catcheatt
Jn their on treachorye.

Robin Hoods Progreſs to Nottingham.

Where he met with fifteen Forriſters all on a row.
And he deſired of them ſome news to Know. :
But with croſs-grain'd words they did him thwart,
For which at laſt he made them for to ſmart.

To the Tune of, *Bold Robin Hood*

RObin Hood he was a tall young man,
Derry derry down.
And fiftæn Winters old;
And Robin Hood he was a proper youngman
Of courage ſtout and bold:
Hey down derry derry down.

Robin Hood he would unto fair Nottingham,
Derry derry down.
With the General for to dine:
There was he ware of fiftæn Foreſters,
And a drinking Beer, Ale and Wine:
Hey down derry derry down.

What news, what news, ſaid bold Robin
Derry derry down. (Hood
What news ſain wouldſt thou know?
Our King hath provided a ſhooting match
And I'm ready with my Bow:
Hey down, &c.

We hold it in ſcorn, then ſaid the Foreſters
Derry derry down.
That ever a Boy ſo young,
Should bear a Bow before our King,
That's not able to draw one ſtring:
Hey down, &c.

Ile hold you twenty marks, ſaid bold Robin
Derry derry down, (Hood
By the leave of our Lady,
That Ile hit a mark a hundred Rod,
And I'le cauſe a Hart to dye:
Hey down, &c.

We'l hold you twenty mark then ſaid the
Derry derry down. (Foreſters,
By the leave of our Lady,
Thou hit'ſt not the mark an hundred Rod,
Nor cauſeſt a Hart to dye:
Hey down, &c.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble Bow,
Derry derry down,
And a Broad-Arrow he let fly,
He hit the mark an hundred Rod,
And he cauſed an Heart to dye:
Hey down, &c.

Some ſaid he brake ribs one or two,
Derry derry down.
And ſome ſaid he brake three:
The Arrow in the Hart would not abide,
But it glanced in two or three:
Hey down derry derry down.

The Hart did skip, and the Hart did leap
Derry derry down.
And the Hart lay on the ground:
The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood
If 'twere for a thousand pound:
Hey down derry derry down.

The wager's none of thine, then said the Forresters
derry derry down.
Although thou best in hast,
Take up thy Bow and get thee hence
Lest we thy sides do baste:
Hey down, &c.

Robin Hood he took up his noble Bow,
Derry derry down.
And his Broad-arrows all amain,
And Robin he laught, and began to smile,
As he went over the Plain,
Hey down, &c.

Then Robin Hood he bent his noble Bow,
Derry derry down.
And his Broad-arrows he let fly,
Till fourteen of the fifteen Forresters
Upon the ground did lye:
Hey down, &c.

He that did this quarrel first begin,
Derry derry down.
Went tripping over the plain,
But Robin Hood he bent his noble Bow
And he fetcht him back again.
Hey down, &c.

You said I was no Archer, said bold Robin
Derry derry down. (Hood
But say so now again:
With that he sent another Arrow
Which split his head in twain.
Hey down, &c.

You have found me an Archer, said Robin
Derry derry down. (Hood
Which will make your wives for to waing,
And wish that you had never spoke the word
That I could not draw one String:
Hey down, &c.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham,
Derry derry down.
Came running out amain
Supposing to have taken [illegible] Robin Hood,
With the Forresters that were slain:
Hey down, &c.

Some lost Legs and some lost Arms,
Derry derry down.
And some did lose their blood:
But Robin Hood he took up his [illegible]
And is gone to the merry Green-
Hey down, &c.

They carried these Forresters int[illegible]
Derry derry down.
As many there did know,
They dig'd them graves in their
And they buried them all on a row.
Hey down derry derry down.

London: Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.

THE Ship Carpenter's Love TO THE Merchants Daughter:

Sept 26

To the Tune of, Fare well my Love.

YOu loyal Lovers far and near,
A true Relation you shall hear,
Of a young Couple, who prov'd to be
A Pattern of true Loyalty.

A Merchant do's in Bristol dwell,
As many People knows full well;
He has a Daughter, a Beauty bright,
In whom he plac'd his Heart's delight.

He had on child, but only she;
Her Father lov'd her tenderly.
Many to court her thith r came,
Gallants of worthy birth and fame.

Yet notwithstanding all their Love,
A young Ship-Carpenter did prove
To be the Master of her Heart:
She often said, We'll never part

As long as Life and Breath remain,
Thy Company I'll not refrain;
No cursed Gold and Silver bright
Shall make me wrong my Heart's delight.

Now when her Father came to know
His Daughter lov'd this young Man so,
He caus'd him to be prest to Sea,
To keep her from his Company.

Which when this Damsel came to hear,
Without the thoughts of dread or fear,
She drest her self in Seaman's hue,
And after him she did persue.

Unto the Captain she did go,
And said, Right Worthy Sir, 'tis so,
You do want Men, I understand,
I'm free to fight with Heart and Hand.

The Captain straitway did reply,
Young Man, you're welcome heartily:
A Guinea in her Hand he gave,
She pass'd for a Seaman brave.

Soon after this, the Ship set sail,
And with a fair and pleasant gale,
But this Ship-Carpenter, (O! dear)
Did little think his Love so near.

She then appeared for to be
A Person of admirable Degree,
With pretty Fingers long and small,
She soon became the Seamen all.

It happen'd so, that this same Ship
At coming of the Town of Diepe,
She lay at Anchor some thing nigh,
Where Cannon-Bullets they did fly.

Then the first Man that wounded were,
Was this young bold Ship-Carpenter;
When Drums did beat, and Trumpets sound
He in his Hall receiv'd a Wound.

Then to the Surgeon's care was he
Brought down with speed immediately;
Where as the pretty Surgeon's Mate,
Did courteously upon him wait.

She drest the woful wounded Part,
Which, she sight did pierce her Heart;
She then did use her utmost skill,
To cure him with a right good Will:

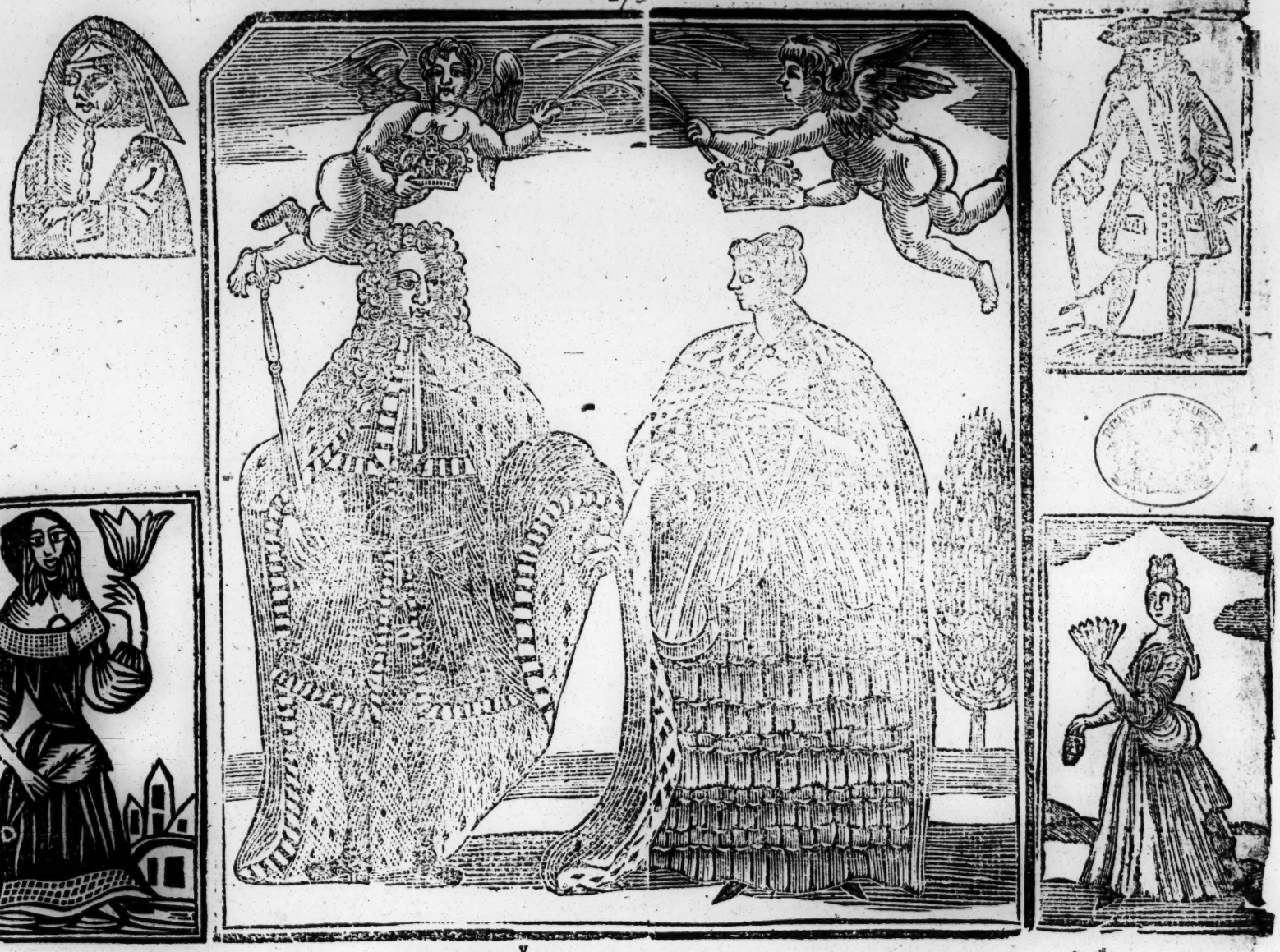
She cur'd him in a little space,
He often gaz'd upon her Face.
Surgeon, said he, your Eyes as shine
Do [illegible]

[illegible] go on shore,
[illegible] whom I adore,
[illegible] true Company he,
And never forsake thy Company.

If he be dead, thus will I do,
All Female Dress I'll bid adieu,
And ne're will marry for her sake,
But to the Seas my self betake.

Tragical HISTORY of KING *LEAR*, and his three DAUGHTERS.

First, Shewing how he gave the two Eldeſt the full and whole Poſſeſſion of his Crown. *Second*, How he baniſh'd the Youngeſt his Court and Preſence, who fled into *France*, and married the *French* King. *Third*, How his two eldeſt Daughters, in ſome Time after, took away his Attendance, and turn'd him out of Court, when being deſtitute, he travelled into *France*, where his youngeſt Daughter relieved him, raiſed an Army to reſtore him to the Poſſeſſion of his Crown, in the Attempt of which ſhe was kill'd in the Field of Battle, and her Father immediately died with Grief for the Loſs of his Daughter.



PART. II.

A Certain great King once did rule over this Land,
Who had all the Pleaſure a King cold commend
And liv'd in great Splendor with Honour and Peae,
He reign'd many Years not without great Increaſe.
He had three fine Daughters of Beauty moſt bright,
In whom this ſame King he did take much Delight;
For Virtue and Wiſdom none could them come near,
Which cauſed their Father to love them moſt dear.
The King had a Fancy to try all their Love,
Which pleaſed him well then this Queſtion to move,
To ſee which of them then did love him the beſt,
So call'd them before him the Truth to proteſt.
For unto my Joy and Comfort I ſee
Three beautiful Children do ſtand before me:
" Now which of you three will do moſt for my Sake,
Suppoſe that my Life now ſhould lie at the Stake?"
To which then the Elder did make this Reply,
" The worſt of all Deaths for thy Sake I could die,
With the greateſt of Tortures that Nature can name;
O this I will bear for your Majeſty's Fame!"
The ſecond made Anſwer, " My Love is more dear
Than ever my Siſter's, as it ſhall appear;
Although ſhe expreſſes much Fidelity,
My Love ſhall be ſeen unto your Majeſty."
" Well ſpoke, my dear Daughters, the aged King ſaid,
My Heart is enamour'd, and merely betray'd:
But what ſays my youngeſt Girl? Prithee tell me,
I want to hear thy Love amongſt all the Three."
" My Love, ſaid the Youngeſt, that I to you owe,
Is the abundant Duty a Child ought to ſhow;
To honour my Father until that I die,
And ne'er in Extremity from you will fly."
" Thy Love is but ſmall, ſaid the King, I do find,
That you'll ſhew no more than what Nature doth bind;
I thought you had Reaſon to be as ſincere
As your eldeſt Siſter, who loves me moſt dear.
Henceforth I do baniſh you quite from my Court,
And charge you no more in my Preſence reſort:
I juſtly may ſay, thou art no Child of mine,
Becauſe you in Love from the Reſt do decline.
So I will make over my Scepter and Crown
To your eldeſt Siſters of Fame and Renown;
And they ſhall be Heirs to my whole Land,
For all that I have ſhall be at their Command.
My pompous Eſtate, nay, and my noble Train,
For thoſe thy two Siſters ſhall be to maintain;
That peaceable now I may paſs my Time away,
And live with my Daughters till my dying Day."

PART II.

The youngeſt Daughter's Misfortune; of her travelling into France; *and how the King of* France *made her his Queen.*

THEIR flatt'ring Speeches at length won his Heart,
But now mind at length how he had his Deſert;
For his youngeſt Daughter's cauſeleſs Baniſhment,
The which he had Reaſon e'r long to repent.

For his poor young Daughter he wander'd up and down,
Through many a Village and brave *Engliſh* Town;
Becauſe that her Father held her in Diſdain,
She then did reſolve for to croſs o'er the Main.
At length to fair *France* then this fair Lady came,
The King then perceiving this beautiful Dame,
He quickly was wounded by young *Cupid*'s Dart,
Which deeply did wound him to the very Heart.
Likewiſe the King of her Virtues had heard,
His Heart was more and more to her endear'd:
Said he, " That my Love to her ſhall be ſeen,
Before my whole Court I will make her my Queen."
Her aged old Father is now all the While
With his eldeſt Daughters, who ſoon did beguile
Him of his whole Kingdom, nay, Scepter and Crown,
And quickly their aged old Father pull'd down.
The King for a While in his Court did remain,
But his eldeſt Daughter ſoon leſſen'd his Train:
Then after ſo done, ſhe did quickly contrive
Him of all his Riches and Means to deprive.
Whereas twenty Men he was wont for to have,
To wait and attend on his Majeſty grave:
She leſſen'd his Number, and brought him to ten,
And quickly reduc'd them to only three Men.
Nay, one ſhe thought much for her Father to have,
So took him away, that her Father might leave
The Court and begone, and there no longer ſtay,
Which grieved the King, and made him thus ſay,
" Am I thus rewarded, the King then reply'd,
To be of my own at this Rate ſo deny'd?
It grieveth my Heart to think what I've done,
But now to my ſecond Child I'll make my Moan.

PART III.

How the King was diſhron'd by his two eldeſt Daughters; and how his youngeſt Daughter reſtored him again.

" MY ſecond dear Daughter with Pity I know,
Will quickly conſider my Sorrow and Woe;
I'll go now unto her, and tell her my Grief,
I make no Doubt but ſhe'll afford me Relief."
The King he full faſt to the Court then did go,
Deſiring his Sorrows for to let her know:
She made him this Anſwer, " That ſhe was much griev'd
For all theſe Repulſes that he had receiv'd,
But no Ways could help him in this his Diſtreſs,
Nor yet in the leaſt could afford him Redreſs;
But if he a While in the Kitchen would ſtay,
She'd order him ſuch as the Scullions give away."
The King made this Anſwer to his Daughter then,
" Surely I am ſerved the worſt of all Men;
For doing as I did by my Daughter dear,
Which makes me lament, and ſhed many a Tear.
To my eldeſt Daughter again I'll return,
Perhaps ſhe'll give Ear to my pitiful Moan."
Then ſtraitway he went again to the Court,
In Hopes to find her in a better Sort.

And when he came there ſhe ſtraitway gave Command,
For to have him ſent away out of Hand;
And order'd them quickly to drive him away,
Saying, " That in her Court he no longe ſhould ſtay."
Then he to his ſecond Child again did hie,
To eat of her Scraps that her Scullion ſet by,
For ſuch as for Charity ask'd at the Door
Which grieved the King to the Heart more and more.
But there of her Premiſe he then was deny'd,
Which cauſed the King to be diſatisfy'd
For on his refuſing her Offer moſt kind,
She ſaid, " At her Gate he ſmall Comfort ſhould find.
Calling to Remembrance his young Daughter's Word
It did to his Grief new Sorrow afford;
To think how he had this poor Creature beguil'd
Of all her whole Fortune, and ruin'd the Child.
Which made him be troubled, nay, to rave and tear,
And rending the Locks of his Silver Hair;
Which was ſuch an Ornament to his old Age,
Yet nothing at all could his Trouble aſſwage.
To Rocks, and to Rivers, and watry Founts,
To Hills, and to Woods, and the higheſt of Mounts
He made his Complaint, and his hourly Moan,
Until at length all theſe Things ſeem'd to
Then being thus poſſeſt with Diſcontent,
Being fully reſolv'd, he over Sea went,
And ſoon found his Daughter, being Queen of *France*,
Which made him amazed at her noble Chance.
Moſt virtuous Lady! when this ſhe did hear,
She ſent for her Father in Duty moſt dear:
" Moſt welcome are you, my reverend Lord,
To what my whole Kingdom and Court doth afford."
Then her noble King, for to grace his Queen,
Shew'd him all the Honour and Love could be ſeen:
He for his whole Court then of Noblemen ſent,
For great Acclamations of Joy they were bent.
But as they in banqueting merrily were,
She ſaid, " My dear Father how goes your Affairs?"
" Indeed, my dear Daughter, I quite am diſown'd
By your eldeſt Siſters, who have me diſhron'd."
Then ſhe ſtarted up from the Table, and ſaid,
" Of my cruel Siſters, who have me betray'd,
I will be revenged, and that inſtantly,
If that I am ſure in the Battle to die."
The King and his Nobles did ſoon Anſwer make,
" My honoured Queen, for your dear Father's Sake,
We'll venture our Lives to ſee him on the Throne
In Spight of all thoſe that do him diſown."
Then ſtraight unto *England* they came in great Haſte,
But now comes the Tragedy here at the laſt;
The Fight was no ſooner begun, to be plain,
But this noble Queen in the Battle was ſlain.
The Queen being dead, then her Father eſpy'd,
He laid himſelf by her, and inſtantly dy'd:
Then ſtraightway ſeeing this ſudden Event,
They put the two Daughters to Death by Conſent.
The Crown was left vacant, for Want of an Heir,
There being none equal the Crown for to wear:
The Crown was left uteleſs, being without King,
So ſad Diſobedience is the woſt of all Sin.

A Dialogue between an

Engliſhman and a Spaniard.

A new Song

A Cheſhire man ſail'd into Spain,
There to trade for merchandiſe;
When he returned there again,
A Spaniard by chance he eſpies.

He ſaid, You Engliſh rogue look here,
What fruits and ſpices fine,
Our land produces twice a year,
Thou haſt not the like in thine.

The Cheſhire man ran to his hold,
And thence fetch'd out a Cheſhire cheeſe
And ſaid, You Spaniſh rogue look here,
We can produce ſuch fruits as theſe.

Your fruits are ripe but twice a year,
As you yourſelf did ſay;
But ſuch as I preſent you here,
Our land produces twice a day.

What ſignifies your Cheſhire cheeſe,
That you do boaſt ſo fine;
It don't my dainty palate pleaſe,
So well as our country wine.

Your wine makes drunken Knaves and fools,
Likewiſe does many ills;
And of mankind it maketh ſlaves,
But mine doth the belly fill.

So to conclude and end my ſong,
I would have them pay the gold,
Which they have robb'd us of ſo long,
Like knaviſh rogues and villains bold.

For while we here do reſt at eaſe,
The Spaniards take a mighty power,
To make our Engliſhmen their ſlaves,
And uſe them baſely every hour.

An excellent new Song lately compoſed, entituled I'le o're Bogie we him.

To its own proper New Tune,

ALl Batchelers and Laſſes
I Pray you now darw near,
And do you hold yonr Paſſion,
A Story you ſhall hear,
Of a young wanton Laſſie,
That would not Counciled be,
But ſhe would over Gady,
Her Fortaine for to ſee.
I'll o're Bogie we my Love,
I'll o're Bogie we him,
And all my Kine had Sworn and ſaid
I'll o're Bogie we him.

My Love's a Valiant Highland Man
and true to his King.
A Pair of Piſtols by his ſide,
and a well hung Loom,
He Courted me with Complemen ts
that did intice me ſo,
That I would leave my Parents,
and over Gaudy go,
I'll o're Bogie. &c.

He asked my Hair in Complement
for to make me a Wig,
And long or e'rn we parted
he bored my Whirle-gige,
He Fuſled all my Petticoat
and felled about my Spare,
He ne're would be contented,
tintill that he felled mair,
I'll o're Bogie. &c

He laid me down upon my back,
and all my Buttocks bair,
And he pnll'd out an Inſtrument,
that coued me to a Hair,
He took the Sheers into his Hand,
he cowed my Head full bare,
But immediately thereafter,
he Swore that I had mair,
I'll o're Bogie, &c.

He might have been a Miniſter,
he was a Lairds Son,
For ne're a Hole that he could ſee
but he would fain been in,
Pray take from me my Rock Mother
but and my Spining While,
I'll o're Bogie we my Love,
tho I ſhould ne're do well,
I'll o're Bogie, &c.

O my deareſt Daughter,
why will you ſay ſo,
Will ye leave Father and Mother.
and over Gaudie go,
Go home, go home old Mother,
go home and Sell your Ale,
I wiſh that all your Barrals break
and ye get little ſeal,
I'll o're Bogie. &c.

Altho the Night were ne're ſo dark
blowing both Wind and Rain,
I'll o're Gaudy we my Love,
and will not it Refrain,
And out then came her Father dear,
and angry was he then,
Says Daughter for my Benniſion
foreſake that Highland Man,
I'll o're Bogie, &c.

Go home, go home my Father dear
go home and Sow your Corn,
I wiſh that never more come up,
but Thriſtle, Brier and Thorn,
And now my deareſt Lover,
Come lets us mount and go,
And we will ovet Gady,
my dear it ſhall be ſo,
I'll o're Bogie, &c-

Soon on Monday Morning,
by Dawning of the Day,
While *Phebus* was adorning,
They both have gone away,
With haſſing and with Kiſſing,
ſhe went into his Arms,
With great Love to adore him,
Yeilding all Mortal Charms,
I'll o're Bogie, &c.

And now this Prety Damaſel,
that ne're would Counciled be,
Shes over Gady with her Love,
her Fortune for to ſee, (paſt-
But when ſome Weeks were gone &
this Laſs with Child did prove,
Her ſweet Heart's gone and left her
and choiſt another Love,
I'll o're Bogie, &c.

But now this Prety Damaſel,
knows none that will provide,
For her and her young Baby,
for them for to get Bread,
She's come home to her Father
and to her Mother now,
And ſays her Diſobedience,
full ſore ſhe does rue.
I,ll o're Bogie, &c.

Her Parents did refuſe her,
ſo ſhe muſt go away,
To beg with her young Baſtard,
for many a year and Day,
Come all ye Prety Demaſals,
take warning here I Pray,
Have not a light Beheavour,
Your Parents do Obey,
I,ll o're Bogie, &c.

Likewiſe a Leſſon take by me,
of Loving of young Men,
Leaſt you do prove with Child,
they go and leave you then,
I'll o're Bogie we my Love,
I'll o're Bogie we him,
And all my Kine had ſworn and ſaid
I'll o're Bogie we him.

FINIS.

CUPID's REVENGE;

OR

An Account of a KING, *who ſlighted all Women*

And at length was forced to marry a BEGGAR.

A King once reign'd beyond the ſeas,
As we in antient ſtory find,
Whom no face could ever pleaſe,
He cared not for women kind.

He deſpis'd the faireſt beauties,
And the greateſt fortunes too,
At length he marry'd to a beggar!
See what Cupid's darts can do.

The blinded boy that ſhoots ſo trim,
Did to his cloſet window ſteal,
Then drew a dart, and ſhot at him,
And made him ſoon his power feel.

He that ne'er car'd for woman kind,
But did females ever hate.
At length was ſmitten, wounded, ſwooned
For a Beggar at his gate.

But mark what happened on a day,
As he look'd from window high,
He ſpy'd a beggar all in grey,
With two more in her company.

She his fancy ſoon enflamed,
And his heart was grieved ſore;
Muſt I have her, court her, crave her,
I that never lov'd before.

This noble prince of high renown,
Did to his chamber ſtrait repair,
And on his couch he laid him down,
Oppreſt with love-ſick grief and care.

Ne'er was monarch ſo ſurpriſed,
Here I lay a captive ſlave;
But I'll to her, court her, wooe her,
She muſt heal the wound ſhe gave.

Then to his palace gate he goes,
The beggars crav'd his charity,
A purſe of gold to them he throws,
With thankfulneſs away they fly.

But the King call'd her to him,
Tho' ſhe was but poor and mean:
His hand did hold her, while he told her,
She ſhould be his ſtately Queen.

At this ſhe bluſhe ſcrlet red
And on this mighty king did gaze;
Then ſtrait again as pale as lead,
Alas! ſhe was in ſuch a maze.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
And the King did kindly ſay,
He'd reſpect her.—Strait they deck'd her,
In moſt ſumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding day,
And likewiſe them commanded ſtrait
That noble Lords and Ladies gay
Upon this gracious Queen ſhould wait

She appeared a ſplendid beauty,
All the court did her adore;
She in marriage ſhew'd a carriage,
As if ſhe'd been a Queen before.

Her fame through all the world did ring
Altho' ſhe came of parents poor;
She by her ſov'reign Lord the King
Did bear one ſon, and eke no more,

All the nobles were well pleaſed,
And the ladies frank and free,
For her behaviour always gave her
A title to her dignity.

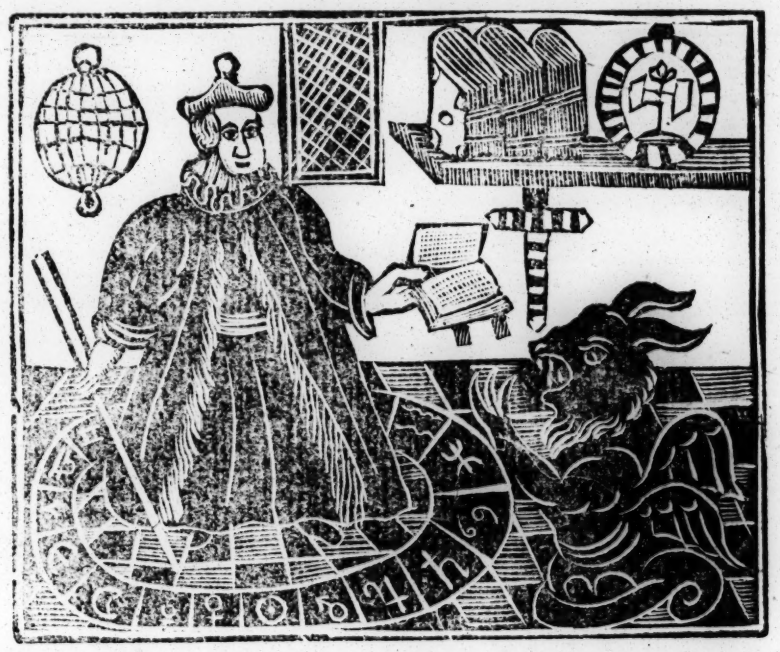
At length the King and Queen were laid
Together in the ſilent tomb,
Their royal ſon the ſcheptre ſway'd,
Who govern'd in his fathers room.

Long in glory did he flouriſh,
Wealth and honour to increaaſe,
Still poſſeſſing ſuch a bleſſing.
That he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

THE

Juſt Judgment of GOD ſhew'd upon Dr. *John Fauſtus*.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe*, &c.



ALL Chriſtian Men give Ear a while to me,
How I am plung'd in Pain, but cannot ſee:
I liv'd a Life, the like did none before,
Forſaking Chriſt, and I am damn'd therefore.

At *Wertemburgh*, a Town in *Germany*,
There was I born and bred of good Degree,
Of honeſt Stock, which afterwards I ſham'd,
Accurſt therefore, for *Fauſtus* was I nam'd.

In learning high my Uncle brought up me,
And made me Doctor of Divinity:
And when he dy'd he left me all his Wealth,
Which curſed Gold did hinder my Soul's Health.

Then did I ſhun the Holy Bible Book,
Nor on God's Word would never after look;
But ſtudied the accurſed Conjuration,
Which was the Cauſe of my utter Damnation.

The Devil in Fryers Weeds appeared to me,
And ſtraight to my Requeſt he did agree,
That I might have all Things at my Deſire,
I gave him Soul and Body for his Hire.

Twice did I make my tender Fleſh to bleed,
Twice with my Blood I wrote the Devil's Deed,
Twice wretchedly I Soul and Body ſold,
To live in Pleaſure, and do what Things I would.

For four and twenty Years this Bond was made,
And then at length my Soul for it was paid;
Time ran away, and yet I never thought,
How dear my Soul our Saviour Chriſt had bought.

Would I at firſt been made a Beaſt by Kind,
Then had not I ſo vainly ſet my Mind;
Or would not when Reaſon began to bloom,
Some darkſome Den had been my deadly Tomb.

Wo to the Day of my Nativity!
Wo to the Time that once did foſter me!
And wo unto the Hand that ſealed the Bill!
Wo to myſelf the Cauſe of all my Ill!

The Time I paſs'd away with much Delight,
'Mongſt Princes, Peers, and many a worthy Knight,
I wrought ſuch Wonders by my Magick Skill,
That all the World may talk of *Fauſtus* ſtill.

The Devil carried me up in the Skie,
Where I did ſee how all the World did lie:
I went about the World in eight Days Space,
And then return'd into my native Place.

What Pleaſure I did wiſh to pleaſe my Mind,
He did perform, as Bond and Seal did bind:
The Secrets of the Stars and Planets told,
Of Earth and Sea, with Wonders manifold.

When four and twenty Years was almoſt run,
I thought on Things that then was paſt and done;
How that the Devil will ſoon claim his Right,
And carry me to everlaſting Night.

Then all too late I curſt my wicked Deed,
The Dread thereof does make my Heart to bleed:
All Days and Hours I mourned wond'rous ſore,
Repenting then of all Things done before.

I then did wiſh both Sun and Moon to ſtay,
All Times and Seaſons never to decay:
Then had my Time ne'er come to dated End,
Nor Soul and Body down to Hell deſcend.

At laſt when I had but one Hour to come,
I turn'd the Glaſs for my laſt Hour to run:
And call'd in learned Men to comfort me,
But Faith was gone, and none could ſuccour me.

By Twelve o'Clock my Glaſs was almoſt out,
My grieved Conſcience then began to doubt:
I pray'd the Studious to ſtay in Chamber by,
But as they ſtaid they heard a doleful cry.

Then preſently they came into the Hall,
Whereas my Brains were caſt againſt the Wall;
Both Arms and Legs in Pieces they did ſee,
My Bowels gone, there was an End of me.

You Conjurors and damned Witches all,
Example take by my unhappy Fall:
Give not your Souls and Bodies unto Hell,
See that the ſmalleſt Hair you do not ſell.

But hope in Chriſt his Kingdom you may gain,
Where you ſhall never fear ſuch mortal Pain;
Forſake the Devil and all his crafty Ways,
Embrace true Faith that never more decays.

F I N I S.

PARADISE Loſt, and PARADISE Regain'd;

BY

The Wonderful WORKS of GOD.

SHEWING,

How his heavenly Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to create Heaven and Earth: Alſo how he made Man, and placed him in the Garden of *Eden*: How God formed him a Mate out of one of his Ribs: How the fallen Angel (Satan) tempted *Eve* to eat of the forbidden Fruit: How *Adam* and *Eve* were drove out of Paradiſe: How *Adam* and *Eve*, by their Sin and Tranſgreſſion, loſt of God the following Gifts; *Firſt*, *Adam* loſt his Innocency; *Secondly*, He was thruſt out of Paradiſe; *Thirdly*, He was forced to earn his Bread with the Sweat of his Brow all the Days of his Life; and *Fourthly*, The Earth was made barren for his Sake. *Eve* loſt theſe Gifts of God; *Firſt*, She was to bring forth her Children in Sorrow; and *Secondly*, She was to live in Subjection to her Husband. How *Cain* murdered his Brother *Abel*: How God ſeeing the Sins of the World grow too great, cauſed it to rain forty Days and Nights, and the World was deſtroyed by Water: And how our bleſſed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST took upon him the Nature of Man, and came into the World to ſave loſt and undone Sinners.

ADAM *and* EVE.

NOAH's *Prayer.*

CAIN *ſlaying* ABEL.

NOAH's *Ark.*

The Creation of the World.

ALL Chriſtian People, pray attend,
A worthy Poem I have penn'd,
Relating how the World began,
And alſo the firſt Fall of Man.

When God did Heav'n and Earth create,
The Waters he divided ſtraight,
All by his mighty, bleſſed Hand;
Thus God divided Sea and Land.

He gave Command, and there was Light.
The Sun by Day, and Moon by Night;
The Stars and Planets to withal,
Were placed in a ſpacious Hall.

The Cattle, Beaſts, and Birds with Wings,
And every Kind of creeping Things;
All Fruits and Herbs of yielding Seed,
Was by the Hand of God decreed.

He ſaw 'twas good, and lik'd it well,
As we from Holy Word can tell;
He in ſix Days, we underſtand,
Perform'd the Work he took in Hand:

For when the ſixth Day was begun,
God ſaid, *Come let us now make Man;*
In our own Image ſhall he be,
To glorify our Majeſty.

Man created, and Woman taken out of his Side, being in the Garden of Eden.

THEN Man was made upright and fair,
For to adore the heavenly Air;
God having breathed on the ſame,
Man ſtraight a living Soul became.

The ſeventh Day our Lord did reſt,
Which Day he ſanctify'd and bleſt;
To keep it holy, we therefore,
Should on that Day his Name adore.

Thus Man was framed out of Duſt,
And named *Adam* at the firſt:
Then every Thing which God had fram'd,
He gave to *Adam* to be nam'd.

Adam nam'd them as he thought fit,
The Lord was pleas'd, and lik'd of it;
And then did make this ſtrict Decree,
All Things to Man ſhould ſubject be.

In *Eden*'s Garden plac'd they were,
Adorn'd with Trees of Fruits moſt rare:
God gave theſe Fruits to *Adam*'s Will,
Saving that of knowing Good and Ill.

God ſaid, Man is alone I ſee,
A Help-mate now for him muſt be:
He took one of his Ribs, we know,
And formed him a Mate alſo.

Now when the Lord he had her fram'd,
Woman, by *Adam*, ſhe was nam'd;
Saying, *This is Fleſh and Bone of me,*
So Man and Wife one Fleſh muſt be.

The Fall of Man, by ADAM *and* EVE's *eating the forbidden Fruit.*

BEFORE the World created was,
Satan rebell'd againſt God's Laws:
Legions of Angels with him fell,
For Pride, down to the Lake of Hell.

Becauſe the Lord did him deny,
Man's Happineſs he did envy;
He thought the World to overthrow,
And bring Man to his Gulph and Woe.

The Serpent then, I do proteſt,
More ſubtile was than any Beaſt:
With *Eve* he held a long Diſpute,
To taſte of the forbidden Fruit.

The Serpent ſaid, *Be rul'd by me,*
And pluck the Fruit from off the Tree:
You'll be as Gods then, (ſaid the Devil)
And you will know both Good and Evil.

She pluck'd the Fruit, it taſted ſweet,
And gave to *Adam* for to eat:
The which did all their Glory blaſt,
They out of Paradiſe were caſt.

God ſaid, *The Woman ſhall be ſtill*
Subject unto her Husband's Will:
Alſo, I will decree that thou
Shalt work with Sweat upon thy Brow.

Nevertheleſs the Woman's Seed,
Shall break the Serpent's Head indeed,
And thou ſhalt bruiſe his Heel. Behold!
Thus was our Saviour's Birth foretold,

CAIN *ſlaying his Brother* ABEL.

TWO Sons had *Adam* by his Wife,
Subject to Trouble, Care, and Strife,
Both *Cain* and *Abel*; and I ſay,
Cain being eldeſt, bore the Sway.

For *Cain* a wretched ſinful Man,
The firſt of Murders he began:
He did obey the Devil's Will,
His Brother's *Abel*'s Blood to ſpill.

God was offended very ſore,
And ſet a Mark on *Cain* therefore:
Murder do cry, we do record,
Aloud for Vengeance to the Lord.

The World increaſed full of Evil,
Men took Delight to ſerve the Devil;
Seeing Men's Ways, the Lord began
To grieve that he at firſt made Man.

God drowns all the World, except NOAH, *And what was in the Ark with him.*

MAN's Wickedneſs did God annoy,
He ſaid, *I will all Fleſh deſtroy;*
Full forty Days I'll cauſe a Rain,
That no Fleſh may alive remain;

But *Noah* and his Family,
In Favour was with God on high:
Three Sons he had when the Flood came,
Shem, *Ham*, and *Japhet*, call'd by Name.

God gave Command as he thought good,
To build an Ark of Gopher Wood:
I ſhall declare from Holy Writ,
The Length, the Breadth, and Height of it.

'Twas pitch'd, and made ſecure and ſtrong,
And full three Hundred Cubits long;
Full thirty high, and fifty wide,
A Door was placed on the Side.

Full Stories three, as we do write,
A Window made to give them Light:
God then thought fit to ſave the Lives
Of *Noah*, his Wife, his Sons, their Wives.

This Ark, in building, it appears,
Was the Space of one Hundred Years:
Both Male and Female of each Kind,
Were in the Ark preſerv'd we find.

Above the higheſt Hills we know,
This mighty Flood did overthrow;
And bore the Ark up by the ſame,
That they might praiſe God's holy Name.

How the Ark reſted after the Waters were gone off the Earth.

IN the ſixth Month to give Account,
The Ark did reſt upon a Mount:
Then *Noah* ſaw the Rain was ceas'd,
And that the Waters were decreas'd.

Now when the Flood was more declin'd,
He ſent a Raven forth we find,
And next a Dove, who ſtaid ſhort Space,
For they could find no Reſting-place.

Then he once more ſent forth the ſame,
Back with an Olive-leaf it came:
His Joy was then exceeding great,
Finding the Waters did abate.

He ſent his Dove, but to be plain,
It never did return again:
A Twelvemonth's Space, or very nigh,
It was before the Earth was dry.

God ſaid to *Noah*, *Come forth in Peace,*
And let all Things once more increaſe;
He plac'd his Bow to ſhew therefore,
That he the World would drown no more.

The World was multiply'd once more,
But full of Evil as before;
They rather choſe more greater Evil,
And took Delight to ſerve the Devil.

For all that Time Men were ſo vile,
Their Daughters dear for to defile;
Which great Abomination was
Unto God's holy, righteous Laws.

The World redeemed by our SAVIOUR's *Crucifixion.*

SOME holy, righteous Men there were,
Who glorify'd the Lord by Fray'r,
God bleſſed their Seed, and did afford
Them Gifts to preach his holy Word.

And for theſe righteous People's Sake,
God did on us Compaſſion take;
And ſent his Son on Earth we find,
To take the Nature of Mankind.

To tell you true, all muſt have fell
Down to the loweſt Pit of Hell;
Had not our Saviour Chriſt been ſlain,
Man's bleſt Redemption to obtain.

When buried down to Hell he paſt,
To triumph and chain Satan faſt;
Who goes no farther than his Chain,
The third Day Chriſt did riſe again.

Chriſt is aſcended up to Heaven,
The Comforter to us is given;
One God divided into Three,
Without which none can ſaved be.

Addreſs yourſelves to Chriſt Divine,
And in his bleſt Communion join;
Shake off your Sins, your Life renew,
Be one with Chriſt, and Chriſt with you.

A Chriſtian's Duty I'll impart,
To bear no Malice in his Heart;
But love his Neighbour as himſelf,
And never covet worldly Pelf.

Endeavour ſtill ne'er to tranſgreſs,
And ſhun the Sin of Drunkenneſs;
When ſuch a filthy Sin takes Place,
All other Sins comes on apace.

So to conclude and make an End,
Help us, good Lord, for to amend:
That when our ſinful Bodies die,
Our Souls may reign with Chriſt on high.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne:

Printed and ſold by J. WHITE; where Chapmen and others may be furniſhed with ſmall Hiſtories, Sermons, &c.

15. 6. 28. 1848.

Arthur o'Bradley.

ALL in the merry month of may,
The maids a may-pole they will have,
Your helping hand I do crave; (have,
For there's never a Man ſhall ſup,
Till I have drank my cup,
For I am belov'd by all,
The great and the ſmall.
For my name it is Arthur o'Bradley O,
O rare Arthur o'Bradly,
O fine Arthur o'Bradley, O.
And as I went forth one day,
I met a maid by the way;
I took her by the hand,
Deſiring her to ſtand;
For 'tis love conquers kings,
And a ſorrowful heart brings,
For if you lov'd your mother,
Love me and no other.
For my name, &c.
Then Arthur a wooing went.
To gain her friends conſent,
And beauty he muſt have,
Becauſe he is rich and brave,
His ſweetheart had but one eye,
Her noſe ſtood all awry,
Her mouth from ear to ear.
Her teeth as rotten as a pear,
With a hump upon her back'
For a crump ſhe did not lack,
With bandy legs alſo,
A wheelbarrow may go through.
And her name it was Draggletail
Dorothy.
I'll aſk my mother's leave,
So then they went with ſpeed.
Good-morrow, mother ſaid he,
You're welcome ſon, ſaid ſhe,
One queſtion of you I do crave.
Your Daughter for to have,
For I love her as my life,
And will make her my wife.
For my name, &c.
The old woman cry'd,
And call'd her daughter aſide,
O daughter ſweet cries ſhe,
What makes you ſo eager be?
To be a bumkin's bride,
When better will lie by your ſide,
You lie, you old whore, cries he,
I can have as good as ſhe.
For my name, &c.
When death my father calls,
He vows to leave me all.
A wooden wedge and maul,
And a jolly clout withal;
With barrels, bukets, looms,
And a dozen of wooden ſpoons,
A cheeſe-fat and ladder,
With two chums laid together.
A baſket and a wimble,
A pack-needle and thimble.
Nine barn rakes and a frail,
Beſides an old cart-nail;
And at laſt falls to my lot,
A ſweet old muſtard-pot.
For my name, &c.
And a wedding we will have,
So jolly, fine and brave,
I'll bid my neighbours round,
One out of every town,
Old mother Hobbs of Spalding,
Moll Becks of Walding,
John Sly of Everſham,
Old Grace of Evengham;
Barbling Grey of Sutton,
Ralph Swill of Dutton.
For my name, &c.
Then Arthur about her did walk
To interrupt her talk,
Adzooks mother, ſaid he,
I can have as good as ſhe.
My father in his will left me all,
When Death does him call,
Some good old looms,
With a dozen of wooden ſpoons.
And a dozen of buttons hanging upon
a ſtring,
One left-hand mitten, and an old cur-
tain ring;
Spiggots and fauſits five,
Beſides an old bee hive,
With a chamber pot as good,
As ever was made of wood.
For my name, &c.

Robin Hood and the Shepherd.

Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd, fought a fore COMBAT.

Tune, Robin Hood & Queen Catherine

ALL Gentlemen and Yeomen good,
Down, a down, adown,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a ſtory of bold Robin Hood
Unto you I will declare;
Down, a down, a down.

As Robin Hood walk'd the Forreſt along
ſome Paſtime for to ſpy,
There was he aware of a jolly Shepherd,
that on the ground did lie.

Ariſe, ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
and now come let me ſee
What is in thy Bag and thy Bottle, I ſay,
come, tell it unto me.

What's that to thee, thou proud Fellow
tell me as I do ſtand,
What haſt thou to do with my bottle and Bag
let me ſee at thy command

My Sword that hangeth by my Side
is my command I know,
Come let me taſte of thy Bottle
or it may bleed thee Woe

The Devil a Drop, thou proud Fellow
of my Bottle thou ſhalt ſee
Until thy Valour here be try'd
whether thou wilt fight or flee.

What ſhall we fight for? ſaid Robbin Hood
come quickly tell it unto me:
Here's twenty Pounds in good red Gold
win it, and take it thee.

The Shepherd ſtood all in amaze,
and knew not what to ſay
I have no Money thou proud Fellow
but Bottle and Bag I'll lay

I am content, thou Shepherd Swain
fling them down on the Ground,
But it will breeh thee mickle Pain
to win my twenty Pound.

Come draw thy Sword, thou proud Fellow
thou ſtandeſt too long to prate,
This Hook of mine ſhall let thee know
a Coward I do hate,

So they fell to it full hard and ſore
it was on a Summer's Day
From Ten 'till Four in the Afternoon
the Shepherd held him in Play

Robin's Buckler proved his chief Defence
and ſaved him many a bang;
For every Blow the Shepherd gave,
made Robin's ſword cry Twang.

Many a ſturdy blow the Shepherd gave,
and that bold Robin found;
'Till the Blood ran trickling from his Head
then he fell to the Ground,

riſe, ariſe, thou proudFellow,
and thou ſhalt have fair play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
that I have won the Day.

A Boon, a Boon, cry'd bold Robin,
if that a Man thou be,
Then let me take my bugle Horn,
and blow out Blaſts three.

Then ſaid the Shepherd to bold Robin;
To that I will agree!
For if thou ſhould'ſt blow 'till to morrow Morn
I ſcorn one Foot to flee.

Then Robin he ſet his Horn to his Mouth,
and he blew with Might and Main,
Until he eſpied Little John,
come tripping over the Plain.

Who is yonder, thou proudFellow,
that comes down yonder Hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's Man,
ſhall fight thee with thy Fill.

What is the Matter, ſaid Little John,
Maſter, come tell unto me
My Caſe is bad, ſaid Robin Hood,
for the Shepherd hath conquer'd me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd, turn't thou to me,
For a Bout with thee I mean to heave,
either come fight or flee:

With all my Heart, thou proud Fellow,
for it ſhall never be ſaid,
That a Shepherd's Hook at thy ſturdy Look,
Will one Jot be diſmay'd.

So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
ſtriving for Victory:
I Will know (ſays John) e're we give o'r,
whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The Shepherd gave John a ſturdy Blow,
With the Hook under his Chin,
Beſhrew thy Herat, ſaid Little John,
thou baſely doſt begin:

Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the Shepherd,
either yield to me the Day,
Or I will bang thy Back and Sides,
before thou goeſt thy Way.

What doſt thou think, thou proud Fellow,
that thou can'ſt conquer me;
Nay, thou ſhalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.

Again the Shepherd laid on him
the Shepherd he begun
Hold thy Hand, cry'd jolly Robin
I will yeild the Wager won.

With all myHeart, ſaid little John,
to that I will agree
For he is the Flower of Shepherds Swain
the like I ne'er did ſee.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood
alſo of little John
How a Shepherd ſwain did conquer them
the like was never known.

LONDON, Printed for M. Beauchampe, & S. Swan, in Summerſet ſtreet
near White Chapple Barrs

The WILTSHIRE Wedding,

Between *Daniel Do-well*, and *Doll* the Dairy-Maid.

With the Conſent of her old Father *Leather-Coat*, and her dear and tender Mother *Plodwell*. (20)

To an excellent Tune.

ALL in a miſty Morning,
So cloudy was the Weather,
I meeting with an old Man,
Who was cloathed all in Leather,
With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
But Woollen to his Skin.
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

The Ruſtick was a Threſher,
And on the Way he hy'd,
And with a Leather Bottle
Faſt buckled by his Side;
And with a Cap of Woollen,
That cover'd Cheek and Chin.
With how do you do, &c.

I went a little farther,
And there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking.
A Milking, Sir, ſhe ſaid.
Then I began to compliment,
And ſhe began to ſing.
With how do you do, &c.

This Maiden's Name was Dolly,
Cloathed in a Gown of Grey.
I being ſomewhat jolly,
Perſuaded her to ſtay;
Then ſtrait I fell to courting her,
In hopes her Love to win.
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

Then having Time and Leiſure,
I ſpent a vacant Hour,
Telling of my Treaſure,
Whilſt ſitting in the Bower;
With many kind Embraces,
I ſtroak'd her double Chin,
With how do you do, &c.

I told her I would marry,
And ſhe ſhould be my Bride,
And long we ſhould not tarry,
With twenty Things beſide:
I'll plow and ſow, and reap and mow,
Whilſt thou ſhalt ſit and ſpin.
With how do you do, &c.

Did not you meet my Father,
The Damſel then reply'd;
His Jerkin was of Leather,
A Bottle by his Side.
Yes, I did meet him trudging
As faſt as he could win.
With, &c.

Kind Sir, I have a Mother,
Beſides a Father ſtill;
Thoſe Friends, above all others.
You muſt ask their Good-will:
For if I be undutiful
To them, it is a Sin.
With, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-pail,
And to her Mother went,
And when we were come thither,
I asked her Conſent,
And doſt my Hat, and made a Leg,
For why ſhe was within.
With, &c.

My Husband is a Threſhing,
Who is her Father dear,
He'll give with her his Bleſſing,
Kind Sir, you need not fear.
He is of ſuch Good-nature,
That he could never lin.
With, &c.

For by your courteous Carriage
You ſeem an honeſt Man;
You may have her in Marriage.
My Husband he anon
Will bid you very welcome,
Though he be poor and thin.
With, &c.

Her Dad came home full weary,
Alas! he could not chuſe.
Her Mother being merry,
She told him all the News.
Then being mighty jolly too,
His Song did ſoon begin.
With, &c.

Her Parents being willing,
All Parties were agreed;
Her Portion Thirty Shillings,
They married were with Speed.
Then Will the Piper he did play,
While they did dance and ſing.
With, &c.

In pleaſant Recreation
They paſs'd away the Night;
And alſo by relation,
With her he takes Delight,
To walk abroad on Holidays,
To viſit Kiff and Kin.
With, &c.

Then luſty Ralph and Robin,
With many Damſels gay,
Did ride on Roan and Dobbin,
To celebrate the Day.
When being met together,
Their Caps they off did fling.
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

Printed and ſold in Bow-Church Yard, *London.*

The Sinner's Redemption:

Wherein is diſcovered the Nativity of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST; together with his Life on Earth, and Death upon the Croſs for loſt Mankind.

To the Tune of, *My bleeding Heart.*

ALL you that are to Mirth inclin'd
Conſider well and bear in Mind,
What our great God for us hath done,
In ſending his beloved Son.

Let all our Songs and Praiſes be,
Unto his heavenly Majeſty;
And evermore amongſt our Mirth,
Remember Chriſt and his bleſs'd Birth.

The Five and Twentieth of *December*,
Good Cauſe have we for to remember,
In *Bethlehem*, upon that Morn,
There was our bleſs'd Meſſias born.

The Night before that happy Tide,
The ſpotleſs Virgin and her Guide,
Were long Time ſeeking up and down,
To find them Lodging in the Town.

And mark how all Things came to paſs,
The Inn and Lodging ſo fill'd was,
That they could have no Room at all,
But a poor hungry Ox's Stall.

This Night the Virgin *Mary* mild,
Was ſafe delivered of a Child,
According high Heaven's Decree,
Man's ſweet Salvation for to be.

Near *Bethlehem* did Shepherds keep
Their Herds and Flocks of feeding Sheep;
To whom God's Angels did appear,
Which put the Shepherds in great Fear.

Prepare and go, the Angel ſaid,
To Bethlehem, be not afraid;
There ſhall you ſee this bleſſed Morn,
The Princely Babe, JESUS *born.*

45 6. 28. 1852

With thankful Hearts and joyful Minds,
The Shepherds went this babe to find:
And as the heavenly Angel told,
They did our Saviour Christ behold.

Within a Manger he was laid,
The Virgin *Mary* by him ſtay'd,
Attending on the Lord of Life,
Being both Mother, Maid and Wife.

Three *Eaſtern* Wiſemen from afar,
Directed by a glorious Star,
Came boldly on, and made no Stay,
Until they came where JESUS lay.

And being come into the Place,
Where the bleſſed Meſſias was
They humbly laid before his Feet,
Their Gifts of Gold and Odours ſweet.

See how the Lord of Heaven and Earth
Shew'd himſelf lowly in his Birth,
A ſweet Example for Mankind,
To learn to bear in humble Mind.

No coſtly Robes nor rich Attire,
Did JESUS CHRIST our Lord deſire;
No Muſick, nor ſweet Harmony;
Till glorious Angels from on High,

Did in melodious Manner ſing,
Praiſes unto our heavenly King,
All Honour, Glory, Might and Power,
And unto CHRIST, our Saviour.

If Choirs of Angels did rejoice,
Well may Mankind with heart and voice,
Sing Praiſes to the God of Heaven,
He unto us a Son hath given.

Moreover, let every one,
Call unto Mind, and think upon,
His righteous Life, and how he dy'd,
To have poor Sinners juſtify'd.

Suppoſe, O Man! that thou ſhouldſt lie
In priſon ſtrong, condemn'd to die,
And had no friend upon the Earth,
Could ranſom thee from cruel Death.

Except you could ſome Perſon find
That for your Sake ſhould be ſo kind
His own Heart's Blood for to diſpence,
And looſe his Life in your Defence.

Such was the Love of Chriſt, when we
Were loſt to Hell perpetually;
To ſave us from the Gulph of Wo,
Himſelf much Pain did undergo.

Whilſt in this World he did remain,
He ne'er did ſpend one Hour in vain:
In Faſting, and in Prayer Divine,
He daily ſpent away the Time.

He in the Temple daily taught,
And many Wonders ſtrange he wrought
He gave the Blind their perfect Sight,
And made the Lame to walk upright.

He cur'd the Lepers of their Evils,
And by his Power he caſt out Devils:
He raiſed *Lazarus* from the Grave,
And to Sick their Health he gave.

But yet for all theſe Wonders wrought,
The Jews his dire Diſtruction ſought;
The Traytor *Judas* was the Man,
That with a kiſs betray'd him then.

Then he was led to Juſtice Hall,
Like one deſpiſed among them all,
And had the Sentence given that he
Should ſuffer death upon a Tree.

Unto the Execution-place,
They brought him on with much Diſgrace
With vile reproachful taunts and Scorns,
They crown'd him with a wreath of thorns.

Then to the Croſs through Hand and Feet
They nailed our bleſs'd Redeemer ſweet;
And further to augment his Smart,
With bloody Spear they pierc'd his Heart.

Thus have you ſeen and heard aright,
The Love of Chriſt the Lord of might,
And how he ſhed his precious Blood,
Only to do us Sinners good.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed in this preſent Year.

The Country Girl's Policy; Or, the Cockney *Outwitted*.

ALL you that are to Mirth inclin'd
come tarry here a little while:
Pray read it once and I do not fear,
but ſoon it will make you to ſmile.
The *Londoners* call us Country Fools,
and laugh at us every day.
But I'll let them ſee before I have done,
we know as good things as they.

A jolly young Girl in *Herefordſhire*,
who lately had learn'd to Dance:
In leſs than the Space of one whole Year,
ſhe light of a Child by chance.
Being very poor this cunning Whore,
upon a Certain Day,
Reſolved was ſhe the City to ſee,
ſo to *London* ſhe took her way.

With an old ſtraw Hat, and her tail pinn'd up,
and with Dirt inſtead of Fringe;

Not long ago this cunning Slut
did come to the *Royal Exchange*,
With the Child in a Basket under her Arm
cloſe covered as it is ſaid,
With a clean white Cloth, and at each end
Hung out a Gooſe's Head.

She ſaw two Stock Jobbers ſtanding by,
She then unto one did ſay,
Gaffer, what ſtately Church is this;
come tell me now I pray;
The other to her Smiling ſaid,
how like a Fool you talk!
This is no Church, it is the *Change*,
where all the Merchants walk.

Is this the *Change*, good Sir? ſhe ſaid,
a glorious Place it be,
A finer Place, in all my Life,
I never before did ſee.

I'll warrant you there's fine Chambers in't
as you and I do live,
Now if you'll let me go and ſee,
a Penny to you I will give.
The one ſaid, your Basket I will hold
and tarry here below,
Whilſt my Conſort goes up with you,
the Chambers for to ſhew:
She anſwered I am afraid,
that when I do come down,
You will be gone, and I would not loſe,
my Basket for a Crown.
I am not ſuch a Man he cry'd,
and that I'd have you know;
She gave it him, and with her guide
ſhe up the Stairs did go;
She view'd the Pictures very fine,
and did them much admire,
He ſoon dropp'd her, ſhe down Stairs run
and after him did enquire.
She Straight runs up to a Merchant,
good honeſt Man, ſaid ſhe,
Did not you ſee a thick tall Man
that had two Geeſe of me?
Alas! ſaid he, poor country Girl
our Cocknies are too quick;
Go home and tell your Country Girls,
of this fine *London* trick.
She ſtamp'd and cry'd thus to be bit,
would make a Body ſwear
I'll never come to the *Royal Exchange*,
any more to ſell my Ware;
For by a couple of cheating Knaves,
alas! am undone:
She gave a Stamp, and laugh'd aloud,
and then away ſhe run
But now we will to the Jobbers turn,
who thought they had got a Prize,
They ſtept into an Ale-houſe,
and ſent for both their Wives,
They told them the Story,
with Hearts both merry and light,
Said they we'll have a Frolick on't,
and roaſt them both at Night.
The Women cry'd, no, one at a Time,
the further they will go,
The other we'll have at another houſe,
and order the Matter ſo;
Thus they began to jangle,
and got on either Side;
But all the while this Basket ſtood,
without ever a Knot unty'd.
Then opening of the Basket,
as I the truth unfold;
There did they find a curious Boy,
juſt about five Weeks old.
The Women flew into a Damnable Rage,
O how they did ſcold and curſe,
Inſtead of a Cook, ye Rogues ſaid they
you muſt run and call a Nurſe
The one ſaid, this is your Baſtard, Sirrah,
you have had by ſome common Whore,
If theſe be your Geeſe, ye Rogues, ſhe ſaid
I never ſhall love Geeſe more:
The one ſhe kick'd the drink all down,
the other whipp'd up the Glaſs,
And after ſhe had drunk the Beer,
ſhe threw it and cut his Face,
There was Helter skelter the Devil to pay
oh how the Pots did fly!
Juſt as they were in the midſt of the Fray,
the child began to cry:
There were clouts and blankets all beſhit,
ſuch ſights are ſeldom ſeen
I hope it will learn them both more wit,
how they meddle with Geeſe again.
They put it out for theree Shillings a week
which is Eighteen pence a piece,
Which they pay every Saturday Night,
in Remembrance of the Geeſe.
Come here's a health to the County Laſs
I think ſhe was not to blame;
If ſhe has but Wit to take care of her T—
ſhe may paſs for a Maid again.

THE

COUNTRY GIRL's POLICY;

OR, THE

COCKNEY OUTWITTED.

ALL you that are to Mirth inclin'd,
Come tarry here a little while:
Pray read it once, and I do not fear,
But ſoon it will make you to ſmile.
The *Londoners* call us Country Fools,
And laugh at us every Day;
But I'll let them ſee before I have done,
We know as good Things as they.

A jolly young Girl in *Hertfordſhire*,
Who had lately learn'd to dance:
In leſs than the Space of one whole Year,
She light of a Child by Chance.
Being very poor, this cunning Whore,
Upon a certain Day,
Reſolved was ſhe the City to ſee,
So to *London* ſhe took her Way.

With an old Straw Hat, and her Tail pinn'd up,
And with Dirt inſtead of Fringe;
Not long ago this cunning Slut
Did come to the *Royal Exchange*,
With the Child in a Basket under her Arm,
Cloſe covered, as it is ſaid,
With a clean white Cloth, and at each End
Hung out a Gooſe's Head.

She ſaw two Stock Jobbers ſtanding by,
She then unto one did ſay,
Gaffer, what ſtately Church is this?
Come tell me now I pray:
The other to her ſmiling ſaid,
How like a Fool you talk!
This is no Church, it is the *'Change*,
Where all the Merchants walk.

Is this the '*Change*, good Sir? ſhe ſaid,
A glorious Place it be;
A finer Place in all my Life,
I never before did ſee:
I'll warrant you there's fine Chambers in't,
As you and I do live;
Now if you'll let me go and ſee,
A Penny to you I will give.

The one ſaid, Your Basket I will hold,
And tarry here below,
Whilſt my Conſort goes up th you,
The Chambers for to ſhew:
She anſwered, I am afraid,
That when I do come down,
You will be gone, and I would not loſe
My Basket for a Crown.

I am not ſuch a Man he ſaid,
And that I'd have you know;
She gave it him, and with her Guide
She up the Stairs did go:
She view'd the Pictures very fine,
And did them much admire;
He ſoon dropp'd her, ſhe down Stairs run,
And after him did enquire.

She ſtraight runs up to a Merchant,
Good honeſt Man, ſaid ſhe,
Did not you ſee a thick tall Man
That had two Geeſe of me?
Alas! ſaid he, poor Country Girl,
Our Cocknies are too quick;
Go home and tell your Country Girls,
Of this fine *London* Trick.

She ſtamp'd and cry'd, Thus to be bit,
Would make a Body ſwear;
Never to come to the *Royal Exchange*,
Any more to to ſell their Ware,
For by a Couple of cheating Knaves,
Alas! I am undone:
She gave a Stamp, and laugh'd aloud,
And then away ſhe run.

But now we will to the Jobbers turn,
Who thought they had got a Prize;
They ſtept into an Ale-houſe,
And ſent for both their Wives:
They told to them the Story,
With Hearts both merry and light;
Said they, We will have a Frolick on't,
And roaſt them both at Night.

The Women cry'd, No, one at a Time,
And the farther they will go,
The other we'll have at another Houſe,
And order the Matter ſo:
Thus they began to jangle,
And got on either Side:
But all this while the Basket ſtood,
Without ever a Knot unty'd.

Then opening of the Basket,
As I the Truth unfold;
There did they find a curious Boy,
Juſt about five Weeks old.
The Women flew in a damnable Rage,
O how they did ſcold and curſe:
Inſtead of a Cook, ye Rogue, ſaid they,
You muſt run and call a Nurſe.

The one ſaid, This is your Baſtard, Sirrah,
You have had by ſome common Whore;
If theſe be your Geeſe, ye Rogues, ſhe ſaid,
I never ſhall love Geeſe more:
The one ſhe kick'd the Bottle down,
The other whipp'd up the Glaſs,
And after ſhe had drank the Beer,
She threw it and cut his Face.

There was Helter-skelter, the Devil to pay,
O how the Pots did fly!
Juſt as they were in the Midſt of the Fray,
The Child began to cry:
There were Clouts and Blankets all beſhit,
Such Sights are ſeldom ſeen:
I hope it will learn them both more Wit,
How they meddle with Geeſe again.

They put it out for three Shillings a Week,
Which is Eighteen-pence a-piece,
Which they pay every Saturday Night,
In Remembrance of the Geeſe.
Come, here's a Health to the Country Laſs,
I think ſhe was not to blame;
If ſhe has but Wit to take Care of her T---t,
She may paſs for a Maid again.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and ſold by JOHN WHITE.

The *BRISTOL* Garland.

In FOUR PARTS,

PART I.

A Merchant's ſon of worthy fame.
From the town of BRISTOL came,
Unto a ſweet and pleaſant green,
Where little girls are to be ſeen.
Who uſher'd in the month of May,
With flow'ry garlands freſh and gay.
With muſic for to entertain
The youthful charming rural plain.
Amongſt theſe youthful ladies bright,
None did exceed for red or white
Lucy, a ſhepherd's daughter fair,
She like an angel did appear.
The Merchant's ſon, who never knew
Before that time what love could do,
Began to feel an inward flame
So with theſe words to her he came:
Thou charming beauty of the day,
Who far exceeds the month of May,
And all the beauties of the plain,
Do not my humble ſuit diſdain.
She anſwer'd with a modeſt voice.
Sir, you're miſtaken in your choice,
Don't ſet your heart and love on me,
Who am one of a mean degree.
But a poor ſhepherd's daughter, Sir.
With that he ſtrait ſaluted her.
He did theſe words to her expreſs,
My dear, I love you ne'ertheleſs.
How many men of worthy fame,
In former days, that I could name,
Who made it their employ to keep
Their mighty flock of lambs and ſheep.
Then let us to thy father go;
And if he's willing to beſtow
His daughter to me I'll rejoice,
And be well pleaſed with the choice.

Accordingly ſhe gave conſent,
And to her father ſtraitway he went;
Here he then treated long of love,
And that he would right conſtant prove.
The ſhepherd made him this reply,
Your ſuit I cannot well deny.
But let me tell you, worthy ſir,
I nothing have to give with her.
But if you love for loves deſert,
Then take her with all my heart:
All parties then were ſoon agreed,
So that they married were with ſpeed.

PART II.

NOW the wedding rites being done?
Beloved the wealthy merchant's ſon
To his dear parents brought his bride,
Who were it ſeems diſſatisfy'd.
Becauſe they underſtood that ſhe
Deſcended from a mean degree,
And was not worthy to be made
His bride, ſo they did her degrade.
Then to their ſon in wrath they ſpoke,
Saying How dar'd you thus provoke
Your loving friend and parents dear?
Oh! it will break our hearts we fear,
He to his parents thus did ſay,
Hear me a word or two I pray,
She is my bride, my joy, and dear,
Oh! do not break her heart with grief,
Dear friends I cannot bear to hear.
My wife, my love, my joy, my dear,
Revil'd at ſuch a rate as this,
Alas! ſhe has not done amiſs.
His parents ſaid, ſince it muſt be ſo,
Pray take your jewel now and go
Out of doors, our hands we'll clear,
You ſhall not think to harbour here.

Be gone, I ſay, depart the houſe,
I'll give you not one ſingle ſouce
Not any thing alive or dead,
Altho' you ſtarve for want of bread,
Said he, 'Tis very hard indeed,
That in the greateſt time and need,
You'll not relieve nor help your ſon,
So now farewell, you will be done.
Returning back with weeping eyes,
With bitter ſobs and mournful cries
I'm grieved at the heart, ſaid ſhe,
That I was born to ruin thee
Let not ſuch thoughts diſturb thy mind
Not ſigh nor ſobs, for thou ſhalt find
I'll get my bread with pains and care,
And my croſſes with patience bear
Be thou content, and all is well,
We'll with thy loving parents dwel',
And in reg rd we have no land,
I'll freely earn with my own hand.
I'll freely go to plow and cart
Ill freely earn with my whole heart
As thy poor father he has done,
Farewell the name of Merchant's ſon.
He did not only ſay, but behold,
In ſummer hot, and winter cold.
He'd reap and mow and till the earth,
As if he came to it by his birth.

PART III.

BUT here's a wonder now at laſt,
When eight years were gone & paſt,
He did to mighty riches riſe,
And how it came none could deviſe.
But thus it was we underſtand,
He bought a little piece of land,
On which their was ſome ſtump of trees
The which he dug up by degrees.
Upon a day by chance he found,
When digging deep within the ground,
A luſty pot with antient gold.
As full as ever it could hold.
Tho' he was luſty, ſtout and ſtrong,
He ſcarce could lug the ſame along
For there was many a thouſand pound,
Which he by mighty fortune found,
He purchaſed a vaſt eſtate,
And in thoſe parts appeared great,
As any Knight of worthy fame,
None knew as yet from whence it came
While he grew rich, his parents they
Reduced were to ſad decay,
By loſſes which they did ſuſtain,
By land as well as ocean main.
They ow'd a thouſand pound and more,
The cruel creditors therefore
On all that e'er they had then ſeiz'd
Yet nevertheleſs they were not pleas'd,
But would have his body too,
So that for fear, alas, he flew
And forced was to hide his head,
While he and ſhe wanted bread.

PART. IV.

NOW while they were in this diſtreſs,
And nothing had wherewith to bleſs
Themſelves withal, glad tidings came
Of their ſon's eſtate and wealthy fame,
The woman to her huſband cry'd
Let's to our ſon, he will provide
A place for us, we need not fear,
Why ſhould we lie and languiſh here.
If he ſhou'd do ſo good a deed,
Now in our want and time of need,
'Tis more then we may expect,
Remember now we did reflect
On him and his beloved wife.
And ſaid in wrath, that during life
By me they never ſhould be fed
Altho' they ſtarv'd for want of bread.
This was my fault this was my ſin.
How can I think he'll take us in.
Who did him throw quite out of doar,
And bid him ſee my face no more.
But loving huſband you ſhall find
He's of a courteous heart and mind,
And ſhall receive us both in love.
Juſt as ſhe ſaid, ſo it did prove,
For coming to his manſion-place,
The ſon he thought it no diſgrace
To fall upon their bended knee,
So did his wife as well as he.
As from their knees they did ariſe;
His parents dear with weeping eyes,
Their grief and ſorrow did relate,
Who had been moſt unfortunate,
Said he, moſt welcome parents dear,
Unto my habitation here.
Let not theſe tears or ſorrow fall,,
I have enough to ſerve us all.
Father, your debts I'll freely pay
The word ſhall never have to ſay,
That e'er they loſt a groat by you,
So bid their ſorrows quite adieu.
Then did he feaſt and cloath them both,
And ſaid, My parents, pray henceforth,
In plenty live and take ſome eaſe,
At home with me, or where you pleaſe.
If here you are not free to live.
One hundred pounds a year I'll give,
If that won't ſerve you ſhall have two,
God gave it me thus to ſerve you.
Thus was he dutiful and kind,
Now ſons and daughter's bear in mind
How tender he was to his friends,
And thus my mouruful ditty ends.

The *Northern* LORD.

In Four Parts.

PART I.

A Noble Lord of high renown
Two daughters had; the eldeſt brown,
The youngſt beautiful and fair.
By chance a noble Knight came there.
Her father ſaid, kind ſir, I have
Two daughters, which do you crave?
One that is beautiful, he cry'd,
The noble knight he then rep'y'd:
She's young ſhe's beautiful and gay,
And is not to be giv'n away.
But as jewels are bought and ſold,
She ſhall bring me her weight in gold.
The price I think you need not grudge,
Since I will freely give as much
With her one ſiſter, if I can
Find out ſome other nobleman.
With that beſpoke the noble knight,
'd ſooner have the beauty bright
At that vaſt rate, renowned lord,
Then then the other with a vaſt reward,
So then the bargain it was made,
But e'er the money could be paid,
He had it of a wealthy Jew,
The ſum ſo large, the writings drew
That if he fail'd, or miſs'd the day,
So many ounces he ſhould pay.
Of his own fleſh, inſtead of gold,
All was agreed, the ſum was told.
So he return'd immediately,
Unto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter fine, I do declare.
And paid him down the money there,
He bought her too, it was well known
Unto mankind ſhe was his own.
By her a ſon he did enjoy.
A ſweet and comely handſome boy,
At length the time of pay drew near
When the knight did begin to fear;
He dreaded much the cruel Jew
Becauſe the money it was due.
His lady ask'd him Why he griev'd?
He ſaid, My jewel, I receiv'd
Such a ſum of money of a Jew,
And now the money it is due,
And now the day of payment's come,
I'm ſure I cannot raiſe the ſum,
He'll have my fleſh, weight for weight,
Which makes my griet and ſorrow great.

Tuſh! never fear him, ſhe rep'y'd
We'll croſs the raging ocean wide
And ſo ſecure you from the fate,
To her requeſt he yielded ſtrait.

PART II.

THEN having paſs'd the raging ſeas;
They travel'd on, 'till by degrees
Unto the German court he came,
The knight his ſon, and comely dame.
Unto the Emperor he told
His ſtory of the ſum of gold,
That he had borrow'd of a Jew,
And that for fear of death he flew.
The Emperor he did erect
A court for them and ſhew'd reſpect
Unto his gueſts, becauſe they came
From BRITON, that bleſt land of fame.
As here he lived in delight,
A Dutch lord told our Engliſh knight.
That he a ton of gold would lay,
He could enjoy his lady gay.
From her the lord he was to bring
A rich and coſtly diamond-ring,
That was to prove and teſtify
How he did with his lady lie.
He tries, but never could obtain
Her favour but with high diſdain;
She did abhor his baſe intent,
So to her chamber-maid he went.
And told her if ſhe would but ſteal
Her lady's ring and to conceal
The ſame, and bring it to him ſtrait,
She ſhould enjoy a fine eſtate,
In hopes of ſuch a fine reward
The ring ſhe ſtole, then the Dutch lord
Did take it to the noble knight
Who almoſt ſwooned at the ſight.
Home he goes to the lady ſtrait
Meeting her at the palace gate,
He flung her headlong into the mote.
And left her there to ſink or float.
Soon after that in cloaths of green,
She like a war like knight was ſeen,
And in moſt gallant gay deport
She rode unto the Emperor's court,
Now when the Emperor beheld
Her brave deportment, he was fill'd
With admiration at the ſight,
Who call'd herſelf an Engliſh knight.

The Emperor did then reply,
We have an Engliſh knight to die,
For drowning of his lady gay,
Quoth she, I'd ſee him, if I may.
'Twas granted, ſo to him she came,
And calling of him by his name,
She ſaid, Kind ſir, be of good cheer
Your friend I'll be you need not fear.

PART III.

SHE to the Empeor did ride,
And ſaid, Now let this cauſe be try'd,
Once more, for I've a mind to ſave
This noble gallant from the grave.
It being done, the court was ſet,
The Dutch lord came, ſeeming to fret
About the ring, ſeeming to fear,
How truth world make his shame appear
And ſo it did, for ſoon they call
The maid, who on kees did fall,
Before the court and did confeſs
The Dutch lord's unworthineſs,
The court reply'd, Is it ſo?
The lady too for ought we know,
May be alive, therefore we'll ſtay
The ſentence till another day.
Now the Dutch lord gave him a ton
Of Gold which he had juſtly won;
And ſo he did with shame and grief,
And thus the knight obtain'd relief.
The Dutch lord to revenge the ſpite
Upon our noble Engliſh knight,
Did ſend a letter out of hand,
And ſo Jew did underſtand,
How he was in a German Court.
So here upon this good report,
The Jew he croſs'd the ocean wide,
Reſolving to be ſatisfied.
Soon as e'er he fix'd his eyes
Unto the knight, in wrath he cries.
Your hand and ſeal I pray behold:
Your fleſh I'll have inſtead of gold.
Said the noble knight in green,
Sir, may not your articles be ſeen?
Yes, that they may reply'd the Jew,
And I reſolve to have my due.
Lo then the knight began to read,
At length ſhe ſaid, I find indeed,
Nothing but fleſh you are to have,
Anſwers the Jew, That's all I crave.
The poor diſtreſſed knight was brought,
The bloody-minded Jew he thought
That day to be revenged on him,
And part his fleſh from ev'ry limb.

The knight in green ſaid, Mr. Jew,
There's nothing elſe but fleſh your due,
Then ſee no drop of blood you ſhed,
For if you do off goes your head,
Pray take your due with all my heart,
But with his blood we will not part.
With that the Jew ſneaked away,
And had not one word more to ſay.

PART IV.

NO ſooner were theſe troubles paſt,
But his wife's father came at laſt,
Reſolving for to have his life.
For drowning his beloved wife.
Over the ſeas her father brought
Many brave horſes: One was bought
By the pretended knight in green.
Which was the beſt that e're was ſeen.
So to the German court he came,
Declaring ſuch a one by name,
Had drowned his fair daughter dear,
And ought to die a death ſevere,
They brought him from the priſon then,
Guarded by many armed men,
Unto the place where he muſt die.
And the young knight was ſtanding by,
And from her ſide her ſword he drew,
And run her gelding thro' and thro',
Her father ſaid, Why do you ſo?
I may, it is my own, you know,
You ſold your gelding, 'tis well known,
I bought it, making it my own;
And may do what I pleaſe with it,
And then to her he did ſubmit.
Here is a man arraign'd and caſt,
And brought to ſuffer death at laſt,
Becauſe your daughter dear he ſlew;
Which it he did, what's that to you.
You had your money when you ſold
Your daughter for her weight in gold;
Wherefore he might, it is well known.
Do what he pleaſed with his own.
So having chang'd her garments green,
And dreſt herſelf like a fair queen,
Her father and her husband ſtrait
Both knew her and their joys were great.
Soon they did carry this report
Unto the famous German-Court,
How the renowned Engliſh knight
Had found his charming lady bright.
So the Emrpeor, and the lords of fame
With chearful hearts they did proclaim,
An univerſal joy to ſee
His lady's life at liberty.

Printed and ſold in Aldermary Church-Yard Bow-Lane LONDON.

THE NOBLEMAN's Generous KINDNESS:

OR,

The Poor Country MAN's unexpected HAPPINESS.

GIVING

An Account of a Nobleman, who taking Notice of a poor Man's induſtrious Care and Pains for the maintaining of his Charge of Seven ſmall Children, met him upon a Day, and diſcourſing with him, invited him and his Wife, with his Children, home to his Houſe, and beſtowed upon them a Farm of Thirty Acres of Land, to be continued to him and his Heirs for ever.

To the Tune of, *The two Engliſh Traveller.*

A Nobleman liv'd near a Village of late,
Hard by a poor Threſher, whoſe Charge it was great;
He had ſeven Children, and moſt of them ſmall,
And nought but his Labour to keep them withal.

He never was given to Idle and Lurk,
For this Nobleman ſaw him go daily to Work,
With his Flail and his Bag, and his Bottle of Beer,
As chearful as thoſe that had Hundreds a Year.

Thus careful and conſtant each Morning he went,
To his daily Labour with Joy and Content;
Jocund and jolly, he'd both whiſtle and ſing,
As blyth and as briſk as a Bird in the Spring.

One Morning the Nobleman taking his Walk,
He met with the poor Man, and freely did talk;
He ask'd him many a Queſtion at large,
Familiarly talking concerning his Charge.

Thou haſt many Children I very well know,
Thy Labour is hard, and thy Wages are low;
And yet thou art chearful, I pray thee tell true,
How do you maintain them ſo well as you do?

He anſwer'd, I carry home all that I earn,
And daily Experience by this I do learn,
That though it is poſſible we may live poor,
We ſtill keep the ravenous Wolf from the Door.

I reap and I mow, I harrow and ſow;
Sometimes I to hedging and ditching do go:
No Work comes a miſs, for I threſh and I plow;
Thus I earn my Bread my the Sweet of my Brow.

My Wife ſhe is willing to pull at the Yoak,
We live like two Lambs and we never provoke
Each other, but like to the labouring Ant,
We do our Endeavour to keep us from Want.

And when I come home from Labour at Night.
To my Wife and Children in whom I delight;
To hear them come round we with prattling Noiſe,
'Tis theſe are the Riches that poor Men enjoys.

Though I am weary as weary may be,
The youngeſt I commonly dance on my Knee;
find that Content is an abſolute Feaſt,
I never repine at my Charge in the leaſt.

The Nobleman hearing then what he did ſay
Was pleaſed and invited him home the next Day;
His Wife and his Children he charg'd him to bring,
In Token of Favour he gave him a Ring.

Then thanking his Honour and taking his Leave,
He went to his Wife, who would hardly believe;
But that this ſtrange Story himſelf he might raiſe,
Yet ſeeing the Ring, ſhe was in Amaze.

Betimes in the Morning the good Wife aroſe,
And made them all fine with the beſt of their Cloaths;
The good Man and Wife with their Children ſmall,
They went to dine at the Nobleman's Hall.

So when they came there, the Truth to report,
All Things were prepar'd in a plentiful Sort;
And they at the Nobleman's Table did dine,
With all Sorts of Dainties, and Plenty of Wine,

All this being over he ſoon let him know,
What he intended on him to beſtow;
A Farm, full thirty good Acres of Land,
And gave him the Writings then with his own Hand.

Becauſe thou art careful and good to thy Wife,
I'll make thy Days happy the reſt of thy Life:
It ſhall be for ever to thee and thy Heirs,
For why, I beheld thy induſtrious Cares.

No Tongue then was able to expreſs,
The Depth of their Joy and true Thankfulneſs;
With many a Courteſy and Bow to the Ground,
But ſuch Noblemen there are few to be found.

Newcaſtle: Printed and ſold by *Robert Marſhbank.*

An Excellent BALLAD, of
The Noble Marquis and Patient GRISSEL.

To the Tune of, *The Bride's Good Morrow.*

A Noble Marquis
As he rode a Hunting,
Hard a by Forest Side,
A fair and comely Maid
As she sat a Spining,
His gentle Eye espy'd:
Most fair and lovely,
And of comely in Grace was she,
Although simple Attire;
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant Voice melodiously,
Which set the Lord's Heart on Fire:
The more he look'd, the more he might
Beauty bred his Heart's Delight:
And to this Damsel
Then he went with Speed, (Flower.
Good speed, (quoth he,) thou famious
For Mistress of this homely Bower,
Where Love and Virtue
Dwells with sweet Content.

With comely Gesture
And modest mild Behaviour,
She bids him welcome then;
She entertainde him
In faithful friendly Manner,
And all his Gentlemen:
The noble Marquis
In his Heart felt such a Flame,
Which set his Senses all at Strife.
Quoth he, fair Maiden,
Shew me soon what is thy Name,
I mean to make thee my Wife.
Grissel is my Name, quoth she,
Far unfit for your Degree;
Silly Maiden
And of Parents poor.
Nay, Grissel thou art rich, he said,
A virtuous, fair, and comely Maid:
Grant me thy Love,
And I will ask no more.

At length the contented,
And being both contented,
They married were with Speed;
Her Country Russet
Was chang'd to silk and Velvet,
As to her State agreed:
And when that she
Was thus trimly tired in the same,
Her Beauty shone most bright,
Far staining every other
Fair and princely Dame,
That did appear in Sight:
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of Parents poor,
And 'twixt her Lord and she
Great Strife did rise:
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her Beggar's Brat,
And to her Lord
They would her oft dispraise.

O Noble Marquis;
Quoth they, why didst thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
Who might have gotten
An honorable Lady
Into your princely Bed?
Who will not now
Your noble Issue soon deride,
Which shall hereafter be born,
That art of Blood so base,
Born by the Mother's Side,
The which will bring them to Scorn?
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your Lineage
May renowned be he.
Thus every Day they seem'd to prate
That malic'd Grissel's good Estate;
Who all this while
Took it most patiently.

When that the Marquis
Did ſee they were bent thus,
Againſt his lawful Wife;
Whom he moſt dearly,
Tenderly and intirely
Lov'd as his Life;
Minding in Secret,
For to try her patient Heart
Thereby her Foes for to diſgrace;
Thinking to ſhew her
A hard diſcourteous Part,
That Man might pity her Caſe:
Great with Child the Lady was,
And at the laſt it came to paſs,
Two goodly Children
At one Birth ſhe had;
A Son and Daughter, GOD had ſent
Which did their Mother well content,
And which did make
Their Father's Heart full glad.

Great Royal Feaſting
Was at theſe Children's Chriſtening,
And princely Triumph made,
Six Weeks together,
All Nobles that came thither,
Were entertain'd and ſtaid:
And when that all the pleaſant
Sporting quite was done,
The Marquis a Meſſenger ſent
For his young Daughter
And his pretty Smiling Son;
Declaring, his full Intent,
How that the Babes muſt murderd be,
For ſo the Marquis did decree:
Come let me have
The Children then, he ſaid;
With that fair Griſſel wept full ſore,
She wrung her Hands and ſaid no more,
My gracious Lord
Muſt have his Will obey'd.

She took the Babes
Even from the Nurſing-ladies,
Between her tender Arms;
She often wiſhed,
With many ſorrowful Kiſſes,
That they might eaſe their Harms:
Farewel, Farewel,
A thouſand Times my Children dear;
Never ſhall I ſee you again;
'Tis long of me
Your ſad and woeful Mother here,
For whoſe ſake both muſt be ſlain;
Had I been born of Royal Race
You might have liv'd in happy Caſe,
But you muſt die
For my Unworthineſs;
Come Meſſengers of Death, quoth ſhe,
Take my deareſt Babes to thee,
Unto their Father
My Compliments expreſs.

He took the Children,
And to his noble Maſter
He bore them thence with Speed;
Who in Secret ſent them
Unto a noble Lady:
To be brought up indeed:
Then to fair Griſſel
With a heavy Heart he goes,
Where ſhe ſat mildly all alone;
A pleaſant Geſture,
And a lovely Looks ſhe ſhews,
As if no Grief ſhe had known:
Quoth he, my Children now are ſlain,
What thinks fare Griſſel of the ſame?
Sweet Griſſel now
Declare thy Mind to me.
Since you my Lord are pleaſed with it,
Poor Griſſel thinks the Action fit;
Both I and Mine
At your Command will be.

My Nobles murmur,
Fair Griſſel, at thy Honour,
And I no Joy can have,
Till thou be baniſh'd
Both from my Court and Preſence,
As they unjuſtly crave:
Thou muſt be ſtrip'd
Of thy brave Garments all,
As thou cam'ſt to me
In homely Grey,
Inſtead of Bliſs and pureſt Pall,
Now all thy Cloathing muſt be.
My Lady you muſt be no more,
Nor I thy Lord which grieves me ſore,
The pooreſt Life
Muſt now content thy Mind:
A Groat to thee I dare not give,
I nee to maintain while I do live,
Againſt my Griſſel
Such great Foes I find.

When gentle Griſſel
Did hear theſe woful Tydings,
The Tears ſtood in her Eyes,
Nothing ſhe anſwered
No Words of Diſcontentment
Did from her Lips ariſe.
Her Velvet Gown
Moſt patiently ſhe ſtrip'd off,
Her Kertle of Silk with the ſame:
Her Ruſſet Gown
Was brought again with many a Scoff,
To bear them herſelf ſhe did frame:
When ſhe was dreſt in this Array,
And ready for to paſs away,
GOD ſend long Life
Unto my Lord, quoth ſhe;
Let no Offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting Kiſs,
With watery Eyes
Farewel, my Dear, ſaid ſhe.

From a a princely Palace,
Unto her Father's Cottage
Poor Griſſel ſhe is gone
Full fifteen Winters
She lived there contented,
No wrong ſhe thought upon,
And at this Time through
All the Land the Speeches went,
The Marquis ſhould married be,
Unto a noble Lady
Of high Deſcent,
And to the ſame all Parties did agree
The Marquis ſent for Griſſel fair,
The Bride's Bed chamber to prepare,
That nothing therein
Might be found away,
The Bride was with her Brother came,
Which was great Joy to all and ſome,
But Griſſel took all this
Moſt patiently.

And in the Morning
When as they ſhould be wedded
Her Patience there was try'd,
Griſſel was chrged
Herſelf in friendly Manner
For to attire the Bride:
Moſt willingly
She gave Conſent to do the ſame;
The Bride in Bravery was dreſt
And preſently
The noble Marquis thither came,
With all his Lords at his Requeſt.
O Griſſel I will ask of thee,
If to this Match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy Looks
Are waxed wonderous coy.
With that they began to ſmile.
And Griſſel ſhe reply'd the while,
GOD ſend Lord Marquis
Many Years of Joy.

The Marquis was moved
To ſee his beſt Beloved
Thus patient in Diſtreſs;
He kept unto her,
And by the Hand he took her,
Theſe Words he did expreſs:
Thou art my Bride,
And all the Brides I mean to have,
Theſe two thine own Children be.
The youthful Lady
On her Knees did Bleſſing crave,
Her Brother as well as ſhe.
And you that envy her Eſtate,
Whom I have made my choſen Mate,
Now bluſh for Shame,
And honour virtuous Life;
The Chronicles of laſting Fame,
Shall ever more extol the Name
Of patient GRISSEL,
My moſt conſtant Wife.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne Printed in this preſent YEAR.

An Excellent BALLAD OF A Noble Marquefs and Patient *Griſſel.*

To the Tune of, *The Bride's Good-morrow*, &c.

A Noble Marquefs,
As he did ride a Hunting,
hard by a Forreſt ſide,
A Fair and comely Maiden,
As ſhe did ſit a Spinning,
his gentle Eye eſpy'd:
Moſt fair and lovely
And of comely grace was ſhe,
although in ſimple attire,
She ſung full ſweetly,
With pleaſant Voice melodiouſly,
which ſet the Lord's heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beauty bred his Heart's delight:
And to his Damſel
then he went with ſpeed,
God ſpeed, qd. he, thou famous Flower,
Fair Miſtreſs of this homely Bower,
Where Love and Vertue
dwells with ſweet content.

With comely Geſture
And modeſt mild Behaviour,
ſhe bids him welcome then;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
and all his Gentlemen:
The Noble Marquefs
In his Heart felt ſuch a flame,
which ſet his Senſes all at ſtrife,
Quoth he, Fair Maiden,
Shew me ſoon what is thy Name,
I mean to make thee my Wife.
Griſſel is my Name, quoth ſhe,
Far unfit for your degree,
A ſilly Maiden,
and of Parents poor.
Nay; *Griſſel* thou art rich, he ſaid,
A vertuous fair and comely Maid;
Grant me thy love,
and I will ask no more.

At length ſhe conſented,
And being both contented,
they married were with ſpeed;
Her Country ruſſet
Was chang'd to Silk and Velvet,
as to her ſtate agreed:
And when that ſhe
Was timely tried in the ſame,
her Beauty ſhin'd moſt bright,
Far ſtaining every other
Fair and Princely Dame,
that did appear in ſight:
Many envied her therefore,
Becauſe ſhe was of Parents poor,
And 'twixt her Lord and ſhe
great ſtrife did raiſe:
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that,
And ſome did call her Begger's Brat,
And to her Lord
they would her of't diſpraiſe.

O Noble Marquefs,
Quoth they, why deſt thou wrong us,
thus baſely for to wed,
Who might have gotten
An honourable Lady
into your Princely Bed?
Who will not now
Your noble Iſſue ſoon deride,
which ſhall hereafter be born,
That are of Blood ſo baſe
Born by the Mother's ſide?
the which ſhall bring them in ſcorn.
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your Lineage
may renowned be.
Thus every day they ſeem'd to prate,
That malic'd *Griſſel*'s good Eſtate;
Who all this while
took it moſt patiently.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

A New Song.

~~Words by C. A. STEVENS.~~

AT the ſign of the Horſe, old SPINTEXT of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'era jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy
Was plac'd the canonical ſot;
The Evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion,
Firſt ſtrok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing preferr'd his petition.

Im come, ſir, ſays he, to beg, look d'ye ſee?
Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
T' inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.
The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why lord ſir, the corpſe it does ſtay;
You fool, hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, crying ſir, a ſmall child
Cannot long delay your intentions:
Why that's true by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall
Can never enlarge its dementions;
Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear,
For I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
Come Moſes, The KING: 'tis a ſcandalous thing,
Such a ſubject ſhould be but a Vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, ſir, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides there's a terrible ſhower:
Why Moſes, you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more;
Beſides, my dear friend, to this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay and to ſwear, I'll be bold.
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't endanger, 'tis lain
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moſes went on, ſir, the clock has ſtruck one,
Pray Maſter look up at the hand,
Why, it can never ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go that can't ſtand;
At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But firſt cram'd his jaws with a quid;
Each tip'd off his jill, for fear they ſhould chill
Then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapt round the prieſt;
So droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
That the Pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.
Good people let's pray,—put the corpſe 'tother way
Or, perchance I ſhall o'er it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the Sages declare,
A MORTUM CAPUT, can't tremble.

Woman ~~that's born~~ of Man,—that's wrong, the leaf's torn,
O! Man that is born of Woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
You ſee Moſes, Death ſpareth no man.
Here Moſes, do look what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down,
Such a ſcandalous print, ſure the Devil is in't,
~~That~~ this BASKET ſhould print for the crown.

Prithee Moſes you read, for I can't proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead,
Amen, Amen, &c.
Why Moſes you're wrong, pray hold ſtill your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head:
O where's thy ſting Death? put the corpſe in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather,
So the corpſe was inter'd without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together.

THE
WINCHESTER WEDDING:
OR,
Ralph of *Reading*, and *Black Beſs* of the *Green*.

Tune——The King's Jigg.

2

AT Wincheſter there was a Wedding
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt luſty Ralph of Reading,
And bonny Black Beſs of the Green;
The fiddlers were crowding before,
Each laſs was as fine as a Queen,
There was an hundred and more,
For all the whole country came in.

Briſk Robin led Roſe ſo fair,
She look'd like a lilly i'th' vale,
And ruddy fac'd Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.
With Tommy came ſmiling Katy,
He helped her over a ſtile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pretty
In forty and forty long miles.

Kit gave a green gown to Betty,
And lent her his hand to riſe;
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,
For looking blue under the eyes.
Thus merrily chatting all day,
They paſt to the bride houſe along,
With Johnny and pretty fac'd Nany,
The faireſt of all the throng.

The bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd them in to treat 'em
With bak'd, and roaſt, and boil'd,
The lads were frolic and jolly,
For each lad his laſs by his ſide,
But Willy was melancholly,
For he had a mind to the bride,
Then Philip began her health,

And turn'd a beer-glaſs on his thumb,
But Jenkin was reckon'd for drinking,
The beſt in Chriſtendom.
And now they had dined, advancing
Into the midſt of the hall,
The fidlers ſtruck for dancing,
And Jeremy led up the ball.

But Margery kept her quarter,
A laſs that was proud of her pelf,
'Cauſe Arthur had ſtolen her garter,
And ſwore he would tye it himſelf;
She ſtruggl'd, ſhe bluſh'd and frown'd,
And ready with anger to cry,
'Cauſe Arthur in tying her garter
Had ſlipped his hand too high.

And now for throwing the ſtocking,
The bride away was led,
The bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For candles to light them to-bed.

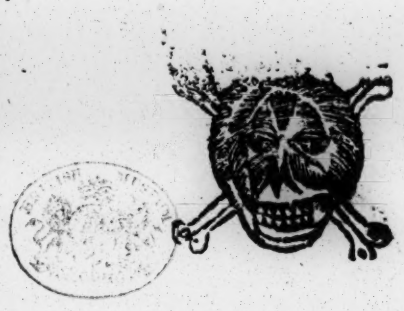
But Robin, who found him ſo ſilly,
Moſt kindly took him aſide,
While that his wife with Willy
Was playing at hooper's hide.

And now the warm game begins,
The critical minute was come,
And chatting, and billing and kiſſing,
Went merrily round the room.
Pert Stephen was kind to Betty,
As blithe as a bird in the ſpring,
And Tommy was ſo to Katy,
And wedded her with a ruſh-ring.

Sukey that dauc'd with the cuſhion,
An hour from the room had been gone
And Barnaby knew by her bluſhing
Some other dance had been done.
And thus of fifty fair maids,
That went to the wedding with men,
Scarce five of the Fifty were left ye,
That ſo did return again.

Briſk Dolly and pretty fac'd Kate,
This merriment they did adore;
Each laſs was ſo pleas'd with her mate,
As ſhe never had been before.
Nay, Suſan was pleas'd at the heart,
She ſaid it and ſaid it again;
The young men have play'd their parts,
And no one had cauſe to complain.

The day was in merriment ſpent,
The pipers and fidlers did play
Before all the throng as they went,
Thus they made an end of the day.
So was not this a fine Wedding,
Where all was pleas'd to the life;
And they ſay he makes a kind husband,
And ſhe a very good wife.



A Sorrowful Lamentation and laſt Farewell of all the Priſoners to be Executed on Tueſday, Wedneſday and Thurſday next, with an Account of the Places where the unhappy people are to Suffer.

ATtend a while good people pray.
To what I ſhall relate,
A warning take both old and young,
By our unhappy fate.
Here's many of us doom'd to die,
Juſt in our prime of years,
Alas! the time draws very nigh,
As it will ſoon appear.

William Macdonald. I muſt die,
Mary Roberts alſo,
And Charlot Gardner, ſo muſt I,
Which fills our hearts with woe,
Near Tower Hill will be the place,
Where we our End muſt make,
And Tueſday next will be the day,
We muſt this World forſake.

William Pateman and William Brown,
Both of us caſt for death,
And Tueſday next will be the day,
We muſt reſign our breath,
In BiſhopſgateStreet, I, Brown muſt die,
Pateman in Coleman-Street,
The Lord look down on us from high,
In heaven may we meet.

Richard Roberts and Taplin too,
We ſurely muſt be hang'd,
I Thomas Taplin ſtill'd myſelf,
The captain of the gang.
The time it is now very nigh,
Our folly is ſeen too late,
On Wedneſday near Bow-ſtreet we die,
Oh! hard is our fate.

James Henry, I unhappy man,
Muſt ſoon this life depart,
O little did I think to come,
Up Holborn in a cart.
But now in Holborn I muſt die,
And Wedneſday is the day,
But on the Lord, I do rely,
To the oh! Lord I pray.

Fleming and Plumley we muſt die,
The one on Tyburn tree,
And the other in Oxford-ſtreet,
A diſmal ſight to ſee.
And Thurſday is the day we die,
Which makes our hearts to ach,
To thee we pray oh! Lord on high,
Our precious ſouls to take.

Unhappy wicked wretches ſure,
We all of us h ve been,
In riot and in drunkenneſs,
Which is a great ſin;
We ſtruck terror where'er we come,
And did them ſore affright,
But now alaſs! our eyes will ſoon
Be cloſed in endleſs night.

O Lord forgive us all our ſins,
We thee moſt humbly pray,
Inceſſantly we call upon thee,
Lord, both night and day.
Repenting ſinners now behold,
And on them pity take,
Preſerve us from the dreadful gulph,
When we this world forſake:

Printed by J. SHARP, in Holborn.

The COOPER of NORFOLK,

Or, a Jeſt of a Brewer and a Cooper's Wife.

ATTEND my Maſters and liſten well
Unto this ditty, which doth briefly tell,
Of a fine merry jeſt that in Norfolk befel.
Of a brave luſty Cooper who in that country dwelt,
And there cry'd work for a Cooper.
Maids ha'ye any work for a Cooper.

This Cooper had a fair creature for his wife,
Who a Brewer in Town lov'd as dear as his life
But ſhe had a trick, which in ſome wives is rife,
She kept a ſheath for another man's knife,
And often cornuted the Cooper,
While he cry'd, &c.

It happened one Morning the Cooper out went,
For to work for his living it was his intent.
He truſted at home to his wife's government,
And left her in bed to her hearts content.
While he cry'd work for a Cooper,
Maid ha'ye, &c.

And as the Cooper was paſſing along
He oft calling and crying his wanton ſong,
The Brewer his rival both luſty and young.
Did think now or never to do him ſome wrong,
And lie with the wife of the Cooper.
Who better lov'd him then the Cooper.

He called the Cooper, and to him did ſay
Go home to my houſe and make no delay,
I have as much work as you can do to day,
Whatever thou earneſt I will freely pay.
Theſe tydings well pleaſed the Cooper,
O! this was brave news for the Cooper.

Away goes the Cooper to the houſe of the brewer,
Who ſee him hard at labour to endure.
Thought he for this day the Cooper is ſecure,
I'll go to his wife the greenſickneſs to cure.
Take heed of thy forehead good Cooper,
For now I muſt work for the Cooper.

And ſtraitways he went to the Cooper's dwelling,
His wife to give him entertainment was willing.
The good dame and he like two doves were billing,
And what they did elſe they bound me from telling,
He pleaſed the wife of the Cooper,
That better lov'd him than the Cooper.

But mark how it happen'd at laſt,
There ſun ſhine of pleaſure was ſoon overcaſt,
For the Cooper lack'd one of his tools in haſte;
He run back to fetch it, but found the door faſt,
Wife open the door to the Cooper,
And let in thy huſband, John Cooper.

Now when the good wife and brewer did hear
The Cooper at the door, affrighted they were,
And the brewer was in ſuch a fear;
That hide himſelf he knew not where.
To ſhun the fierce rage of the Cooper,
He thought he ſhould die by the Cooper.

The good wife perceiving his woeful eſtate,
And having a ſubtile and politic pate
She ſuddenly whelmed a great brewing Vat,
And cloſe ſhe cover'd the brewer with that.
Then after ſhe let in the Cooper,
What's under the tub quoth the Cooper?

She hearing her huſband that queſtion demand
Did think it high time to her tacking to ſtand
Take heed leſt you move it ſhe ſaid with your hand,
For there's a living pig that was ſent by a frind.
O let it alone John Cooper,
Thus ſhe thought to cozen the Cooper.

Is it a ſow pig the Cooper did ſay?
Let's have it for ſupper, the good wife ſaid nay.
It is a boar pig, quoth ſhe by my fay.
It is for my own diet, it was given to-day,
It is not for you John Cooper,
Then let it alone, John Cooper.

I would it were in thy body quoth John,
Indeed quoth the good wife it ſhall be anon,
Whatever comes on it, you ſhall have none,
Why ſtand you here prating. I prithee be gone,
Make haſte to thy work John Cooper,
Whoſe meat's good enough for the Cooper.

Cannot the good Wife have a bit now and then,
But there muſt be notice taken by the good man?
I'll ha't to my dinner, for, do what you can,
It may be I long to have all or none.
Then prithee content take dear Cooper,
And go to thy Work John Cooper.

The Cooper miſtruſted ſome knavery to be,
Hid under the brewing vat, and therefore he
Was fully reſolved for his mind ſake to ſee,
Alas! ſaid the brewer then woe be to me,
O what ſhall I ſay to the Cooper,
O would I were gone from the Cooper.

You whore ſaid the Cooper, is this your bore-pig?
He has been well fed, for he is very big,
I'll either have of him an arm or a leg,
And make him unable his tale for to wag.
Before he goes hence from the Cooper,
I'll make him remember the Cooper.

O pardon me, neighbour, the brewer did ſay,
And for the offence I have done to day,
I am well contented thy wrath to allay:
And make reſtitution for this my foul play
O prithee forgive me, John Cooper,
And I'll be a friend to John Cooper.

For this Offence thou wilt ſet me clear,
My bounty and love to thee ſhall appear.
I'll freely allow thee in wine, ale or beer
As much as thy family drinks all the Year.
O prithee forgive John Cooper,
And I'll be a friend to the Cooper.

O no, quoth the Cooper, I'll have you to think,
That I by my labour can find myſelf drink,
I'll geld thee or lame thee, e'er from thee I ſhrink
Theſe words made the brewer with fear for to ſhi
He feared the rage of the Cooper,
Yet ſtill he entreated the Cooper.

But the Cooper by no means would let go his ho
And the brewer call'd out to the Cooper and tol
Him where was the Keys of his ſilver and gold,
And gave him leave to take what he would.
Then be contented good Cooper
Theſe Tydings well pleaſed the Cooper.

If thou ſaid the Cooper will ſwear by an oath,
To do all thou telleſt me, tho' I am loth.
I will be contended to pardon you both.
Content ſaid the brewer I'll by my troth,
Here take the keyes honeſt Cooper,
Yes, with a good will, ſaid the Cooper.

Upon this condition they both went away,
But John and the Brewer both went I ſay,
Who opened the coffer where more money lay
Then John the Cooper had ſeen in one day.
This is a fine ſight, ſaid the Cooper,
I'll furniſh myſelf ſaid the Cooper.

John was ſo far in affection with that,
As he took up his handfuls and put in his hat,
I will have my bargain ſaid John it is flat,
The brewer ſhall pay for uſing my vat,
I'll cry no more Work for a Cooper.
Farewell to the trade of a Cooper.

Thus money can pacify the greateſt ſtrife,
For John never after found fault with his wife
He left off his adze, his ſaw and his knife,
And after liv'd happy all days of his life,
He cry'd no more work for the Cooper.
O! what a rare wife for the Cooper.

And in this merry mood he often would ſay,
If I had hoop'd twenty tubs in a day,
I ſhould not have ſo much wealth by my Fay
Gramercy good wife thy wit found the way,
To make a rich man of John Cooper.
O! what a good wife had John Cooper.

Let no marry'd couple that hear this tale told,
Be of the opinion this Cooper did hold,
To ſell reputation for ſilver or gold:
For credit and honeſty ſhould not be ſold.
Thus ended the ſong of the Cooper,
Who cryed, have ye any work for the Co

The Unfortunate Lovers;

Or, *John True* and *Suſan Mead.*

ATtend, ye lovers, and give an ear
Unto this mournful ſong,
Of two that lived faithfully,
But did each other wron .
At Coventry, in Warwickſhire,
This young man he did dwell,
His name, John True, a Shoemaker,
And liv'd very well.
At Borley-Moor this maiden dwelt,
Three miles from Coventry;
Yet for the love he bore to her,
He would her often ſee.
And coming to her on a time,
He told to her his mind:
Suſan, quoth he, I love thee dear,
Be not to me unkind.
If thou can'ſt love and fancy me,
In heart and eke in mind,
I will prove loving unto thee,
Be not to me unkind.
Thy chearful looks rejoice my heart,
And merry make my mind.
Sweet Suſan, then love me again,
Be not to me unkind.
Good John, I thank you for your love
And wiſh you at home to tarry:
I am too young for to be wed,
And have no will to marry.
Where thou liveſt are maidens ſtore,
Moſt beautiful and free.
Henceforth ſet not vain love on me,
For I cannot love thee.
This anſwer ſtruck him to the heart,
As cold as any ſtone:
So homewards ſtrait he did return,
With many a bitter groan.

Wiſhing that he had no'er been born
Or in his cradle dy'd.
Unhappy man, to love ſo true,
And yet to be deny'd,
Quoth he, I'll go to her again,
And hear what ſhe doth ſay.
It may be ſhe may be more kind,
Tho' firſt ſhe ſaid me nay.
So going to the town again,
He ſent for her ſtraitway,
Deſiring her to ſpeak to him,
But ſtill ſhe ſaid him nay.
Then did he ſigh, lament, and grieve,
And knew not what to ſay;
So did he take his pen in hand,
And wrote theſe words ſtraitway,
My heart's delight and only joy,
Kill me not with diſdain;
Vouchſafe that I may ſpeak to thee,
To rid me of my pain.
Reſolve me, ſweeteſt, I thee pray,
Why is thy hatred ſuch?
I know no cauſe, except it be
For loving thee too much.
As is my name, true is my love,
Sweet Suſan, unto thee:
True is my name, true is my love,
And evermore ſhall be.
My love is honeſt, juſt and good,
Kill me not with diſdain;
Rather do me the courteſy,
To love for love again.
When ſhe had .ead and underſtood
His mind and his intent,
She then began to like and love,
And grant his heart's content.

45. b. 28. 104.

John, I am thine, if thou art mine,
For ever and for aye.
It was to try thy conſtancy,
That I did ſay thee nay.
But here's my hand, hear and love,
I'll ne'er thee more deny,
My love is conſtant, firm, and true,
And ſhall be 'till I die.
Then they embrac'd each other's love
And join'd in heart and voice,
That ſhe of him, and he of her,
Had made ſo ſweet a choice.
But fortune that doth often frown,
Where ſhe before did ſmile,
The man's delight, the maiden's joy
Full ſoon ſhe did beguile.
When ſhe was ſettled in her love,
Then he would change her mind.
And for to try her conſtancy,
Would be to her unkind.
And thus reſolved in his mind,
He'd go to her no more:
But went and woo'd another maid,
Which griev'd her heart full ſore.
Quoth he, ſhe proved unto me,
Hard hearted and unkind:
But now her true love I have won
I'll bear the ſelf-ſame mind.
When ſhe perceiv'd his love to her
Not as it was wont to be,
She did lament, ſigh, weep, and grieve
And theſe words ſaid ſhe:
Falſe-hearted wretch, adieu, quoth ſhe
Diſloyal and unkind.
And if I die for love of thee,
Thou ſhalt not know my mind.
Woe to the time I did believe
That flattering tongue of thine;
Would to God I ne'er had ſeen
The tears of thoſe falſe eyes.
Hard hap I had to ſet my love
On one that mocketh me,
Sure all the country did not yield
A man ſo falſe as he.
Thus was ſhe brought to mean eſtate
All comfort from her fled.
She did deſire to ſpeak with him,
Before that ſhe was dead.
Her friends did ſeek to cheer her up,
And to make glad her mind:
But ſhe was kill'd for loving him,
Who was to her unkind.
Falſe-hearted man, may never maid
Love thee as I have done.

But may my death remember'd be
To time that is to come:
But may all maids a warning take,
By this my mournful death.
And now, O Lord! receive my ſoul,
To thee I give my breath:
Thus died the pattern of true love,
Thus died a virtuous maid.
Thus died a good and harmleſs laſs,
As ever love betray'd;
Six maids in white, as cuſtom is,
Did bear her to her grave:
Her parents grieve, lament and mourn
No child at all they have.
When as her lover underſtood
For love that ſhe was dead;
He rag'd, and ready was to tear
The hair from off his head.
But when he came unto the place
Where his true lover lay,
He ſtraitway run unto the gave,
And there theſe words did ſay;
Suſan, quoth he, I'll kiſs thy grave,
Upon my bended knee;
Whereby I'll ſhow to all the world,
How much I did love thee.
And as he lay upon the ground,
He heard the voice to ſay,
John True, if ever thou lov'ſt me,
Make haſte and come away.
Then ſtarted he up from the grave,
And ſtood like one ſtruck dumb;
And when he had regain'd his ſpeech
He ſaid, I come, I come.
And thus like one out of his wits,
He rag'd in furious ſort;
That all the neighbours round about
Were griev'd at the report;
And thus in ſorrow and grief of heart
He lay a whole fortnight;
And when he had confeſs'd his fault,
He yielded up his ſpirit.
According to his heart's deſire,
And as he did requeſt,
They dug his grave and laid him down
By her whom he lov'd beſt.
You young men all that have true love
Be true unto your friend,
And if you love, be ſure you love,
Be true unto the end:
And thus I end my ſtory true,
So full of grief and woe;
May never any ſuch again
To wrong any other ſo.

The LADY's Garland.

A Virtuous young lady, ingenious and fair,
A nobleman's daughter whose name I forbear
To mention. But now I will speak in brief,
The sum of her trouble, her sorrow and grief.
And how she was suddenly struck with a dart.
Which pass'd thro' her breast into her innocent heart
So that it oblig'd her to make grievous moan,
When set in her closet or chamber alone.
The man whom she fancy'd nothing did know,
How his youthful lady admir'd him so;
Which made her grief the stronger we find,
Because she could not discover her mind.
For being one night at a dancing or ball,
She saw this young gentleman proper and tall:
Whose gallant deportment so pleased her eye,
That she thought none did his person out vie.
The more she endeavour'd her love to withdraw,
The more she was wounded, perfection she saw
In him, as she danc'd with the ladies that night,
Her soul to his breast took a passionate flight.
Now when they had ended this comical mirth,
She privately ask'd concerning his birth:
It was told her an Oxfordshire gentleman's son,
Who many a brave noble action had done.
This added a second new flame to her love,
She earnestly begg'd of the powers above,
To find out a way it might be reveal'd,
For, said she, I die if its longer conceal'd.
By excellent fortune she had her request,
For this noble gallant above all the rest,
Did wait on her home, where to tell in brief,
From sighs he discover'd the cause of her grief.
He found by her sighs and languishing eyes,
That he was the man she did value and prize:
Wherefore he did promise to come the next day,
That he to her beauty a visit might pay.
According to promise next morning he came,
For true love had kindled an amorous flame
Of earnest desire, he courted her still;
And soon he obtained the lady's good-will.
Now his whole study was how to convey
This amorous charming young lady away,
Tarjoyo finishs that so sudden begun,
Who gains a fair lady great hazards must run.

PART II.

THEY walk'd in the garden, under the trees,
She shewed him him how he might come with ease;
Says she, I can meet you when all are at rest,
And with thee I'll go, as I hope to be blest.
No one but my waiting-maid of it shall know,
I love her and therefore she with me shall go.
With many soft kisses these lovers proceed,
In this great adventure this night to proceed.
The long-wish'd for hour at last did arrive,
The lady and maid and both did contrive
To pack up her garments so rich and so gay,
And so with her lover she posted away
They up to the city of London did ride,
Where all things convenient they soon did provide,
For Wedding this lady of Fame and renown,
Which done they tarry'd three weeks in the town.
To solace themselves in raptures of bliss.
The mean time her honour'd parents did miss
Her, and sent man and horse both far and near,
But they of their daughter no tidings could hear.
Her parents, friends, and relations, likewise.
Believ'd she was taken by sudden surprize,
To wed her and bed her at some idle rate,
Thereby to inherit her father's estate.
Some say this must be with her consent,
Because that with her her chamber-maid went.
With that said her father in passion and wrath,
If with her consent I will punish them both.
The family was in distraction we find,
Her father and mother disturbed in mind;
Her father and mother did bitterly mourn.
And wish'd for this beautiful lady's return.

PART III.

WHEN in this city some time they had stay'd,
The lady unto her husband thus said,
We'll try if my father will be reconcil'd,
Perhaps they may pardon their innocent child.
He gave his consent, and posted away,
And came to her father and mother, when they
Were sitting together, with friends in the hall,
For pardon then both on their knees did fall.
The father did storm with an angery brow,
I'll give you no pardon, but here I do vow.

Him I'll ſend him to priſon, and you I'll confine,
I'll teach him to marry a daughter of mine.
Dear honour'd Father, the lady reply'd,
My husband you have but ſmall reaſon to chide:
What faults are committed impute them to me,
And let my dear innocent huſband go free.
Are you forſooth, madam able to bear
The weight of my anger, well, well, I declare
You ſhall have one ſhare, and he have the reſt,
No manner of pitty I'll ſhow I proteſt.
Her lilly white hands ſhe with ſorrow did wring,
Still crying, Ye powers, why did you bring
My innocent husband to ruin and ſhame,
When none in the world but me was to blame.
It is but a folly your fate to bewail,
I'll ſend him this minute ſtrong guarded to goal;
And you to your chamber, where both ſhall remain,
And never more ſee one another again.
Why are you reſolv'd to part man and wife?
Alas, I as freely can part with my life;
As to part with my jewel, my love let me have.
Altho' in a dungeon, a priſon, or cave.
She could not oblige them the leaſt to relent,
For ſtrait to priſon her dear love was ſent,
And ſhe to her chamber was hurr'd likewiſe,
To put forth her ſorrow with watery eyes.
Her parents provided a ſervant to wait
Upon her, with diet both early and late;
One that was ill natur'd, no other was ſhe,
Poor creature admitted or ſuffer'd to ſee.
To think of her jewel no reſt could ſhe take,
But ſtill in her chamber ſhe went for his ſake;
For to think of his and her ſorrowful doom,
At length an infant did ſpring in her womb.
With melting expreſſions of her great grief,
She ſent to her father for ſpeedy relief,
Declaring that ſhe was with-child by her dear;
But ſtill he continued ſharpe and ſevere.
At length when the time of her travel drew nigh,
Her parents afforded her a ſlender ſupply
Of nouriſhment juſt in the time of diſtreſs.
But there was no freedom for her ne'ertheleſs.
Then being deliver'd of a young ſon,
Her parents ſent for it their will muſt be done:
She kiſt it at parting a thouſand times o'er,
And ſaid with a ſigh, I ſhall ſee thee no more.

PART IV.

THEY ſent for a nurſe, who the child did receive
And made the charming creature believe,
By tokens and ſigns it was murder'd indeed,
To ſhow they would have no more of the breed
They brought back the mantle ſpotted with blood
And put it before her; her eyes like a flood
Of tears like a fountain did run down amain:
She ſaid, My innocent infant was ſlain.
The father in priſon, the infant deſtroy'd,
The mother in ſorrow, who never enjoy'd
One minute of comfort ſince home I return'd,
Much are my parents to highly concern'd.
What can be the reaſon they hold him in ſcorn
He's handſome, diſcreet, and a gentleman born.
Strait, proper, and comely in every limb,
My heart in my body lies bleeding of him.
He nothing enjoys for my ſake but chains,
For ſtill in a priſon of grief he remains;
Becauſe he wed one of a noble degree,
I weep when I think what he ſuffers for me.
While ſhe in her chamber did weep and lament,
Her father one morning a meſſenger ſent,
To bring her before him without more delay,
Cloathed in apparrel moſt coſtly and gay.
Now when to her honoured father ſhe came,
Said he, I have found out a perſon of fame,
With whom you ſhall wed, he'll make you his bride.
O do not afflict me, dear father, ſhe cry'd,
I'm marry'd already, the more is my grief,
Debar'd of all pleaſure, deny'd of relief;
Impriſoned and ſlighted with ſcorn and diſdain,
No lady had ever ſuch cauſe to complain.
You ſaid, I diſhonour'd your family
By wedding a man that was meaner than me;
But it would be warſe if I ſhould contrive
To marry another while he is alive.
But was you to bring me the greateſt on earth,
The ſon of a powerful monarch by birth,
I'd mind him no more than a mere ſlave;
The deareſt of huſbands in priſon I have.
Deareſt daughter, this day we'll admit you to dine
With all our relations. A banquet of wine
I now have provided to pleaſure my friends,
That's but a ſmall kindneſs to make me amends.
For all the ſorrow that I have gone through,
Alas, my poor innocent infant they ſlew;
My huſband's impriſon'd, my griefs manifold,
How can I be merry when he is in hold?
Theſe words of his daughter made him to relent
Therefore for her huſband he preſently ſent,
And cloathed him then in ſumptuous array,
And every fault was forgiven that day.
Her parents and friends were reconcil'd,
The nurſe too was there, and deliver'd the child
Unto the young lady, whoſe comforts were more
Than had been for the ſpace of twelve months before
Her huſband appear'd with ſo noble a grace,
That every lady that was in the place
Did take much delight to ſpeak in her praiſe,
And wiſh'd them to ſee many proſperous days.
A ſquire ſpoke up with an audible voice,
And ſaid to her father. Ne'er grieve at the choice,
For he is deſcended, as we do underſtand,
By his mother's ſide, from a peer of the land.
Nay, much more he ſaid to his honour and fame,
His friends were pleaſed, thro' joy they proclaim
To tell forth their glory, which ſtill doth abound,
Throughout all the neighbouring villages round.

Printed in Aldermary Churn-Yard, Bow Lane.

ENGLAND's New Bell-man;

Ringing into all People's Ears GOD's dreadful Judgment on this Land and Kingdom.

Tune of, *O Man in Desperation*, &c.

AWAKE! awake! O *England*,
Sweet *England* now awake,
And to thy Prayers ſpeedily,
Do thou thyſelf betake:
The Lord thy God is coming,
Within the Sky ſo clear,
Repent therefore, O England,
The Day it draweth near.

The dreadful Day of Vengeance,
Is ſhortly now at Hand,
When fearful burning Fire,
ſhall waſte both Sea and Land;
And all Men's Hearts ſhall fail them,
To ſee ſuch Things appear,
Repent therefore, &c.

The wordly wiſe and prudent,
Shall fall beſides their Wits,
And wiſh the Hills would fall on them,
In theſe their frantic Fits,
No Succour, Help, nor Comfort.
For them ſhall then appear,
Repent therefore, &c.

The Seas and Rivers running,
Shall roar in griev'ous wiſe:
The Beaſts in Paſtures feeding,
Shall ſtrain forth griev'ous Cries:
The Skies ſhall flame with Fire,
The Earth ſhall burn ſo clear,
Repent therefore, O England
The Day it draweth near.

The glorious holy Angels,
Shall then their Trumpets ſound,
The Dead ſhall hear their Voices;
As they lie in the Ground;
Then all the Graves ſhall open,
And dead Men ſhall appear,
Repent therefore, O England,
The Day it draweth near.

The Devil will be ready then
Each Creature to accuſe,
And ſhow how in their Life-time,
They did themſelves abuſe:
And every Man's own Conſcience
For Witneſs ſhall appear,
Repent therefore, &c.

The Works of every Creature,
Their Thoughts, and Deeds, I ſay,
Shall follow them together,
In that moſt dreadful Day:
And no Reſpect of Perſons,
Shall in that Day appear,
Repent therefore, &c.

But ſuch as have done juſtly,
Shall wear the Crown of Life;
The Wicked ſhall be damned
To Sorrow, Pain, and Grief;
In boiling Pans of Brimſtone,
With doleful helliſh Cheer,
Repent therefore, &c.

But Wo unto that Woman,
Which then with Child ſhall go;
And to the ſilly Nurſes,
Which do give ſuck alſo:
When as the Day of Judgment
Griev'ous ſhall appear,
Repent therefore, &c.

And pray with Tears moſt conſtant,
Unto the Lord of Might,
That in the frozen Winter,
You do not take your Flight;
Nor yet upon the Sabbeth,
That Peril do appear,
Repent Therefore. &c.

Let all good Chriſtian People,
Repent therefore in Time,
And from their Hearts lamenting,
Each former griev'ous Crime:
Prepare themſelves with Gladneſs,
To watch when Chriſt will come,
The Trump ſhall ſound on ſudden,
And no Man knows how ſoon,
Repent therefore,
For all Things are fulfilled,
Which Chriſt before had told,
Small Faith is now remaining,
And Charity's grown cold;
Great Signs and Wonders we have ſeen,
Within the Earth and Sky,
Repent therfore, &c.

Why doſt thou put thy Confidence,
In ſtrong and ſtately Towers?
Why takes thou ſuch Pleaſure,
In building ſumtuous Bowers?
Rejoicing in thy Paſtures
And Park of fallow Dear,
Repent therefore, &c.

Why ſeekeſt thou deceitfully
To purchaſe Treaſure great?
Or why doſt thou through Uſury
The Bread of poor Men eat?
Why doth thy Life and Living,
So filthily appear?
Repent therefore, &c.

Wherefore let all good People,
Upon their Knees proceed,
In making earneſt Prayer,
For never was more Need
That God may ſpare the Puniſhment,
Even for his Mercies meer,
And give us Grace to bear in Mind
The Judgment that is near.

THE FORLORN LOVER:

DECLARING,

How a LASS gave her LOVER three Slips for a Teaſter,
And married another a Week before *EASTER*.

To a pleaſant new Tune

A Week before *Eaſter*,
The Days long and clear,
So bright was the Sun,
And ſo cool was the Air;
I went to the Foreſt
Some Flow'rs to find there,
And the Foreſt would yeild me no Poſies.

The Wheat and the Rye,
That do grow ſo green,
The Hedges and Trees
In their ſeveral Coats:
The ſmall Birds do ſing
In their changeable Notes;
But there grows no Strawberries or Roſes.

I went to Maedow
Some Time there to ſpend,
And to come back again,
Did fully intend:
But as I came back
I met with a Friend,
And 'twas Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

I lov'd a fair Lady
This many a Day,
And now to requite me,
She's married away:
Here ſhe now hath left me
In Sorrow to ſtay,
But now I begin to conſider.

I loved her dear,
And I loved her well,
I hated thoſe People,
That of her ſpoke Ill,
Many a one told me
What ſhe once did ſay,
Yet I would then hardly believe them.

But when I did hear
My Love was in the Church,
I went out from my Seat,
And ſat in the Porch:
I found I ſhould ſurely
Be left in the Lurch.
I thought that my Heart would been broken.

But when I did ſee
My Love to the Church go,
With all her Bride-maidens,
They made ſuch a Show:
I laugh'd in Conceit,
Though my Heart was full low,
To ſee how much ſhe was regarded,

But when I ſaw my Love,
Within the Church ſtand,
Gold Ring on her Finger,
Well ſeal'd with a Hand;
He had ſo endu'd her
With both Houſe and Land,
That nothing but Death could them ſever.

But when the Bride-maidens
Had dreſs'd her for Bed,
I ſtepp'd in amongſt them
And kiſſed the Bride
And wiſhed to have been
Laid cloſe by her Side,
And by that Means I'd got the Favour.

When ſhe was laid in Bed,
And dreſs'd all in White,
My Eyes guſh'd with Water
That drowned my Sight:
I put off my Hat.
And bid them all good Night,
And adieu my fair Sweet-heart for ever.

Oh! dig me a Grave,
That's wide, large and deep,
With a Turf at my Head,
And another at my Feet;
And there will I lie,
And take a long Sleep,
And bid the World farewel for ever.

She plighted her Faith
To be my fair Bride,
And now at laſt ſhe hath
Me falſly depriv'd:
I'll leave off my Wrath:
Good Fortune, be my Guide,
And deliever me from ſuch another.

I pity her Caſe
Much more than my own
That ſhe ſhould embrace,
And join Hands in one,
Whilſt I am her true Love,
And daily doth groan,
My great Sorrows I cannot ſmother.

Though Marriage hath bound her,
She is much to blame,
And though he hath found her,
Her Husband I am
Hereafter 'twill wound her,
That ſhe doth me ſhame
When Conſceince ſhall be her Accuſer.

Two Husband ſhe hath
By this wild Miſcarriage,
The one by a Contract,
The other by Marriage:
She doth her whole Family
Groſly diſparage;
But I will not plot to miſuſy her.

Beware all young Men
Of Arts, or of Trades,
Chuſe warily when
You meet with ſuch Maids:
You'd better live ſingle,
And well in the Shades,
Than follow ſuch an Abuſer.

Newcaſtle: Printed and ſold by JOHN WHITE.

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE;

BEING

The Relation of a young Man, who after his Death appeared to his Sweetheart, and carried her behind him Forty Miles in two Hour's Time, and was never ſeen after, but in the Grave.

Tune of, *My Bleeding Heart*, &c.

A Wonder ſtrange as e'er was known,
Then what I now ſhall treat upon,
In *Suffolk* there did lately dwell,
A Farmer Rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
On whom he plac'd his chief Delight,
Her Beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

A young Man there was living by,
Who was ſo charmed with her Eye,
That he could never be at Reſt,
He was with Love ſo much poſſeſt.

He made Addreſs to her, and ſhe
Did grant him Love immediately,
Which when her Father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor Dear.

Forty Miles diſtant was ſhe ſent,
Unto her Uncle's, with Intent,
That ſhe ſhould there ſo long remain,
Till ſhe had chang'd her Mind again.

Hereat this young Man ſadly griev'd,
But knew not how to be reliev'd;
He ſigh'd and ſobb'd continually,
That his true Love he could not ſee.

She by no Means could to him ſend,
Who was her Heart's eſpouſed Friend;
He ſigh'd, ſhe griev'd, but all in Vain,
For ſhe confin'd muſt ſtill remain.

He mourn'd ſo much that Doctor's Art
Could give no Eaſe unto his Heart,
Who was ſo ſtrangely terrify'd,
That in ſhort time for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was ſent away,
Knew nothing of his dying Day,
But conſtant ſtill ſhe did remain,
To Love the Dead was then in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid,
A Month or more, unto this Maid,
He came about Middle of the Night,
Who joy'd to ſee her Heart's Delight.

Her Father's Horſe which well ſhe knew,
Her Mother's Hood and Safeguard too,
He brought with him to teſtify,
Her Parents Order he came by.

Which when her Uncle underſtood,
He hop'd it might be for her Good,
And gave Conſent to her ſtraight way,
That with him ſhe ſhould come away.

When ſhe was got her Love behind,
They paſs'd as ſwift as any Wind,
That in two Hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great Haſte make,
He did complain his Head did ake;
Her Handkerchief ſhe then took out,
And ty'd the ſame his Head about.

And unto him ſhe thus did ſay,
Thou art as cold as any Clay,
When we come home a Fire we'll have,
But little dream't he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's Door,
And after ſhe ne'er ſee him more;
I'll ſet the Horſe up then, he ſaid,
And there he left this harmleſs Maid.

She knock'd, and ſtraight amain, he cry'd,
Who's there? 'tis I, ſhe then reply'd:
Who wonder'd much her Voice to hear,
And was poſſeſt with Dread and Fear.

Her Father ſhe did tell, and then,
He ſtar'd like an affrighted Man.
Down Stairs he ran, and when he ſee her,
Cry'd out, My Child, how cam'ſt thou here?

Pray Sir, did you not ſend for me,
By ſuch a Meſſenger, ſaid ſhe,
Which made his Hair ſtand on his Head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he then, to her he ſaid,
He's in the Stable, quoth the Maid,
Go in ſaid he, and go to Bed,
I'll ſee the Horſe well littered.

He ſtar'd about, and there could he
No Shape of any Mankind ſee,
But found his Horſe all in a Sweat,
Which put him in a deadly fright.

His Daughter he ſaid nothing to,
Nor no one elſe, though well they knew,
That he was dead a Month before,
For fear of grieving her full ſore.

Her Father to his Father went,
(Who was decay'd) with this Intent,
To tell him what his Daughter ſaid,
So both came back unto this Maid.

They asked her, and ſhe ſtill did ſay,
'Twas him that then brought her away;
Which when they heard they were amaz'd,
And on each other ſtrangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ty'd
About his Head, and that they try'd;
The Saxton they did ſpeak unto,
That he the Grave would then undo.

Affrighted then they did behold
His Body turning into Mould;
And tho' he had a Month been dead,
This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole Truth they did unfold,
She was thereat ſo terrified
And griev'd, ſhe quickly after died.

Part not true Love, you rich Men then,
But if they be right honeſt Men,
Your Daughter's Love give them their way,
For Force oft breeds their Life's decay.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and Sold JOHN WHITE.

THE DURHAM Garland.

In FOUR PARTS.

A worthy Lord of vaſt eſtate,
Who did in Durham dwell of late;
But I will not declare his name,
By reaſon of his birth and fame.
But if you the truth would know,
This Lord he did a hunting go,
He had indeed a noble train,
Of Lords, and Knights, and gentlemen.
Unto fam'd Yorkſhire he would ride,
With all his gallants by his ſide.
In hunting paſs'd the time;
But being weary, as they ſay,
His Lordſhip loſt his noble train
Of Lords, and Knights, and gentlemen,
And hearing not the horns to blow,
He could not tell which way to go.
But he did wander to and fro',
Being weary likewiſe full of woe:
At laſt dame fortune was ſo kind,
That he the keeper's houſe did find.
He went and knocked at the gate,
And tho' it was ſo very late,
The forreſter he let him in,
And kindly entertained him,
But in the middle of the night,
When as the ſtars did ſhine ſo bright,
The Lord was in a full ſurpriſe,
Being waked with a diſmal noiſe.
Then did he riſe and call with ſpeed,
To know the reaſon this indeed,
Of all that ſhrieking and that noiſe
Which did ſo much his ſoul ſurpriſe.
I'm ſorry, Sir, the keeper ſaid,
That you ſhould be ſo much afraid:
But I hope that all will ſoon be well,
My wife is into labour fell.
This noble Lord was learn'd and wiſe,
And knew the planets of the ſkies,
He ſaw an evil planet reign,
So called the forreſter again.
And gave him then to underſtand,
He'd have the midwife hold her hand.
But he was anſwer'd by the maid,
Her miſtreſs was delivered,
At one o'clock that very morn,
A lovely infant there was born:
He was indeed a pretty boy,
Which gave his parents mickle joy.
The Lord was generous kind and free,
And proffer'd Godfather to be:
This good man thank'd him heartily,
For his good will and courteſy.
A parſon was called for with ſpeed,
For to chriſten the child indeed.
And after as we did hear ſay,
In joy and mirth they ſpent the day,
This noble Lord did preſents give,
And all the ſervants did receive,
They beg'd God would increaſe his ſtore
For they had ne'er ſo much before;
And likewiſe to the child he gave,
A noble preſent and a brave,
It was a charming cabinet,
That was with pearls and rubbies ſet.
Within it was a cabinet of gold,
Your eyes would dazzle to behold,
A richer gift, as I may ſay,
Has no [illegible] ſeen this many a day.

He charg'd his father faithfully,
That he himſelf ſhould keep the key
Until the child could write and read,
And then to give it him indeed.
Pray do not open it at all,
What ever does to you befall,
For it may do my godſon good,
If it be rightly underſtood.
The ſecond part I will unfold,
As true as ever a tale was told,
Concerning of his lovely child,
Who was obedient, ſweet, and mild.

PART II.

THIS child did take his learning ſo,
If you the truth of this would know,
At eleven years of age indeed,
He could both Greek and Latin read.
But thinking of his cabinet,
Which was with pearls and jewels ſet,
He asked his father for the key,
The which he gave him ſpeedily
His cabinet he did unlock,
But he was in amazement ſtruck,
When he the riches did behold,
And alſo ſaw the chain of gold.
But ſearching farther he did find
A paper that diſturbed his mind;
Which was within the cabinet,
In Greek and Latin it was writ
My ſon, ſerve God that is on[illegible]
And pray to him inceſſantly,
Obey your Parents, ſerve the[illegible]
That nothing may your con[illegible]ſing;
For ſeven years hence your [illegible]be
To be hang'd upon a tree;
So pray to God both nigh[illegible]y:
To let that hour paſs a[illegible]
When he the[illegible]d read,
He with a [illegible]
In hanging
My parents[illegible]e,
For I will wa[illegible]',
And go whither I do not know,
But firſt I'll ask my parents leave,
In view their bleſſings to receive.
Then locking up the cabinet,
He went unto his chamber ſtrait,
And went unto his parents dear,
Beſeeching them with many a tear,
That they would grant what he did crave,
Your bleſſing firſt I beg to have,
And hope you'll let me go my way,
'Twill do me good another day.
For I indeed have made a vow,
But muſt not tell the reaſon now;
But if I live I will return,
When ſeven years are paſt and gone.

Both man and wife did then reply,
We fear, dear ſon that you will die,
If we ſhou'd yield to let you go,
Our aged hearts will burſt with woe.
Yet he entreated eagerly:
So that they forc'd were to comply,
And gave conſent that he ſhould go,
But where, alaſs! we did not know.
In the third part you ſoon ſhall find
That fortune to him was moſt kind,
And after many dangers paſt,
He came to Durham at the laſt.

PART III.

HE went by chance as I've heard ſay,
Unto the houſe that very day,
Whereat his godfather did dwell,
Now mind what fortune him befel.
This youth did crave a ſervice there.
And ſtrait came out the godfather,
And ſeeing him a handſome youth,
He took him for his page in truth.
In this ſame place he pleas'd ſo well,
That above all he bore the bell,
And ſo well his Lord did pleaſe,
He made him higher by degrees.
He made him butler indeed.
And then chief ſteward was with ſpeed,
Which made the other ſervants ſpite,
And envy him both day and night.
He ne'er was falſe in his truſt,
But proved ever true and juſt;
And to the Lord did hourly pray,
To guard him ſtill both night and day.
In this ſame place it doth appear,
He liv'd the ſpace of ſeven years,
And of his parents thought upon,
And of his promiſe to return.
Then humbly of his Lord did crave,
That he his free conſent might have,
For to go and ſee his parents dear,
Whom he had not ſeen for many years,
So having leave, away he went,
Not dreaming of the baſe intent,
Which was contriv'd againſt him then,
By wicked, falſe, and malicious men;
Who had in his portmanteau put
Their noble Lord's fine golden cup,
And when the Lord at dinner was,
He miſs'd the cup as it came to paſs.
Where ſhould it be? the Lord did ſay,
We had it here but yeſterday:
The butler then reply'd with ſpeed,
If you would know the truth indeed,
Your fair-haired ſteward that is gone,
With feather'd neſt away is flown;
I do believe he has that and more,
Which does belong unto your ſtore.

No, ſaid the Lord that cannot be,
For I have try'd his honeſty,
Then ſaid the cook, my Lord, I'll die,
Upon a tree that's nine feet high.
But hearing what this man did ſay,
Did ſend a meſſenger that day,
To take him with a hue and cry,
And bring him back immediately.
They ſearch'd his portmanteau indeed
In which they found the cup with ſpeed,
Then he was ſtruck with ſad ſurpriſe,
And ſcarcely could believe his eyes,
The Lord then ſaid unto him ſtrait,
Thou ſhalt be hanged at my gate,
Becauſe in you I put my truſt,
And I took you for nought but juſt.

PART IV.

THE day was fix'd and being come,
Said he, O Lord, it was my doom,
Tho' innocent I do declare,
How my Lord's cup came to be there,
What fate decrees none can deny,
I was adjudged thus to die
Upon a fatal gallows tree,
Which my godfather did foreſee.
In travelling pains my mother was,
Into the world I came at laſt,
A gentleman with skill did ſhow
Such death I now am coming to;
A chain and a cabinet he gave
Unto my father which I have;
The manuſcript which was therein,
Did ſhow me plain I ſhould be hang'd,
So the Lord hearing him ſay ſo,
It came into his mind then to
Keep him from off the gallows high,
For I think this man is not guilty,
Something I doubt there is in this,
Methinks it is with meer malice
Of the cook and the butler too;
And if ſo, I'll make them rue.
The cauſe he tries a ſecond time,
And found them guilty of the crime;
They were adjudg'd to be hang'd ſtrait,
Indeed they did deſerve their fate.
The Lord he took him, and did ſay,
Have you that cabinet, I pray
Yes, noble Lord, this is the ſame
Was left me with this very chain.
My daughter is a virgin bright,
And you ſhall have her this very night
Wherefore now take delight in her,
'Tis I who am your Godfather.
Here's twenty thouſand pounds in gold
And when I'm dead it ſhall be told.
You ſhall enjoy my whole eſtate,
For to make you both rich and great.

Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

A Dialogue betwixt his Grace the Duke of *Argyle*, and the Earl of *Mar*

Or an Excellent New Song, to the Tune of the Hark Merchant Lane, &c.

ARGYLE and *Mar* are gone to War
Which hath breed great Confusion
[illegible] they do debate
[illegible] Division,
[illegible] but that,
[illegible] no Treason,
[illegible] Self, some lay its Pelf,
And some lay it's Religion,
[illegible] I tell to thee,
And [illegible] will not Spare Sir,
[illegible] us every where, &c.

Argyle,

Say's guide *Argyle* within a while,
I'le make *Mar* for to Rue Sir,
That such great Folly in his Brain,
Did happen for to Brew Sir,
The' *Mar*'s Men now do ramble thro
The North both here and there Sir,
I'le make them to draw up there Trew
And whipe their Buttocks bare Sir,

Mar,

Say's good Lord *Mar* do you so dare,
Both me yea, and my Men Sir
While I have might I will you Fight,
From *Sterling* Flit your Den Sir.

Argyle,

The last time that I Flited it,
You had no cause to Rail Sir,
For any thing that then you wan,
it was unto your Coast Sir,
When at *Dumblain* untryont Pain.
We Fought it very Fast Sir.
When that *Mars* Men were Forc'd and
To Run like any Hare Sir. [Fain,
[illegible] to the Hills, some to the Haughs
[illegible] some to *Allan* Water,
[illegible] some it was no mov's.
[illegible] Scull's were made to Clatter,
And those that did escape the Sword,
Did'nae not them Surround Sir.
When that Fourscore of Highland Men
Were in the water Drown'd Sir,

Mar,

Through my Men do Ramble thorough
The North both here and there Sir,
The half of what's said is not true,
The Truth I do Declare Sir,
'Tis said they Pillage and Plunder all,
In places where they come Sir,
But by this they soon would catch a Fall
And unto Ruin run Sir.
And as for that was at *Dumblain*,
We lost so many Men Sir,
Perhaps we may Recruit again,
And that we'll let you ken Sir,
If that once more we shall Engage,
We shall know how it goes Sir,
Whiskie shall put out Brains in Rage,
And Snuff shall Prime our Nose Sir,
With Swords and Guns into our Hands
We'll stoutly Venture on Sir,
Yea Durks and Targets at Command,
Of these we shall want none Sir,

Argyle,

Do what you can to prove the Man,
Your Attempts shall prove in vain Sir
For here *Argyle* shall lead the Van,
And the Victory shal gain Sir,
Tho' like a Cock *Mar* in the North,
Abroad hath sent his Crow Sir,
Clapping his Wings now beyond Forth
Perhaps he'l get a Blow Sir.
Argyle like to a Lyon Bold,
Shall Grip him in his Paws Sir,
And that perhaps e're it be long,
He'll make him stand in aw Sir,
For to a Conjunct Company,
Both of *Scots* and *Dutch* Men,
They're at a Call on *Mar* to fall,
They'realmost all none such hen.
Besides great Numbers of Gentlemen,
Whom they call Volunteers Sir,
The most and best whereof Consist,
Of Valiant *Scotish* Peers Sir.

FINIS.

THE Gelding of the DEVIL.

The pret:ieſt Jeſt that ever was known,
The Baker's Wife her Skill has ſhown;
Then liſten awhile, and the news I'll tell,
Betwixt a Baker and the Devil of Hell.

A Pretty Jeſt I will you tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell;
There was a Baker of Mansfield Town,
To Nottingham Market he was bound,
And riding under the willow clear,
The Baker ſung with a merry cheer.
And riding, &c.

The Baker's horſe was luſty and ſound,
Well worth in Judgment full ten pound.
His skin was ſmooth, his fleſh was fat.
His maſter was well pleas'd at that,
Which made him ſing moſt merrily,
As he was riding along the way,
Which, &c.

But as he rid over the hill,
O there he met with the Devil of Hell:
O Baker! Baker! then cry'd he,
How came thy horſe ſo fat to be?
Theſe be the words the Baker did ſay,
Becauſe his ſtones are cut away.
Theſe be, &c.

Then ſaid the Devil it may be ſo,
Thou ſhalt geld me before thou doſt go,
Firſt tie thy horſe to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me:
The Baker had a knife for the nounce,
Wherewith he cut out the Devil's ſtones.
The Baker, &c.

The Baker as it came to paſs.
In haſte alighted from his horſe;
And the Devil on his back he lay,
While the Baker cut his ſtones away;
Which put the Devil to great pain,
And made him to cry out amain.
Which put, &c.

O ſaid the Devil, beſhrew thy heart;
Thou doſt not feel how I do ſmart,
And for the deed that thou haſt done,
I'll be reveng'd on thee anon,
And underneath this greenwood tree,
Next market day I will Geld thee,
And underneath, &c.

The Baker then but little ſaid,
Yet in his heart was ſore afraid,
He durſt no longer then to ſtay,
But he rode home another way?
And coming home to his wife did tell,
How he had gelded the Devil of Hell.
And coming, &c.

Moreover to his wife he told,
A tale as made her heart run cold;
How the Devil he did ſay,
He would geld him next market day:
O ſaid the good wife without doubt,
I had rather both thy eyes were out,
O ſaid, &c.

For then all people far and near,
As know thee will both mock and jeer,
And good wives they will rail and bawl,
And ſtoneleſs Gelding will thee call:
Then hold, content, and be thou wiſe,
And I'll ſome pretty trick deviſe,
Then hold, &c.

I'll maks the Devil changs his note,
Give me my hat, my band and coat,
Thy hoſe and doublet eke alſo,
And I like to a man will go
I'll warrant thee next market day,
I'll fright the Devil quite away.
I'll warrant. &c

When the Baker's wife ſhe was ſo dreſt,
With all the bread upon the beaſt,
Unto Nottingham Market that fine town,
To ſell her bread both white and brown;
And riding merrily over the hill,
O there ſhe eſpy'd two Devils of Hell.
And riding, &c.

A little Devil and another,
As they were playing both together;

O quoth the Devil then right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain;
Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou doſt go.
I will geld, &c.

The Baker's Wife to the Devil did ſay,
Sir, I was gelded yeſterday;
O quoth the Devil I mean to ſee,
And pulling her coats up to her knee,
And looking upwards from the ground,
O there I eſpy'd a terrible wound.
And ſo looking, &c.

O quoth the Devil now I ſee,
He was not cunning that gelded thee:
For when he had cut out thy ſtones,
He ſhould have cloſed up the wounds;
But if you'll ſtay ſome little ſpace.
I'll fetch ſome ſalve to heal the place.
But if you'll, &c.

She had not rid but a little way,
But up her belly crept a flea,
The little Devil ſeeing that,
He up with his hand and gave it a pat,
Which made the good wife for to ſtart,
With that ſhe let a rouzing fart.
Which made, &c.

O ſaid the Devil thy life's not long,
Thy breath it ſmells ſo horribly ſtrong;
Therefore go thy way and make thy will,
Thy wounds are paſt all human Skill,
Be gone, be gone, make no delay,
For here thou ſhalt no longer ſtay,
Be gone, &c.

The good wife of this news was glad,
So ſhe left the Devil almoſt mad,
And when ſhe to her husband came,
With joyful heart ſhe told the ſame:
The ſtory pleas'd him wond'rous well,
How ſhe had couzen'd the Devil of Hell.
How ſhe had, &c.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London.

Sweet WILLIAM *of* Plymouth.

A Seaman of Dover, Sweet *William* by name,
A-wooing to beautiful Sufan he came:
At length he obtained her love and good-will,
And likewife her father admir'd him ftill.
Her mother was alfo as much fatisfy'd,
The day was appointed the knot fhould be ty'd.
Their friends were invited, but fee by the way,
Sweet Sufan fhe ficken'd, and languifhing lay.
They us'd their endeavours to raife her again,
By famous Phyficians, but their skill was vain.
A week fhe continued;—fweet *William* did grieve,
Becaufe of his love he muft take his leave;
As being commanded to fail the next wind.
Then leaving his fweeteft creature behind,
He faid, I muft marry when I come again,
If thou by good fortune alive doft remain.
As long as I live I'll prove true to my love,
And Sufan I hope you as conftant will prove.
Never doubt in the leaft, fweet *William*, faid fhe,
There's none upon earth fhall enjoy me but thee.
A tribute of tears at their parting they paid,
Sweet *William*, the mother, and innocent maid.
Nay likewife the father is griev'd to the heart,
To think fhe fo foon from her deareft muft part.
Away to the ocean fweet *William* is gone,
Where we will leave him, and fhew you anon
How bafe and deceitful her parents did prove,
Adviſing the maid to be falfe to her love.

PART II.

NOW when this damfel had languifhing lain
Near five or fix months fhe recover'd again.
Her beauty grew brighter than ever before,
So that there were many her charms did adore.
Each one did eſteem her that came in her view;
Her fame to the neighbouring villages flew,
To be the moft beautiful creature on earth,
Altho' but a fifherman's daughter by birth.
So that fhe was courted by none of the worft:
A wealthy young farmer came to her the firft,
And call'd her the jewel and joy of his life.
Said fhe, Begone, I'm another man's wife,
By folemn vows in the preſence of God:
And if I am falfe let his heavenly rod
Of fharpeft correction my punifhment be;
Therefore begone from my preſence, faid fhe.
Then came a fquire who call'd her his dear,
Who faid, he would fettle two hundred a year
Upon her, if fhe would be his fweet bride,
I muft not, I cannot, you muft be deny'd.
Then unto her father and mother he went,
Who foon diſcover'd his noble intent.
They being ambitious of honour and fame,
Did ftrive to perfuade her, but all in vain.
Dear parents, faid fhe, obſerve what I fay,
In things which be lawful I mean to obey.
But when you'd have me be perjur'd for gold,
I dare not fubmit, to the truth I will hold.
They found it fignify'd nothing to ftrive,
So long as fhe knew her true love was alive,
To induce her to mind any one but he,
And then the young fquire and they did agree,
To fend this innocent young damfel away.
Along with a lady to Holland, and they
Would tell her love at his return, fhe was dead.
That he with fome other damfel might wed.
Then would it be lawful to wed the fquire,
Who did her beautiful features admire.
Thus it was contrived, to Holland fhe was fent,
Poor creature fhe knew not their cunning intent.
But fince her parents would have it fo,
In point of obedience fhe yielded to go,
Where we will leave her, to treat of her love,
Who had been gone two years and above.

PART III.

IN *William*'s long voyage they came to a place,
Where they had been but a fhort fpace.
Where fortune did favour him, fo that he bought
A bargain worth hundreds and thoufands 'tis thought
Then laden with riches he came on fhore,
Said he, My jewel whom I do adore.
I will go and viſit before I do reft,
My heart has been lodg'd a long time in her breaft.
Now when to the houſe of her father he came,
He called for Sufan, fweet Sufan by name.
But ftrait her mother did make this reply,
'Tis long fince my daughter did languifh and die.
His heart at theſe tidings was ready to break,
Some minutes he had not the power to fpeak,
At length with a flood of tears he reply'd,
Adieu to the pleafures and charms of a bride.
My ſorrows are more than I'm able to bear,
Is Sufan departed, fweet Sufan the fair,
Then none in the world I do love, fince fhe
Is laid in the grave that was deareft to me.
Their preſence he quitted with watery eyes,
And went to his father and mother likewife,
His own loving parents, and with them he left
His wealth, 'cauſe he was of his love bereft.

Reſolved I am to travel again,
Perhaps it will wear off my anguiſh and pain.
Take care of my riches, 'tis value unknown,
And if I return not, then it is your own.
But if I ſhould live to ſee you once more,
I make no doubt but the ſame you'll reſtore.
Ay, that I will, ſoon, the father reply'd.
So for this long voyage he then did provide.
He goes on board, and away he did ſteer:
The ſeas were calm, and the element clear
At firſt. At length a ſtorm did ariſe,
Black clouds did cover and darken the skies.
The ſeas did ſoam, and the winds did roar,
At length being driven upon the Dutch ſhore,
Their ſhip was ſhatter'd and ſo torn indeed.
That they on they voyage could not proceed.
Now while they laid by their ſhip to repair.
William went to the Hague, and walk'd there.
And as he was walking along in the ſtreet,
With beautiful Suſan he happen'd to meet.
He ſtarted as ſoon as her face he beheld.
With wonder and pleaſure he was ſo fill'd,
Oh! tell me, ſaid he, ye bleſt powers above.
Do not my eyes deceive me, or is it my love.
They ſay, ſhe's been buried twelve months almoſt.
Sure this is my love, or her beautiful ghoſt.
Then quick he went to her, and found it was ſhe,
And none in the world was ſo happy as he.
My deareſt ſweet Suſan why doſt thou roam?
What deſtiny brought thee ſo far from home?
The truth ſhe told him, with tears in her eyee,
Concerning the farmer and ſquire likewiſe.
They courted me long, but ſtill I ſaid nay,
And therefore my relations ſent me away
To wait on a lady, with whom I am now,
Becauſe I would not be falſe to my vow.
He perſently told her of his affairs,
His riches, his troubles, and his cares.
And how he was going a voyage to make:
But knew not whither, and all for her ſake,
But as we was ſailing, the weather grew foul,
The winds did blow, and billows did rowl,
Yet nevertheleſs on this turbulent ſea,
The winds were kind, and convey'd me to thee.
I'll go to thy lady, and let her to know
You ſhall ſerve no longer, but with me go,
Unto fair Plymouth, where thou ſhalt be ſeen,
As gay as herſelf or as fine as a queen.

PART IV.

HE made a diſpatch and brought her away,
The ſeas were calm, and the winds did obey,
So that in ſhort time to Plymouth they came,
And now he was ready for changing his name.
He told his father and mother that there,
By fortune's kind favour he lit on his dear.
And now we will prepare for the wedding ſaid he,
Thy father and mother invited muſt be,
Then unto her parents he haſted at laſt,
And told the heighth of his ſorrow was paſt,
For ſince you ſay Suſan your daughter is dead,
I have found a beauty with whom I will wed,
And therefore I come to bring the news,
I hope one favour you will not refuſe.
O! honour me then with your preſence I pray,
And come to the wedding, to-morrow's the day.
They promis'd to come, well pleas'd to the heart
To think ſo well they had acted their part.
Now, now, ſaid the mother, I have my deſire,
We'll fetch home our daughter to marry the 'ſquire.
The very next morning ſweet Suſan was dreſt,
In ſumptuous apparel, more gay than the reſt.
The richeſt things that the world could afford,
Embroidered with gold he had from abroad.
With diamonds and rubies her veſture did ſhine,
Her features did look like an angel divine,
Scarce ever was mortal ſo glorious and great,
And likewiſe her modeſty ſuited her ſtate.
Now they being all down to dinner ſet,
This beautiful couple ſo happily met.
This ſtately apparel had alter'd her ſo
Her father and mother her face did not know.
A health to the bride round the table did paſs,
The mother of Suſan then taking a glaſs,
Did do as the reſt, and ſpoke with a grace,
Had my daughter been here ſhe'd been in your place
The bride at this ſaying, then modeſty ſmil'd,
To think the mother knew not her own child,
Soon after the bride aroſe from her ſeat.
And fell on her knees at her parents feet.
I am your daughter whom you did ſend
To Holland, but Heaven ſtood my beſt friend,
And plac'd me ſecure in the arms of my love;
For which, I may thank the bleſt powers above.
Her father and mother with bluſhes reply'd,
The 'ſquire was eager to make her his bride,
But ſince it is order'd by Heaven's decree,
We grant you our bleſſing, riſe up from your knees.
Then *William* ſpoke up with a noble grace,
A fig for the 'ſquire, bring him to my face,
For crowns of bright ſilver with him I'll let fall,
And he that drops longeſt ſhall ſurely take all.
They wonder'd how he ſhould ſuch riches gain,
But they believ'd 'twas true in the main,
Becauſe both appeared ſo glorious and gay,
With muſick and dancing they finiſh'd the day.

Printed and Sold in Bow Church-Yard.

THE LIFE and DEATH OF THE DUKE of *BERWICK*.

ASSIST me, ye Muſes, I pray lend your Aid,
To undergo a Taſk, for I am afraid,
Without that you help me, I ſhall fall too low,
In ſpeaking of him whom ſome Thouſands do know:
The brave Duke of *Berwick*, 'tis him I do mean;
And of his Exploits ſome of them I will name:
But firſt let me tell you, e'er farther I run,
He was late King *James*'s own natural Son.

In *England* born, which caus'd him to be,
The braveſt ſtout Soldier that e'er you did ſee;
The beſt of all Foes that e'er did advance;
Witneſs the Battle that was fought at *Almanze*;
Where he to his Soldiers moſt bravely did ſay,
Brave Boys, if it happen that we get the Day;
Be courageous and bold, and commit no Slaughter;
But pray give my *Engliſh* Countrymen Quarter.

What braver than this could an Enemy ſay?
O Curſe on grim Death that ſnatch'd him away:
Then curs'd be the Gunner that fired the Shot,
And curs'd be the Bullet that fell to his Lot:
That ſoon deprived brave *Berwick* of Life;
Robb'd Children of Father, parted Man and Wife:
A ſad Separation; who can now expreſs
The Grief of the Widow and the Fatherleſs.

But ſtop not Aſſiſtance, but farther let's go:
For more of brave *Berwick*'s Valour I'd know;
Fame now reporteth and ſays very plain,
He at *Syracuſa* ſaw ſome Thouſands ſlain:
Then why did not grim Death take him quite away
His Corpſe would long ſince have moulder'd to Clay:
No, no, his Summons he deny'd to ſerve,
Until noble *Berwick* more Honours deſerv'd.

Then from *Syracuſa* he ſtrait to *Blackwood*,
There he waded up to his Knees in Blood:
But ſtill to his Soldiers aloud he would cry,
Fight on my brave Boys let us every Man die.
For my own Countrymen are courageous and bold;
And will by no Means at all be controul'd;
But if we get the better, and they ſhould ſurrender,
Pray be kind unto them, nay loving and tender.

Then *Malplaquet* next was where he did run,
But yet he eſcaped the firing of Guns:
Altho' from the ſame he ne'er did retire,
But ſtill he was riding thro' all Smoak and Fire.
There's nothing could daunt him, but O cruel Fate
Hath put an End to his longer Date:
At *Phillipsburgh*, *France* there got her Loſs,
There he was ſhot dead, when mounting his Horſe.

In many other Places great Feats he hath done,
But his noble Actions are now with him gone.
All thoſe that in the Service of Queen *Anne* have been,
Unto cruel Death they do bear a Spleen;
For taking brave *Berwick* their merciful Foe:
Tho' ſome were his Pris'ners, they never Want did know.
For to ſupport them no Coſt he would ſpare;
And ſtill would call them his Countrymen dear.

Alas! noble *Berwick*, could you not return,
When the King, your Maſter, did ſend for you home?
He knowing your old Age and Infirmity,
In the Field of Honour you was reſolv'd to die:
Call me not home, good Maſter, now I pray,
For in the Field I am reſolv'd to ſtay,
But ſaid, Good Maſter, ſince I have begun,
Let me proceed until my Glaſs is run.

Altho' Sixty-ſix, ſee what Courage was there?
This good antient Man yet a ſtout Heart did bear:
So all pity'd him that Day when he did die,
Becauſe he could not ſtay to gain Victory:
Much more might be ſaid, but I muſt have done:
He dy'd both a Prince, a Peer, and a King's Son,
His Soul into Heaven I hope it is good,
The which puts an End to my tragical Song.

Newcaſtle: Printed and ſold by JOHN WHITE.

THE

Clans Lamentation,

Againſt *Mar* and their own Folly.

To the Tune of, *Bony Katharine Ogie.*

AS I did Travel in the *North*,
I in Diſcourſe took Pleaſure,
To talk with thoſe that were our Foes,
when that we could get leaſure:
What was the Reaſon I did ask,
that they roſe in Rebellion?
And what Great Madneſs moved them,
for to work ſuch Great Treaſon?

Againſt both King and Parliament,
and Government all over,
And would not join to *George* our King,
the great Prince of *Hanover*.
They anſwer'd me with one Accord,
we may think ſhame to tell you,
That we ſuch ſimple Fools have been,
to join with ſuch a Fellow.

He did ſend Letters unto Us,
and falſly did us Flatter,
Deſiring us for to ariſe,
and *Hanoverians* Scatter,
And that he would bring o're our King,
and would put off *Hanover*,
And that our King he ſhould poſſeſs
both *North* and *South* all over.

But now alas! we ſuffer for,
our Folly in this Matter,
For now we riſen are, and we
ſhall never be the better,
For we did once encounter with,
that Mighty Man of Valour,
Who's like a Lyon in his Strength,
but comely in his Feature.

Even Great *Argyle* your General
will make us to Repent it,
That we ſo fooliſhly ſhould have
even unto *Mar* Conſented:
And tho' many of us fell
ev'n at the ſame Engagement
Yet we did go along with him,
by his falſe To[illegible]ticement.

He told us we ſhould ſee our King
e're we were two Months older,
But now we ſee it is a Lye
which makes our Hearts the Colder:
For he did bring a Man to us,
that might have been his Father,
Who ſaid, he he would not *Pop'ry* quite,
but want our Kindneſs rather.

It had been better for us all,
that *Mar* had ne'e been born,
For now, alas! we are become,
all the whole Nations Scorn:
For now we have left all our Lands,
likewiſe our Life's in Danger
Alas! that e're we did agree,
for to fetch in a Stranger.

But now we're forc'd to take flight
before King *George*'s Army,
Of Soldiers Brisk, and Volunteers,
like them there are not many,
That made us from Saint *Johnſtoun* run,
and likewiſe from *Dundee* Sir,
And alſo thorow all the Towns,
into the *North* Country Sir.

Alas! alas! we are undone,
for now and evermore then;
We know not where to hide our ſelves,
neither in Hole nor Bore then:
For like a *Partridge* they do hunt,
us both o're Hills and Glens Sir,
Which makes us for to rue the day,
that we were Named *Clans* Sir.

But now alas! we cannot help
what we have done amiſs Sir,
But now we're like to end our days,
in Grief and Heavineſs Sir,
Oh and alas! we leave our Lands,
with Lamentation Sir,
Likewiſe our Wives and Children all,
have pity them upon Sir.

FINIS.

THE

Farmer's Lamentation

For the LOSS of

COLLY his COW.

A new Song

A Story, a ſtory I'll tell you juſt now,
It is of the killing poor Colly my Cow.

CHORUS.

Ah! my poor Colly, poor Colly my Cow
Poor Colly is dead, and can give no milk now.

There's little Tommy Durken, pray what do you mean,
For killing poor Colly when ſhe was ſo lean.

Then in comes the tripe man ſo trim and ſo neat,
He bid me three halfpence for belly and feet.

Then in came the tanner with ſword by his ſide,
He gives me three and ſixpence for poor Colly's hide.

Then in came the horner, who roguery ſcorns,
And gives me three farthings for poor Colly's horns.

The ſkin of my Colly was ſofter than ſilk,
And three times a day did poor Colly give Milk.

There's an end to poor Colly now ſhe's dead and gone,
For the loſs of my Colly now I'm left forlorn.
Ah, my poor Colly, &c.

Fair *Margaret*'s Misfortunes;
OR,
Sweet *William*'s Dream on his Wedding Night
With the ſudden Death and Burial of thoſe noble Lovers.

AS it fell out upon a day,
Two lovers they ſet on a hill;
They ſet together a long ſummer's day,
And could not take their fill.

I ſee no harm by you Margaret,
And you ſee none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair Margaret ſet in her bower window,
A combing of her hair;
And there ſhe eſpy'd Sweet William and bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down ſhe laid her ivory comb,
And up ſhe bound her hair;
She went away forth from the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come
And all men faſt aſleep,
There came the ſpirit of fair Margaret,
And ſtood at William's bed-feet.

God give you Joy you true lovers,
In bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-graſs Grove,
And I am in my winding-ſheet.

45. b. 18

When day was come, and night was gone
And all men wak'd from ſleep;
Sweet William to his Lady ſaid,
My dear I've cauſe to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreams are never good;
I dream'd thy bower was full of red ſwine
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, ſuch dreams my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of ſwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's Bower,
By the leave of my Lady.

And when he came to Fair Margaret's Bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her Seven Brethren
To let Sweet William in.

The he turn'd up the covering ſheet,
Pray let me ſee the dead,
Methinks ſhe looks both pale and wan,
She has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do no more for thee Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
Tho' a ſmile I cannot win.

With that beſpoke the ſeven brethren,
Making moſt piteous moan,
You may go kiſs your jolly brown dame,
And let our ſiſter alone.

If I do kiſs my jolly brown dame,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
By day nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of white bread and your wine?
So much as is dealt at her Funeral To-day,
To morrow ſhall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dy'd To-day, To-day,
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true-love,
Sweet William he dy'd for ſorrow.

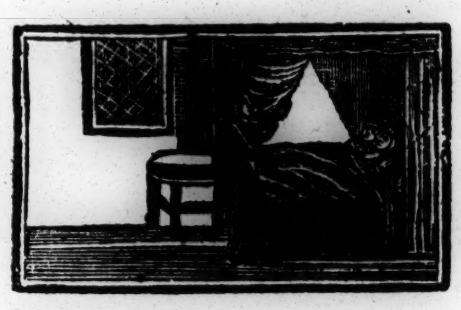
Margaret was bury'd in the Lower Chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breaſt there ſprang a Roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
'Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a True Lover's Knot,
That made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you this truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

A Lamentable BALLAD
Of Little Muſgrove *and the Lady* BARNET.



AS it fell out on a high holiday,
As many there be in a year;
Muſgrove he would to the church to pray,
To ſee the ladies there.

Gallants they were of good degree,
For beauty exceeding fair;
Moſt wonderous lovely to the eye,
Which did to church repair.

Some came down in red velvet,
And ſome came down in pall;
The next came down my Lady Barnet,
The faireſt amongſt them all.

She caſt a look at Little Muſgrove,
As bright as the ſummer's ſun,
Full right then perceiv'd Little Muſgrove,
Lady Barnet's love he had won.

The Lady Barnet meek and mild,
Saluted Little Muſgrove;
Who did repay her courteſy
With favor and gentle love.

I have a bower in merry Barnet,
Beſtrew'd with cowſlips ſweet,
If that you pleaſe my little Muſgrove,
In love me there to meet.

With n my arms one night to lie,
For you my love have won;

You need not fear my ſuſpicious Lord,
For he from home is gone.

Betide me life, betide me death,
This night I will lie with thee;
And for thy ſake I will hazard my breath,
So dear is my love to thee.

What ſhall we do with this little foot page?
Our council for to keep,
And watch for fear Lord Barnet comes,
While we together meet.

Rich gold ſhall be his hire, ſaid ſhe,
And ſilver ſhall be his fee;
If he our council will but keep,
That I may ſleep with thee.

I will have none of your gold, ſaid he,
Nor none of your ſilver fee;
If I ſhould keep your council madam,
'Twere great diſloyalty.

I'll not be falſe unto my Lord,
For houſe, nor yet for land;
But if my Lady proves untrue,
Lord Barnet ſhall underſtand.

Then ſwiftly ran this little foot-page,
Unto his Lord with ſpeed,
He then was feaſting with his friends,
Not dreaming of that deed.

4°. 6. 28. 109.

Moſt ſpeedily the page did haſte,
Moſt ſwiftly he did run;
And when he came to the broken bridge
He bent his breaſt and ſwam.

The page did make no ſtay at all,
But went to his Lord with ſpeed;
That he the truth might tell to him,
Concerning this wicked deed.

He found his Lord at ſupper then,
Great metriment they did keep;
My Lord ſaid ſhe, this night on my word,
Muſgrove with my Lady doth ſleep.

If this be true my little foot-page,
And true which thou telleſt to me;
My eldeſt daughter I will thee give,
And wedded thou ſhalt be.

If this be a lie thou little foot-page,
And a lie thou telleſt me;
A new gallows ſhall be ſet up,
And hanged thou ſhalt be.

If that be a lie, my Lord he ſaid,
And a lie which I tell unto thee,
Never ſtay a new gallows to make,
But hang me upon the next tree.

Lord Barnet call'd his merry men all,
Away with ſpeed he would go;
His heart was ſore perplex'd with grief,
The truth of this he muſt know.

Saddle your horſes with ſpeed he ſaid,
And ſaddle my milk-white ſteed,
If this be true as the page hath ſaid,
Muſgrove ſhall repent the deed.

He charged his men to make no noiſe,
As they rode along the way;
Wind no horn, quoth he for your life,
Leſt our coming you betray.

But one of them that Muſgrove did love,
And reſpected his friendſhip dear;
To give him notice Lord Barnet was come,
Did wind his bugle horn clear.

And evermore as he did ſound,
Away Muſgrove, and away;
For if he take you with his Lady,
Thou ſhalt be ſlain to-day.

O hark fair Lady, your Lord is near,
I hear his little horn blow:
And if he find me in your arms,
Then hang'd I ſhall be I know.

O lie ſtill, lie ſtill, my Little Muſgrove,
And keep my back from the cold;
I know it is my father's ſhepherd,
A driving ſheep to fold.

Muſgrove did turn himſelf about,
Sweet ſlumber his eyes did greet,
And when he awoke there did he eſpy
Lord Barnet at the bed's feet.

Riſe up, riſe up, thou little Muſgrove,
And put thy cloathing on;
It ne'er ſhall be ſaid in England fair,
That I ſlew a naked man.

Here are two ſwords Lord Barnet ſaid,
Muſgrove thy choice now make,
The beſt of them thyſelf ſhalt have,
And I the worſt ſhalt take.

The firſt blow Muſgrove did ſtrike,
He wounded Lord Baroet ſore;
The ſecond blow Lord Barnet gave,
Muſgrove could ſtrike no more.

He took his Lady by the white hand,
All love to rage convert;
And with his ſword in furious ſort,
He pierc'd her tender heart.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnet ſaid,
Prepare us to lie in;
My Lady ſhall lie on the upper ſide,
Becauſe ſhe has the better ſkin.

Then ſuddenly he ſlew himſelf,
Which griev'd his friends full ſore;
The death of theſe three lovely Wights,
With tears they did deplore.

This ſad miſchief by luſt was wrought,
Then let us call for Grace:
That we may ſhun ſuch wicked deeds,
And fly from ſin apace.

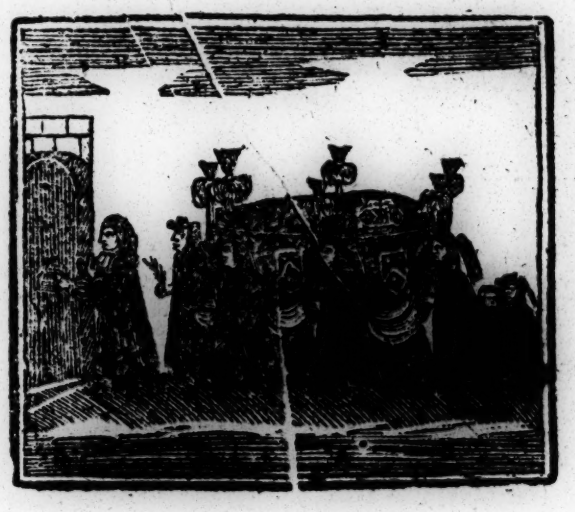
Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard
Bow Lane, London.

Fair *Margaret*'s Misfortunes;

OR,

Sweet *William*'s Dream on his Wedding Night

With the ſudden Death and Burial of thoſe noble Lovers.



AS it fell out upon a day,
Two lovers they ſet on a hill;
They ſet together a long ſummer's day,
And could not take their fill.

I ſee no harm by you Margaret,
And you ſee none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair Margaret ſet in her bower window,
A combing of her hair;
And there ſhe eſpy'd Sweet William and bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down ſhe laid her ivory comb,
And up ſhe bound her hair;
She went away forth from the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come
And all men faſt aſleep,
There came the ſpirit of fair Margaret,
And ſtood at William's bed-feet.

God give you Joy you true lovers,
In bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-graſs Grove,
And I am in my winding-ſheet.

When day was come, and night was gone
And all men wak'd from ſleep;
Sweet William to his Lady ſaid,
My dear I've cauſe to weep.

I dream'd a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreams are never good;
I dream'd thy bower was full of red ſwine
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, ſuch dreams my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of ſwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's Bower,
By the leave of my Lady.

And when he came to Fair Margaret's Bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were he'r Seven Brethren
To let Sweet William in.

The he turn'd up the covering ſheet,
Pray let me ſee the dead,
Methinks ſhe looks both pale and wan,
She has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do no more for thee Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
Tho' a ſmile I cannot win.

With that beſpoke the ſeven brethren,
Making moſt piteous moan,
You may go kiſs your jolly brown dame,
And let our ſiſter alone.

If I do kiſs my jolly brown dame,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
By day nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of white bread and your wine?
So much as is dealt at her Funeral To-day,
To morrow ſhall be dealt at mine.

Fair Margaret dy'd To-day, To-day,
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true-love,
Sweet William he dy'd for ſorrow.

Margaret was bury'd in the Lower Chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breaſt there ſprang a Roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
'Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a True Lover's Knot,
That made all people admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you this truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

The LIFE and DEATH of Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime.*

AS it fell out upon one time,
About *Midſummer* of the Year;
Every Man was tax'd of his Crime,
For ſtealing the good Lord Biſhop's *Mare.*

The good Lord *Screw* ſaddled a Horſe,
And after the ſame Scrime,
Before he could get over the *Moſs*,
There was he aware of Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime.*

Turn, O turn, thou falſe Traytor,
Turn and yield thy ſelf unto me;
Thou haſt ſtolen the Lord Biſhop's *Mare*,
And now thou thinkeſt away to flee.

No, ſoft Lord *Screw*, that may not be,
Here is a broad Sword by my Side,
And if that thou can'ſt Conquer me,
The Victory will ſoon be try'd.

I ne'er was afraid of a Traytor bold,
Altho' my Name be *Hugh in the Grime*,
I'll make thee repent thy Speeches foul,
If Day and Life but give me Time.

Then do thy worſt good Lord *Screw*,
And deal your blows as faſt as you can,
It will be tried between me and you,
Which of us Two ſhall be the beſt Man.

Thus they dealt their Blows ſo free,
And both ſo bloody at that time,
Over the *Moſs* ten Yeomen they ſee
Come for to take Sir *Hugh-in the-Grime.*

Sir *Hugh* ſet his Back againſt a Tree,
And then the Men compaſt him round,
His mickle Sword from his Hand did flee,
And then they brought Sir *Hugh* to the Ground.

Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime* now taken is,
And brought back to *Garland* Town,
Then cry'd the good Wives all in *Garland* Town,
Sir *Hugh-in-the Grime* thou'ſt ne'er gang down.

The good Lord *Biſhop* is come to Town,
And on the Bench is ſet ſo high,
And every Man was tax'd to his Crime,
At length he call'd to Sir *Hugh in-the-Grime.*

Here am I, thou falſe *Biſhop*,
Thy humours all for to fulfil,
I do not think my Fact ſo great,
But thou may'ſt put it into thy own Will.

The Queſt of Jury-men was call'd,
The beſt that was in *Garland* Town;
Eleven of them ſpoke all in a Breaſt,
Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime* thou'ſt ne'er gang down.

Then other Queſtry-men was call'd,
The beſt that was in *Rumary*,
Twelve of them ſpoke all in a Breaſt,
Sir *Hugh-in-the Grime* thou'ſt now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord *Bowls*,
Falling down upon his Knee;
Five hundred Pieces of Gold will I give,
To grant Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord *Bowls*,
And of your Speeches ſet them by,
If there be Eleven *Grime's* all of a Name,
Then by my own Honour they all ſhould die.

Then came down my good Lady *Ward*,
Falling low upon her Knee,
Five hundred Meaſures of Gold I'll give,
To grant Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady *Ward*,
None of your Proffers ſhall him buy,
For if there be twelve *Grime's* all of a Name,
By my own Honour they all ſhould die.

Sir *Hugh in-the-Grime's* Condemn'd to die,
And of his Friends he had no lack,
Fourteen Foot he leapt in his Ward,
With his Hands bound faſt upon his Back.

Then he look'd over his left Shoulder,
To ſee whom he could ſee or ſpy,
There was he aware of his Father dear,
Come tearing his Hair moſt pitifully.

Peace, peace, my Father dear,
And of your Speeches ſet them by,
Though they have bereav'd me of my Life,
They cannot bereave me of Heaven ſo high.

He look'd over his right Shoulder,
To ſee whom he could ſee or ſpy,
There was he aware of his Mother dear,
Came tearing her Hair moſt pittifully.

Pray have me remember'd to *Peggy* my Wife,
As ſhe and I walk'd over the Moor,
She was the Cauſer of the Loſs of my Life,
And with the old *Biſhop* ſhe play'd the Whore.

Here *Johnny Armſtrong* take thou my Sword
That is made of the Metal ſo fine,
And when thou com'ſt to the Border ſide,
Remember the Death of Sir *Hugh-in-the-Grime*.

The FRYER Well-Fitted.

OR,

A pretty JEST that once befell, How a Maid put a Friar to cool in a Well.

To a merry new Tune.

Licens'd and Entred according to Order.

AS I lay musing all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, *la*,
A pretty jest I thought upon,
Fa, ~~la~~ *la*, *la*, *la*, *la*,
Then listen a while, and I will you tell,
Of a ~~Friar~~ *Fryer* that lov'd a bonny lass well.
Fa, la, la, ~~la~~, lang-tree-down-a dilly.

He came to a maid when she went to-bed
la la &c
Desiring to have her maidenhead;
la la &c

But she denied his desire,
And told him, that she fear'd hell-fire.
la la &c
Tush, quoth the ~~Friar~~ *Fryer*, you need not to doubt,
la la &c
If thou wer't in hell, I would sing thee out
la la &c
Then (~~said~~ *quoth* the maid) thou shalt have thy requeſt:
The Friar was glad as a fox in his neſt.
la la &c
But one thing quoth she) I do desire,
la la &c
Before that you have what you require;

London: printed by and for W. O. and sold by J. Walter, at the Hand and Pen in High-holborn.

Before that you ſhall do the thing,
An Angel of money thou ſhalt me bring.
ſa, ca, &c.
Tuſh, (quoth the frier,) we ſhall agree,
No money ſhall part my love and me;
Before that I will ſee thee lack,
I'll pawn the grey gown off my back.
ſa la &c.
The maid bethought her of a wile,
How ſhe might the Friar beguile;
While he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a cloth before the well;
ſa, ca &c.
The Friar came, as his covenant was,
With money to his bonny laſs:
Good-morrow, fair maid.—Good-morrow, ſaid ſhe, quoth he,
Here is the money I promiſed thee;
ſa, ca, &c
She thanked the man, and ſhe took the money,
Now let us go to't, (quoth he,) my ſweet honey.
O ſtay, (quoth ſhe,) ſome reſpite make,
My father comes,—he will you take;
ſa, ca, &c
Alas! (quoth the Friar,) where ſhall I run,
To hide me till that ſhe is gone?
Behind the curtain run thou, (quoth ſhe,)
And there my father cannot you ſee.
ſa, ca, &c
Behind the cloth the friar he crept,
And into the well on a ſudden he leapt.
Alas, (quoth he,) I am in the well,
No matter, (quoth ſhe,) if thou wer't in hell;
ſa, ca, &c.

Thou ſaid'ſt thou couldſt ſing me out of hell,
Now prithee ſing thyſelf out of the well
The Friar ſung on with a pitiful ſound,
O help me out, or I ſhall be drown'd.
ſa, ca, &c.
I trow (quoth ſhe) your courage is cool'd;
Quoth the Friar I never was ſo fool'd;
I never was ſo ſerv'd before,
Then take heed (quoth ſhe) thou com'ſt here no more.
ſa, ca, &c.
Quoth he, for good St. Francis ſake,
On his Diſciple ſome pity take,
Quoth ſhe, St. Francis never taught
His ſcholars to tempt young maidens to naught.
ſa, ca, &c
The Friar did entreat her ſtill,
That ſhe ſhould help him out of the well
She heard him make ſuch pitious moan
She help'd him out and bid him be gone.
ſa, ca, &c.
Quoth he, ſhall I have my money again,
Which thou from me haſt before-hand ta'en?
Good ſir, (quoth ſhe,) there's no ſuch matter;
I'll make you pay for fouling my water,
ſa, ca, &c.
The Friar went along the ſtreet,
Dropping wet, like a new waſh'd ſheet;
Both Old and Young commended the Maid.
That ſuch a witty prank had play'd.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

St BERRNAD's Vision; or, a brief Discourse between the SOUL and the BODY of a wicked Man lately deceased, blaming each other. With a SPEECH from the Devil in Hell.

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*, &c,

The WRITER *speaketh.*

AS I lay slumbering in my Bed one Night,
A fearful Vision did me sore affright:
Me thought I say a Soul departed late,
By it the Body in a poor Estate.
Wailing with Sighs the Soul aloud did cry,
Upon the Body in the Coffin by:
And thus the Soul to her did make her Moan,
With grievous Sobs, and many a bitter Groan.

The SOUL *speaketh.*

Oh! sinful Flesh, which now so low doth lie,
Whom Yesterday the World esteem'd so high:
It was but Yesterday the World was thine,
The sun is set, which Yesterday did shine.
Where is thy Train that did attend on thee?
Where is thy Mirth? Where is thy Jollity?
Where are thy sumptuous Buildings and thy Treasure?
Thy pleasant Walks where in thou tookest Pleasure.
Gone is thy Train, thy Mirth to Mourning turn'd,
Thou in a Coffin in a Shrine art turn'd,
For thy rich Cloaths thou hast a Winding-sheet,
Thy high built Roof now with thy Mouth doth meet.
But I, poor Soul! was fram'd a noble Creature,
In likeness to GOD, of heavenly Feature;
But by thy Sin when we on Earth abode,
I am made fouler than the loathsome Toad.
Oh! wretched Flesh with me thou art forlorn,
That well may wish thou ne'er hadst been born:
Thou ne'er would'st to any one agree,
For which we evermore shall damned be.
I am and must for ever be in Pain,
No Tongue can tell the Torments I sustain;
But thou and I we must descend to Hell,
Were we, in frying Flames, must for ever dwell.

It was thy Pride, Deceit, Luxury,
Hath brought these Torments both on me and thee:
Thy Wife, Children, and Friends, whom thou dost trust,
Doth loath thy Carcase lying in the Dust.
The Bond of God, which is both true and sure,
Witness at large what Sinners shall endure:
Thou that within the Bed of Death art laid,
Arise and answer to the Words I've said.

The BODY *speaketh.*

I know thee well, my Soul, who from me fled,
Which left my Body senseless, cold, and dead!
Cease thou to say the Fault was all in me,
When I will prove the Fault was more in thee.
Thou say'st, that I have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing drawn thee quite away:
For if the Flesh the Spirits Power can move,
The Fault is thine, as I will plainly prove
God, thou didst know, created thee most fair,
And of celestial Knowledge gave you Share:
I was your Servant made of Earth and Clay,
You to Command, and I for to obey
'Twas in your Power for to restrain my Will,
And hinder me from doing Things that's ill:
The Body's Works are from the Soul divided,
And by the Soul the Body should be guided.
The Body of itself no ill hath known,
If I did what thou didst the Guilt's thy own?
For without thee the Body resteth dead,
The Soul commands, it rests upon thy Head.
So to conclude thy Guilt exceedeth mine,
Oh! how the Worms no tear me in my Shrine;
And, therefore fare thee well, poor sinful Soul!
Thy Sins surpass even mine, though they are foul.

The SOUL *speaketh.*

Most wretched Flesh, which in the Time of Life,
Was foolish idle, vain, and full of Strife:
Though of thy Substance thou didst speak to me,
I do confess I should have bridled thee.
But thou, through Love of Pleasure, foul and ill,
Still me resisted, and would have thy Will:
When I would thee, O Body! have control'd,
Straight the World's Vanities did thee with-hold.
So thou of me didst gain the Upper-hand,
Alluring me with worldly Pleatures Band;
That thou and I eternally are drown'd
In Hell, when glorious Saints in Heaven are crown'd.
But flattering Fancy did thy Mind so please,
Thou never thought to die till Death did seize:
This was your Fault, and curfed was our Fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas! too late.

The BODY *speaketh.*

Oh! now I weep, being scourg'd with my own Rod,
And guilty stand before the face of God,
Both are in Fault, but not do h equally,
The greater Burden, Soul, on the doth lie.
No Wit so mean, bu this for Truth it knows,
That where most Gifts of Virtue God bestows,
There is due, and ought repaid to be,
And unto this there's none but will agree.
But foolishly thou yielded unto me,
And unto my vain Desire soon did agree;
But O! I knew nor at the latter Hour,
But thou and I should find a Death more sure
I greatly fear an everlasting Fire,
Yet one Thing more of thee I do desire?
Hast thou been yet amongst the Friends of Hell!
Are no Hopes left, that we with Christ may dwell.

The SOUL *speaketh.*

False Flesh, remember Dives was deny'd,
When for one Drop of Water loud he cry'd:
Thy Question. senseless Body wanteth Reason,
Redemption now is hopeless out of Season.
Vile Body, go and rot in Bed of Clay,
Until the great and general Judgment Day:
Then thou shalt rise and be with me condemn'd.
To Hell's hot Lake for ever without End.
So fare thee well, I will no longer stay,
Hark! how the Fiends of Hell call me away:
The Loss of Heavenly Joys tormenteth me,
More than all Tortures that in Hell can be.

The DEVIL *speaketh.*

"Oh! are you come whom we expected long,
" Now will we make you sing another Song:
" Howling and Yelling still shall be your Note,
" And melting Lead be powered down your Throat.
" Such Horror we do on our Servants load,
" Now thou art worse than is the crawling Toad:
" Ten thousand Torments thou shalt now abide,
" When thou in flaming Sulphur shalt be fry'd.
" Thou art a Soldier of our Camp enroll'd,
" Never henceforth shalt thou the Light behold:
" The Pains prepar'd for thee no Tongue can tell,
" Welcome! O welcome to the Pit of Hell!".

The WRITER *speaketh.*

At this the groaning Soul did weep full sore,
And sure the Friends did make a hideous Roar,
The Devils seem'd more black than Pitch at Night,
Whose horrid Shapes did sorely me affright.
Sharp steel Forks each in their Hands did bear,
Tusked their Teeth, like crooked Mattocks were:
Fire and Brimstone then they breathed out,
And from their Nostrils Snakes crawl'd all about.
Foul filthy Horns on their black Brows they were,
Their Nails were like the Tusks of a Boar:
Those hellish Friends fast bound this wretched Soul,
And drag'd him in, who grievously did bow!
Then straight, me thought, appeared in my Sight,
A beauteous young Man cloathed all white:
His Face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like the Rain Bow, and his Hair like Gold.
With a sweet Voice, *All hail! all hail!* (quoth he)
Arise and write whate'er thou now dost see.
Most heavenly Music seemed then to play,
And in a Cloud he vanish'd quite away.
Awaking, straight I took my Pen in Hand,
To write these Lines the young Man did command;
And abroad so into the World them sent,
That each great Sinner may in Time repent.
Then let us fear the Lord both Night and Day,
Preserve our Souls and Bodies I thus pray:
God grant we may so run this mortal Race,
That we in Heaven may have a Resting-place.
God bless the King, the Prince, and Progeny;
The Clergy, Council, and Nobility:
Preserve our Souls and Bodies, I thee pray;
Amen, with me. let all good Christians say.

True Love rewarded with Loyalty;

OR,

Mirth and Joy after Sorrow and Sadneſs.

This young Man did walk in penſive Manner,
Being a Soldier under Cupid's *Banner;*
In loving Terms he did expreſs his Mind,
Still fearing that his Love would prove unkind:
But ſhe to eaſe him from all future Pain,
Did chear his Heart, and grant him Love again.

To a new Weſt-country Tune, called, *O bark my Love*; *or*, Flora *Farewel.*

AS I walk'd forth to take the Air,
One Morning muſing all alone;
I heard a young Man full of Care,
Thus to himſelf did make great Moan.

My deareſt Dear and I muſt part,
So ſad and heavy is my Heart,
It doth increaſe my Miſery,
My Love that I muſt part from thee.

But no Leave of my Love I'll take,
I will now wander for her Sake;
And like *Leander* I will prove
So true and conſtant to my Love.

For doſt thou think I'll vow and ſwear,
And not my Promiſe quite fulfil;
Then deal with me as I deſerve,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

My Lands and Livings are but ſmall,
For to maintain my Love withal:
But with my Labour and my Pain,
My deareſt Dear I will maintain.

Thy Friends do owe to me a Grudge,
Becauſe to thee I bear Goodwill:
But ſtand thou up in my Defence,
And I will be thy true Love ſtill.

If I had Gold and Silver ſtore,
As much as ever *Cræſus* won,
'Twere all too little for my Love,
Conſidering what for me ſhe's done.

Now Hand in Hand with thee I'll go,
Thro' Mirth and Melody, and Wo,
Nay, thro' the World I'll go with thee,
Whate'er betides to my Body.

The pale fac'd Moon ſhall loſe her Light,
The glorious Sun ſhall darken'd be,
And Stars ſhall from the Heaven fall,
My Love, e'er I prove falſe to thee.

There ſhall no Graſs grow on the Plain,
Nor Bloſſom bud upon the Tree:
All Fruit ſhall have a deadly Wound,
My Love, e'er I prove falſe to thee.

The ſwifteſt River ſhall run back,
The Wind ſhall drive the Water-mill;
And the brighteſt Day ſhall turn to black,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

Thus he did languiſh and complain,
And ſore he was oppreſt with Grief:
At laſt his Love did hear his Moan,
And ſtraight ſhe came to his Relief.

The Maid's Anſwer.

MY Deareſt why doſt thou complain,
And grieve my Heart, ſince I am true.
Fear not that I will thee diſdain,
I'll never change thee for a new.

Thou ſhalt not part from me, my Dear,
Nor wander in an unknown Land,
A Part of all thy Grief I'll bear,
And always be at thy Command.

As true as ever *Hero* was,
To his *Leander* I will prove:
Were it to croſs the *Helleſpont*,
I would not fear to find my Love.

Thy Oaths and Vows I do believe,
And plainly I thy Love do ſee:
It very much my Heart doth grieve,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſo lament for me.

What tho' my Friends do at thee frown,
And will not yield I ſhall thee love?
Fear not ſince I will be thy own,
And conſtant ever will I prove.

The Lambs ſhall with the Lions play,
And timerous Hares the Hounds purſue,
The Elements ſhall paſs away,
E'er I to thee will prove untrue.

No Snow ſhall lie upon the *Alps*,
Nor Flames break out from *Ætna*'s Hill,
The wild Beaſts ſhall forſake their Walks,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

Therefore, my Dear, let Sorrow ceaſe,
I'm come for to embrace my own.
Which will my former Joys increaſe,
For thee I love, and thee alone.

The Concluſion.

WHEN he had heard her ſweet Reply,
His dying Spirits did revive;
Quoth he, for Love I will not die,
I am the happieſt Man alive.

Bleſt be the Time that my true Love,
Did hither come to chear my Heart:
Her Conſtancy I now do prove,
Nothing but Death ſhall us two part.

Great Joy there was when they did meet,
And loving Compliments did paſs;
And many Times with Kiſſes ſweet,
He did embrace his amorous Laſs.

Let all young Lovers that do hear
This Song, be faithful to their Choice;
Then each one may enjoy his Dear,
Which makes true Lovers much rejoice.

Newcaſtle upon *Tyne*, Printed and Sold by *JOHN WHITE*.

The Colliers Rant.

AS me and my Marrow was ganning to wark;
We met with the Devil it was in the dark;
I up with my pick, it being in the Neit,
I knock'd off his Horns likewiſe his Club feet.

Follow the horſes, Johnny my Lad Oh!
Follow them through my canny Lad Oh!
Follow the hortes, Johnny my Lad Oh!
Oh Lad ly away, canny Lad Oh!

As me and my Marrow was putting the tram,
The low it went out and my marrow went wrang
You would have laugh'd had you ſeen the Gam'
The Deil gat my marraw but I gat the Tram.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh Marrow, Oh Marrow what doſt thou think,
I've broken my bottle and ſpilt a' my drink.
I' loſt a' my ſhin ſplints amang the great ſtanes.
Draw me t' the ſhatt its time to gane hame.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh! marrow Oh! marrow where haſt thou been;
Driving the drift from off the low ſeam,
Driving the drift &c
Had up the low lad, Deil ſtop out thy een.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow this is wor pay week,
We'll get penny loaves and drink to our beek;
And we'll fill up our bumper and round it ſhall go.
Follow the horſes Johnny lad Oh!
Follow the horſes &c.

There is my horſe, and there is my tram;
Twee horns full of greaſe will make her to gang;
There is my hoggars, likewiſe my half ſhoon,
And ſmaſh my heart marrow, my putting's a' done.

Follow the horſes my Johnny Lad Oh!
Follow them through my canny Lad Oh!
Follow the horſe Johnny my Lad Oh!
Oh! lad ly away, canny Lad Oh!

[illegible]nely Dialogue betwixt a young woman and her sweetheart.

To a pleasant new Tune, Alace poor thing.

AS I was walking forth,
I chanced for to see
A young man, and a maid,
but they not knew of me:
She being in the merry vein,
did chick him under the Chin,
And smiling in his face, she cry'd,
Alace poor thing.
She by his love and complements,
did understand and find.
That she might safely let him know,
and understand her mind;
Pretending for to stumble, on
the ground her self did fling,
And said, sweet heart, I fell by chance,
Alace, poor thing.
This young man standing still a while,
even for a little space;
Then finding opportunity,
and a convenient place:
Underneath his Shadow bowers,
closse by a pleasant Spring;
Upon the Maid himself he threw,
Alace Poor thing.
I could not choose but laugh to see
these two so close imploy'd;
This young man was contented,
the maid was overjoy'd:
Expressing of her love to him,
she closse did to him cling;
Then smiling in his face, she said,
Alace, poor thing,
It was not long before this youth
was tyred with that sport;
And laid him down to rest a while,
and drew his breath full short:
She turn'd to him, and kissed him,
and closse to him did cling,
Then smiling in his face, she cry'd,
Alace, poor thing.
She finding him in fainting fitts,
then she began to weep;
And with her hands she rub'd his Joynts
to keep this youth from sleep:
Thy weakneese, said she to him,
doth make my veins to sting,
Come fie for shame; rouse up thy self,
Alace, poos thing.
The Souldier that doth venture,
he venures in the Field;
Altho that first repulse he get,
the day he will not yield;
But cast about, and charge again,
and take the other sling,
I'le do my best to second thee,
Alace, poor thing.

FINIS.

The Colliers Rant.

AS me and my Marrow was ganning to wark;
We met with the Devil it was in the dark;
I up with my pick, it being in the Neit,
I knock'd off his Horns likewiſe his Club feet.

Follow the horſes, Johnny my Lad Oh!
Follow them through my canny Lad Oh!
Follow the horſes, Johnny my Lad Oh!
Oh Lad ly away, canny Lad Oh!

As me and my Marrow was putting the tram,
The low it went out and my marrow went wrang
You would have laugh'd had you ſeen the Gam'
The Deil gat my marraw but I gat the Tram.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh Marrow, Oh Marrow what doſt thou think,
I've broken my bottle and ſpilt a' my drink.
I' loſt a' my ſhin ſplints amang the great ſtanes.
Draw me t' the ſhaft its time to gane hame.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh! marrow Oh! marrow where haſt thou been;
Driving the drift from off the low ſeam,
Driving the drift &c
Had up the low lad, Deil ſtop out thy een.
Follow the Horſes &c.

Oh! marrow, Oh! marrow this is wor pay week,
We'll get penny loaves and drink to our beek;
And we'll fill up our bumper and round it ſhall go.
Follow the horſes Johnny lad Oh!
Follow the horſes &c.

There is my horſe, and there is my tram;
Twee horns full of greaſe will make her to gang;
There is my hoggars, likewiſe my half ſhoon,
And ſmaſh my heart marrow, my putting's a' done.

Follow the horſes my Johnny Lad Oh!
Follow them through my canny Lad Oh!
Follow the horſe Johnny my Lad Oh!
Oh! lad ly away, canny Lad Oh!

A homely Dialogue betwixt a young woman and her ſweetheart.

To a pleaſant new Tune,
Alace poor thing.

AS I was walking forth,
I chanced for to ſee
A young man, and a maid,
but they not knew of me:
She being in the merry vein,
did chick him under the Chin,
And ſmiling in his face, ſhe cry'd,
Alace poor thing.
She by his love and complements,
did underſtand and find.
That ſhe might ſafely let him know,
and underſtand her mind;
Pretending for to ſtumble, on
the ground her ſelf did fling,
And ſaid, ſweet heart, I fell by chance,
Alace, poor thing.
This young man ſtanding ſtill a while,
ev'n for a little ſpace;
Then finding opportunity,
and a convenient place:
Underneath his Shadow bowers,
cloſſe by a pleaſant Spring;
Upon the Maid himſelf he threw,
Alace Poor thing.
I could not chooſe but laugh to ſee
theſe two ſo cloſe imploy'd;
This young man was contented,
the maid was overjoy'd:
Expreſſing of her love to him,
ſhe cloſſe did to him cling;
Then ſmiling in his face, ſhe ſaid,
Alace, poor thing,
It was not long before this youth
was tyred with that ſport;
And laid him down to reſt a while,
and drew his breath full ſhort:
She turn'd to him, and kiſſed him,
and cloſſe to him did cling,
Then ſmiling in his face, ſhe cry'd,
Alace, poor thing.
She finding him in fainting fitts,
then ſhe began to weep;
And with her hands ſhe rub'd his Joynts
to keep this youth from ſleep:
Thy weakneſſe, ſaid ſhe to him,
doth make my veins to ſting,
Come fie for ſhame, rouſe up thy ſelf,
Alace, poor thing.
The Souldier that doth venture,
he ventures in the Field;
Altho that firſt repulſe he get,
the day he will not yield;
But caſt about, and charge again,
and take the other fling,
I'le do my beſt to ſecond thee,
Alace, poor thing.

FINIS.

True Love rewarded with Loyalty;

OR,

Mirth and Joy after Sorrow and Sadneſs.

This young Man did walk in penſive Manner,
Being a Soldier under Cupid's *Banner;*
In loving Terms he did expreſs his Mind,
Still fearing that his Love would prove unkind:
But ſhe to eaſe him from all future Pain,
Did chear his Heart, and grant him Love again.

To a new Weſt-country Tune, called, *O hark my Love*; *or*, Flora *Farewel.*

AS I walk'd forth to take the Air,
One Morning muſing all alone;
I heard a young Man full of Care,
Thus to himſelf did make great Moan.

My deareſt Dear and I muſt parr,
So ſad and heavy is my Heart,
It doth increaſe my Miſery,
My Love that I muſt part from thee.

But no Leave of my Love I'll take,
I will now wander for her Sake;
And like *Leander* I will prove
So true and conſtant to my Love.

For doſt thou think I'll vow and ſwear,
And not my Promiſe quite fulfil;
Then deal with me as I deſerve,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

My Lands and Livings are but ſmall,
For to maintain my Love withal:
But with my Labour and my Pain,
My deareſt Dear I will maintain.

Thy Friends do owe to me a Grudge,
Becauſe to thee I bear Goodwill:
But ſtand thou up in my Defence,
And I will be thy true Love ſtill.

If I had Gold and Silver ſtore,
As much as ever *Cræſus* won,
'Twere all too little for my Love,
Conſidering what for me ſhe's done.

Now Hand in Hand with thee I'll go,
Thro' Mirth and Melody, and Wo,
Nay, thro' the World I'll go with thee,
Whate'er betides to my Body.

The pale fac'd Moon ſhall loſe her Light,
The glorious Sun ſhall darken'd be,
And Stars ſhall from the Heaven fall,
My Love, e'er I prove falſe to thee.

There ſhall no Graſs grow on the Plain,
Nor Bloſſom bud upon the Tree:
All Fruit ſhall have a deadly Wound,
My Love, e'er I prove falſe to thee.

The ſwifteſt River ſhall run back,
The Wind ſhall drive the Water-mill;
And the brighteſt Day ſhall turn to black,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

Thus he did languiſh and complain.
And ſore he was oppreſt with Grief:
At laſt his Love did hear his Moan,
And ſtraight ſhe came to his Relief.

The Maid's Anſwer.

MY Deareſt why doſt thou complain,
And grieve my Heart, ſince I am true.
Fear not that I will thee diſdain,
I'll never change thee for a new.

Thou ſhalt not part from me, my Dear,
Nor wander in an unknown Land,
A Part of all thy Grief I'll bear,
And always be at thy Command.

As true as ever *Hero* was,
To his *Leander* I will prove:
Were it to croſs the *Helleſpont*,
I would not fear to find my Love.

Thy Oaths and Vows I do believe,
And plainly I thy Love do ſee:
It very much my Heart doth grieve,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſo lament for me.

What tho' my Friends do at thee frown,
And will not yield I ſhall thee love?
Fear not ſince I will be thy own,
And conſtant ever will I prove.

The Lambs ſhall with the Lions play,
And timerous Hares the Hounds purſue,
The Elements ſhall paſs away,
E'er I to thee will prove untrue.

No Snow ſhall lie upon the *Alps*,
Nor Flames break out from *Ætna*'s Hill,
The wild Beaſts ſhall forſake their Walks,
If I be not thy true Love ſtill.

Therefore, my Dear, let Sorrow ceaſe,
I'm come for to embrace my own.
Which will my former Joys increaſe,
For thee I love, and thee alone.

The Concluſion.

WHEN he had heard her ſweet Reply,
His dying Spirits did revive;
Quoth he, for Love I will not die,
I am the happieſt Man alive.

Bleſt be the Time that my true Love,
Did hither come to chear my Heart:
Her Conſtancy I now do prove,
Nothing but Death ſhall us two part.

Great Joy there was when they did meet,
And loving Compliments did paſs;
And many Times with Kiſſes ſweet,
He did embrace his amorous Laſs.

Let all young Lovers that do hear
This Song, be faithful to their Choice;
Then each one may enjoy his Dear,
Which makes true Lovers much rejoice.

Newcaſtle upon *Tyne*, Printed and Sold by *JOHN WHITE*.

The young-mans Reſolution

To the

MAIDENS REQUEST.

Being a Witty Dialogue, betwixt a

YOUNG MAN And a MAID.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Wherein ſhe asked him when he intends to marry,
And he reſolves her how long he will tarry.

To the Tune of, *In Summer time.*

AS I was walking under a Grove,
within my ſelf as I ſuppoſed;
My mind did oftentimes remove,
and by no means could be diſcloſed.
At length by chance a friend I met,
which cauſed me long time for to tarry,
And then of me ſhe did entreat,
to tell her when I meant to marry.

Sweet heart, quoth I, if you would know,
then mark theſe words, and I'le reveal it;
Since in your mind you bear it ſo,
and in your heart you do conceal it;
She promiſed me for to make no words,
but of ſuch things I would be warry,
And thus in brief I did begin
to tell her when I meant to marry.

When ſhrove-tide falls on Eaſter week,
and Chriſtmaſs in the midſt of July,
And Lawyers for no Fees will plead,
and Taylors they live juſt and truly;
When all deceits are quite put down
and truth by all men is preferred,
And Indigo dyes red and brown,
O then my Love and I le be married.

When Saffron grows on every tree,
and every ſtream flows Milk and Honey,
And Sugar grows on Carret fields,
and Uſurers refuſe good Money:
When Countrey-men for Judges fit,
and Lambmaſs falls on February,
And Millers they their Toll forgets,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When Hoſteſſes do reckon true,
and *Dutch-men* leave off drinking Brandy;
When Cats do bark, and Dogs do mew,
and Brimſtone is took for Suggar-candie.
Or when that *Whitſuntide* doth fall
within the Month of *January*,
And Coblers work without an Awle,
O then my Love and I will marry.

When Women knows not how to ſcold,
and Maids of ſweet-hearts ne're are thinking:
When Men i'the fire complains of cold,
and Ships on *Salisbury-plain* fear ſinking;
When Horſe-courſers turn honeſt Men,
and *London* into *York* is carried,
Or when you out of One can take Ten,
it's then my Love and I'le be married.

When Candleſticks do ſerve for Bells,
and Frying-pans are uſ'd for Ladles;
Or when in the Sea they dig for Wells,
and Porrage Pots they make for Cradles:
When Maids forget to go a Maying,
and a Man on his back an Ox can carry;
Or when the Mice with the Cat be playing,
'tis then my Love and I'le be married.

Good Sir, ſince you have told me when;
you are reſolved for to marry;
I wiſh with all my heart till then
that for a Wife you ſtill may tarry:
For if all young men were of your mind,
and Maids no better were preferred;
I think it would be when the Devil's blind,
that we and our Lovers ſhould be married.

FINIS.

The ſecond Part to the ſame Tune.

WHen Men and Beaſts in Ocean flowe,
& Fiſhes in green fields are feeding:
When Muſcle ſhells in the ſtreets do grow,
and Swans upon dry Rocks are breeding;
When Cockle ſhells are Diamond Rings,
and Glaſs to Pearl may be compared,
And Gold is made of the gray Gooſe wings;
O then my Love and I'le be married.

When Summer doth not dry up mire,
and men on earth do leave to flatter;
When Bakers they do uſe no fire,
and Brewers they do uſe no water:
When mountains are by men removed,
and *England* into *France* is carried,
And all Maids prove true to their Lovers,
O then my Love and I'le be married.

(156)

The LOYAL

BRITISH

Fighting in

FLANDERS:

Or, A New SONG, made by a Protestant Centinel of the *British* Forces.

To an excellent new Tune much in Request.

AS I was at a merry Meeting,
being in a merry vein;
Where I heard a Souldier singing,
true blue will never stain.

I have been in *France* and *Flanders*,
where I've seen great numbers slain;
Colonels, Captains, chief Commanders,
true blue will never stain.

Last Summer it was dirty weather,
we march'd through Corn with all our train,
We march'd, and fought two days together,
true blue will never stain.

We at *Walcot* had a Battel,
for five hours it did remain;
The *British* made their Guns to rattle,
true blew will never stain.

Little else but Smoak and Fire,
cou'd we see all round the Plain;
Yet we made the *French* retire,
true blue will never stain.

At *Charleroy* our Cannons roar'd,
and our Bullets flew amain:
We laid the *French-men* in their gore,
true blue will never stain.

Not a Souldier feared dying,
though some thousands there lay slain,
Shot as thick as Hail was flying,
true blue will never stain.

At length some of our men was wounded,
ay, and other some was slain:
This at all we never valu'd,
true blue will never stain.

Under the Surgeons hand we tarry'd,
till our wounds was heal'd again:
Brave *British* hearts were carry'd,
true blue will never stain,

My Captain was a Prisoner taken,
and our Lieutenant Colonel slain,
Yet we'd ne'r fight against our Conscience
true blue will never stain.

He that strikes, he may be stricken,
He that fights he may be slain:
He that's beaten, is not eaten,
true blue will never stain.

While we in a Land of Strangers,
did in Camp of Field remain;
We were still beset with dangers,
true blue will never stain.

'Tis the wars that we delight in,
and a Cowards name disdain;
British Boys the best for fighting,
true blue will never stain.

Let not one despise a Souldier,
for he does our Rights maintain,
Proving still the Lands upholder,
true blue will never stain.

Thus we've been all *Europe* over,
Britains honour to maintain,
And now we're set ashore at *Dover*,
true blue will never stain.

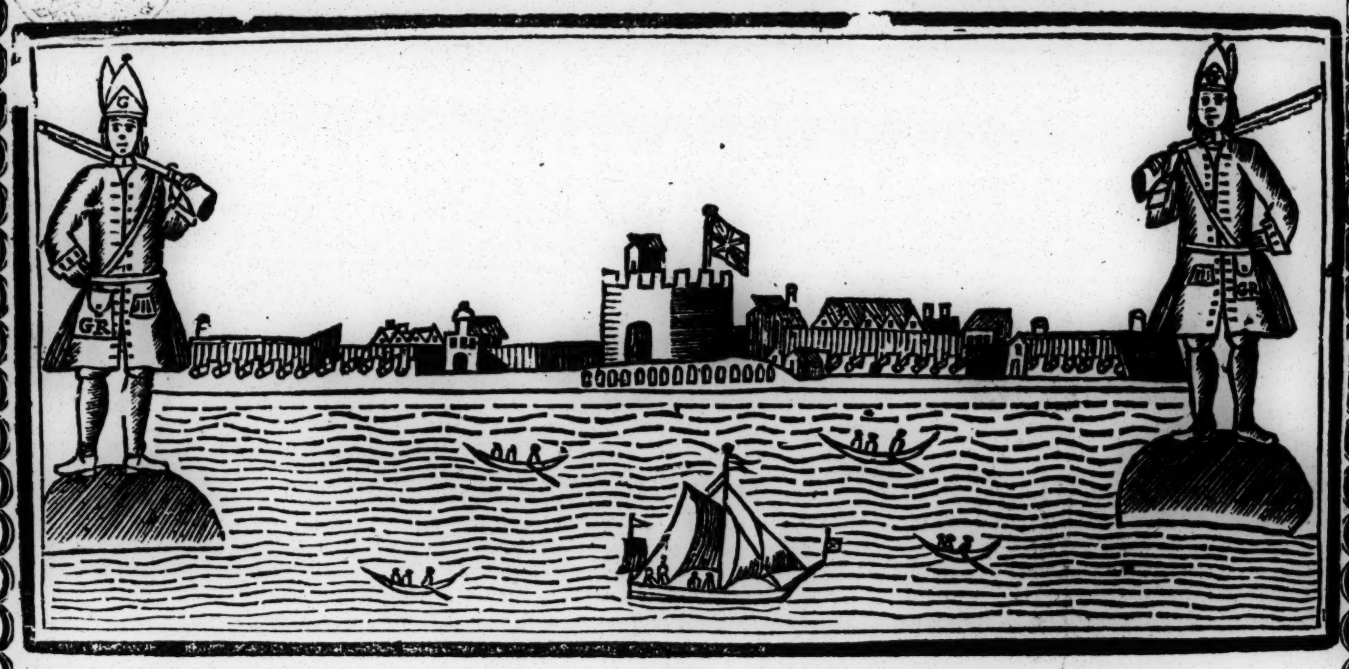
For King *William* and Queen *Mary*,
If need be, we'l fight again:
The mean while Boys, let's be merry,
true blue will never stain.

FINIS.

King *Henry* V. his Conqueſt of *France*,

In Revenge for the Affront offered by the *French* King;

In ſending Him (inſtead of the Tribute) a Ton of TENNIS-BALLS.



AS our King lay muſing on his bed,
He bethought himſelf upon a time,
Of a tribute that was due from France,
Had not been paid for ſo long a time.
Fal, lal, &c.

He called for his lovely page,
His lovely page then called he;
Saying, You muſt go to the King of France,
To the King of France, ſir, ride ſpeedily.

O then went away this lovely page,
This lovely page then away went he;
Low he came to the King of France,
And when fell down on his bended knee.

My maſter greets you, worthy ſir,
Ten ton of Gold that is due to he,
That you will ſend him his tribute home,
Or in French land you ſoon will him ſee.
Fal, lal, &e.

Your maſter's young and of tender years,
Not fit to come into my degree:
And I will ſend him three Tennis-Balls,
That with them he may learn to play.

O then returned this lovely page,
This lovely page then returned he,
And when he came to our gracious King,
Low he fell down on his bended knee.

What is the news you have brought to me
I have brought ſuch news from the King of
France,
That he and you will ne'er agree.

He ſays, You're young and of tender years,
Not fit to come into his degree;
And he will ſend you three Tennis-Balls,
That with them you may learn to play.

Recruit me Cheſhire and Lancaſhire,
And Derby Hills that are ſo free:
No marry'd man or widow's ſon,
For no widow's curſe ſhall go with me.

They recruited Cheſhire and Lancaſhire,
And Derby Hills that are ſo free:
No marry'd man, nor no widow's ſon,
Yet there was a jovial bold company.

O then we march'd into the French land,
With drums and trumpets ſo merrily;
And then beſpoke the King of France,
Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

The firſt ſhot that the Frenchmen gave,
They kill'd our Engliſhmen ſo free.
We kill'd ten thouſand of the French,
And the reſt of them they run away.

And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets ſo merrily,
O then beſpoke the King of France,
The Lord have mercy on my men and me

O I will ſend him his tribute home,
Ten ton of Gold that is due to he,
And the fineſt flower that is in all France,
To the Roſe of England I will give free.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard,
Bow Lane, London. ſt

A Pleaſant New BALLAD to ſing Ev'ning and Morn, Of the Bloody Murder of Sir JOHN BARLEY CORN.

To the Tune of, *Shall I lye beyond thee.*

AS I went through the *North* Country,
I heard a Merry meeting,
A pleaſant Toy, and full of Joy,
Two Noble Men were greeting.

And as they walked forth to Sport,
Upon a Summer's Day;
They met another Noble Man,
With whom they had a Fray.

His Name was Sir *John Barley-Corn*,
He dwelt down in a Vale,
And had a Kinſman dwelt with him,
They call'd him *Thomas Good-Ale*.

The one named Sir *Richard Beer*,
Was ready at that Time,
And likewiſe came a buſy Peer,
Call'd Sir *William White-Wine*.

Some of them fought in a Black-Jack,
Some of them in a Can;
But yet the Chiefeſt in a Black-Pot,
Fought like a Noble Man.

Sir *Barley-Corn* fought in a Bowl,
Who won the Victory;
Which made them all to Chafe and Swear,
That *Barley-Corn* muſt die.

Some ſaid kill him, ſome ſaid him drown,
Some wiſh'd to hang him high;
For thoſe that follow *Barley-Corn*,
They ſaid would Beggars die.

Then with a Plow they plow'd him up,
And thus they did deviſe,
To bury him within the Earth,
And ſwore he ſhould not riſe.

With Harrows long they came to him,
And burſt Clods on his Head;
A joyful Banquet then was made,
When *Barley-Corn* was dead.

He reſted ſtill within the Earth,
'Till Rain from Sky did fall;
Then he grew up on Branches green,
Which ſore amaz'd them all.

Increaſing thus 'till Midſummer,
He made them all afraid;
For he ſprung up on high,
And had a goodly Beard.

When ripening at St. *James*'s Tide,
His Countenance waxed wan,
Yet now full grown in Part of Strength,
And thus became a Man.

Wherefore with Hooks and Sickles keen,
Unto the Field they hy'd,
They cut his Legs off by the Knees,
And Limb from Limb divide.

Then bloodily they cut him down,
From Place where he did ſtand,
And like a Thief for Treachery,
They bound him in a Band.

So then they took him up again,
According to his kind,
And plac'd him up in ſeveral Stacks,
To wither with the Wind.

Then with a Pitchfork ſharp and long,
They rent him to the Heart,
And Traytor like, for Treaſon vile,
They bound him in a Cart.

And tending him with Weapons ſtrong,
Unto the Town they hye,
Whereas they mow'd him in a Mow,
And ſo they let him lie.

They left him groaning by the Walls,
'Till all his Bones were ſore,
And having took him up again,
They caſt him on the Floor.

And hired two with Holly Clubs
To beat on him at once;
Who thwack'd ſo hard on *Barley-Corn*,
The Fleſh fell from his Bones.

Then after took him up again,
To pleaſe ſome Women's Mind;
Yea, duſted, fann'd, and ſifted him,
'Till he was almoſt blind.

Full faſt they knit him in a Sack,
Which griev'd him very ſore,
And ſoundly ſteep'd him in a Fat,
For three Days ſpace and more.

From whence again they took him out,
And laid him forth to dry;
Then caſt him on the Chamber-Floor,
And ſwore that he ſhould die.

They rub'd and ſtir'd him up and down,
And oft did toil and ture,
The Malt-man likewiſe vows his Death,
His Body ſhould be ſure.

They pull'd and haul'd him up in Spight,
And threw him on a Kiln,
Yea, dry'd him o'er a Fire hot,
The more to work their Will.

Then to the Mill they forc'd him ſtraight,
Whereas they bruis'd his Bones,
The Miller ſwore to Murder him
Betwixt a Pair of Stones.

The laſt Time they took him up,
They ſerv'd him worſe than that,
For with hot ſcalding Liquor ſtore,
They waſh'd him in a Fat.

But not content with this, I wot,
They wrought him ſo much Harm,
With cruel threat they promiſe next,
To beat him to a Barm.

And lying in this Danger deep,
For fear that he ſhould Quarrel,
They heav'd him ſtraight out of the Fat,
And turn'd him into the Barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a Tap,
So thus his Death began,
And drew out every Drop of Blood,
While any Drop would run.

Some brought in Jacks upon their Backs,
Some brought in Bowls and Pails;
Yea, every Man ſome Weapon had,
Poor *Barley-Corn* to kill.

When Sir *John Good-Ale* heard of this,
He came with mickle might,
And took by Strength their Tongues away,
Their Legs, and eke their Sight.

Sir *John* at laſt in this reſpect,
So paid them all their hire,
That ſome lay bleeding by the Walls,
Some tumbling in the Mire.

Some lay groaning by the Walls,
Some fell i'th' Street down right;
The wiſeſt of them ſcarcely knew
What he had done o'er Night.

All you good Wives that brew good Ale,
Heav'n keep you from Sin,
But if you put too much Water in,
The De'il put out your Eyne.

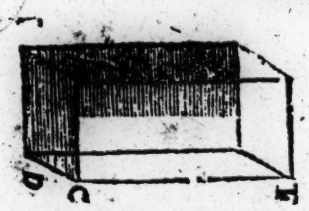
The End of the Firſt PART.

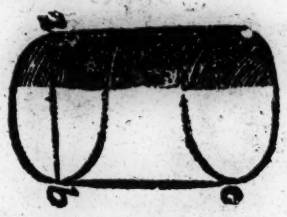
A Pleaſant Old BALLAD to look upon, How Maſter *Malt* deals with every Man.

MASTER *Malt* is a Gentleman,
And hath been ſince the World began,
I never in my Life knew any Man,
Could match with Maſter *Malt*, Sir.
I never knew any match *Malt* but once,
The Miller with his grinding Stones,
He pull'd his Fleſh from off his Bones,
You never ſaw the like, Sir.
Malt, *Malt*, thou art a Flower,
Beloved right well in ev'ry Bower,
Thou canſt not be miſſing one half Hour,
You never, &c.
For laying of the Stones ſo cloſe,
Malt gave the Miller ſuch a Copper-Noſe,
Saying, *Thou and I will never be Foes,*
But unto thee I'll ſtick, Sir.
Malt gave the Miller ſuch a blow,
That from his Horſe he fell full low,
He taught his Maſter *Malt* to know,
You never, &c.
Our Hoſteſs's Maid was much to blame,
To ſteal *Malt* away from her Dame,
And in her Belly hide the ſame,
You never, &c.
That when the *Malt* did work in her Head,
Twice in a Day ſhe would be ſped,
At Night ſhe could not get to Bed,
Nor ſcarce ſtand on her Feet, Sir.
Then came in Maſter Smith,
And ſaid, *That* Malt *he was a Thief*;
But *Malt* gave him ſuch a Daſh i'th' Teeth,
You never, &c.
For when his Iron was hot and red,
He had ſuch an Ach all in his Head,
His boon Comrades got him to Bed,
For he was very Sick, Sir.
The Carpenter came a Piece to Square.
And bid *Malt* come if he dare,
He'd thwack his Sides and Belly bare,
And him full ſoundly beat, Sir.
To the Fire he went well warm'd with Chips
Malt bit him right betwixt the Lips,
And made him Lame on both his Hips,
You never, &c.
The Shoemaker ſitting on his Seat,
At Maſter *Malt* began to fret,
He ſaid he would the Knave ſo beat,
With his ſharp Spaniſh Knife, Sir.
But *Malt* came peeping through the Hall,
And did his Brains ſo fiercely maul,
He turned round and caught a Fall,
You never, &c.
The Weaver ſitting at the Loom,
He threatned *Malt* a cruel doom,
And made him to repulſe the Room,
Or throw him in a Dike, Sir.
Whereat a Court ſome Weaver's kept,
And to their Hoſteſs boldly ſtept,
'Till charg'd with double Pots they ſlept,
You never, &c.
The Tinker took the Weaver's Part,
Such furious Rage poſſeſt his Heart,
He took the Pot and drank a Quart,
His Wits were very Ripe, Sir.
For *Malt* the Upper-hand ſo got,
He knew not how
But Part without the Reckoning Pot,
And found his Stomach ſick, Sir.
The Taylor came to grind his Shears,
And ſhews to *Malt* what Spleen he bears,
But ſoon they fell together by the Ears,
And ſore each other ſtruck, Sir.
And when his Preſſing Iron was hot,
He preſſed the Board inſtead of a Coat,
And ſailed Home in a Feather-bed Boat,
You never, &c.
The Tinker walking round the Pan,
But *Malt* much fear'd his Beer-mouth'd Can,
Though he had conquer'd many a Man,
And laid him in the Dyke, Sir.
Yet was the Tinker gladly fain,
With *Malt* to have a Bout or twain,
'Till he again was ſhot 'th' Brain,
You never, &c.
Then beſpake the Tinker anon,
And ſaid, *He'd prove himſelf a Man,*
And laid at *Malt* 'till his Legs were gone,
You never, &c.
The Sailor he did Curſe and Ban,
He bid the Boy go tap the Can,
I'll have a bout with *Malt* anon,
You never, &c.
Aboard they went to try the Match,
And long they play'd at hope and catch,
'Till *Malt* beſtow'd him under a Hatch,
You never, &c.
Then came a Chapman travelling by,
With cheapning long his Throat was dry,
And at Maſter *Malt* did fly,
And furiouſly him ſtruck, Sir.
'Till having laid at *Malt* apace,
Great ſtore of Blood was in his Face,
And he was found in ſuch a Caſe,
You never, &c.
The Maſon came an Oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his Part did take,
They bound him to the Good-Ale Stake,
You never, &c.
Then *Malt* began to tell his Mind,
And ply'd them with Beer, Ale, and Wine,
They left Brick-Ax, Trowel, behind,
They could not lay a Brick, Sir.
Then came the Labourer in his Hood,
And ſaw his two Maſters how they ſtood,
He took his Maſter *Malt* by the Hood,
And ſwore he would him ſtrike, Sir.
Malt he ran, and for fear did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leap,
But *Malt* made him into the Morter to leap,
And there he fell a ſleep, Sir,
The Glover came to buy a Skin,
Malt hit him right above the Chin;
Then Porter *John* came tumbling in,
You never, &c.
And laid on Heads, and Arms, and Joints,
Took away Gloves, and Groſs of Points,
And ſwore they'd pay him in Quarts and Pints,
You never, &c.
Thus of my Song I'll make an End,
And pray my Hoſt to be my Friend,
To give me ſome Drink, or Money to ſpend,
Sir.

A TURN-COAT of the TIMES.

Who doth by Experience, profeſs and protect;
That of all profeſſions a Turn-coat's the beſt.
To a pleaſant *Tune* much in requeſt.





AS I was a walking through,
Hide-Park, as I us'd to do,
Some two or three Months ago,
I laid me all along,
Without any Fear or Wrong,
And liſned unto a Song:
It came from a powder'd Thing,
As fine as a Lord or a King,
He knew not that I
Was got ſo nigh,
And thus began to ſing.

I am a turn coat Knave,
Although I do bear it brave,
And do not ſhew all I have:
I can with Tongue and Pen,
Court every ſort of Men,
And kill 'em faſt again:
With Zealots I can pray,
With Cavileers I can play,
With Shop-keepers I
Can Cog and lye,
And Cozen as faſt as they.

When firſt the Wars began,
And Prentices lead the Van,
'Twas I that did ſet them on:
When they cry'd Biſhops down
In Country, Court or Town,
Quoth I and have at the Crown.
The Covenant I did take,
For forms and faſhions ſake:
But when it would not
Support my Plot,
'Twas like an old Almanack.

When Independency
Had ſuperiority,
I was of the ſame degree:
When keepers did command;
I then had a Holy Land,
In Deans and in Chapters Land,
But when I began to ſpy
Protectorſhip ſo nigh,
And keepers were,
Thrown o're the Bar,
Old *Oliver* then cry'd I.

4°. C. 28. 1091.

When Sectories got the Day,
I uſed my Yea and Nay,
To flatter them and betray,
In Parliament I got,
And there a Member ſat
To tumble down Church and State,
For I was a truſty Trout,
In all that I went about,
And there we did Vow,
To ſit till now,
But Oliver turn'd us out.

We triumph'd like the Turk,
We cripled the ſcottiſh kirk,
That ſets us firſt to work:
When Cromwel did but frown,
They yielded every Town,
St. Andrews Croſs went down:
But when old Nol did die,
And Richard his Son put by,
I knew not how
To guide my Plough,
Where now ſhall I be? thought I.

We put down the Houſe of Peers,
We killed the Cavileers,
And tipled the Widows Tears:
We ſequeſtred Mens Eſtates,
And made 'em pay Monthly rates,
To Trumpeters and their Mates;
Rebellion we did Print,
And alter'd all the Mint,
No Knavery then
Was done by Men,
But I had a Finger in't.

I muſt confeſs the Rump,
Did put me in a Dump,
I knew not what would be a trump
When *Dick* had loſt the Day,
My gaming was at a ſtay,
I could not tell what to play;
When Monk was upon that ſcore,
I though *I* would play on more,
I did not think what
He would be at,
I ne'er was ſo mumpt before.

When Charles was put to flight,
Then I was at Worſter fight,
And got a good booty by't,
At that moſt fatal fall,
I kill'd and plunder'd all,
The weakeſt went to the Wall,
Whilſt my merry Men fell on,
To pilfaging I was gone
There is manr thought I,
Dill come by and by,
And why ſhould not I be one.

But now *I* am at Court,
With Men of better ſort,
To purchaſe a good report;
I have the Eyes and Ears
Of many brave noble Peers,
And fright the Covileers.
Poor Knaves they know not how;
To flatter cringe and bow.
For he that is wiſe
And means to riſe,
He muſt be a turn-coat too

Pleaſant New Ballad to ſing Evening and Morning, of the Cruel Murther of Sir JOHN BARLEY-CORN

To the Tune of, Shall I lye beyond thee, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

AS I went through the North Country,
I heard a merry meeting,
A pleaſant toy, and full of joy,
two Noble-Men were greeting:

And as they walked forth to ſport,
upon a Summer's day:
They met another Nobleman,
with whom they had a fray.

His name was Sir *John Barley-corn*,
he dwelt down in a vale;
And had a Kinſman dwelt with him,
they call'd him *Thomas Good-ale*.

The one named Sir *Richard Beer*,
was ready at that time,
And likewiſe came a buſie Peer,
call'd Sir *William White-wine*.

Some of them fought in a black jack,
ſome of them in a can;
But yet the chiefeſt in a black pot,
fought like a Nobleman.

Sir *Barley-corn* fought in a bowl,
who won the Victory;
Which made them all to chaſe and ſwear,
that *Barley-corn* muſt dye.

Some ſaid, kill him, ſome ſaid him drown,
ſome wiſht to hang him high,
For thoſe that fallowed *Barley-corn*,
they ſaid would Beggars dye.

Then with a plow they plow'd him up,
and thus they did deviſe,
To bury him within the earth,
and ſwore he ſhould not riſe.

With harrows ſtrong they came to him,
and burſt clods on his head;
A joyful banquet then was made,
when *Barley-corn* was dead.

He reſted ſtill upon the earth,
till rain from ſky did fall;
Then he grew up on branches green,
which ſore amaz'd them all.

Increaſing thus till Midſummer,
he made them all afraid;
For he ſprung up on high,
and had a goodly beard.

When ripening at St. *James*'s Tide,
his countenance waxed wan,
Yet now full grown in part of ſtrength,
and thus became a Man.

Wherefore with hooks and ſickles keen,
unto the field they hy'd,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and limb from limb divide.

Then bloody they cut him down,
from place were he did ſtand,
And like a Thief for treachery
they bound him in a band.

So then they took him up again,
according to his kind,
And plac'd him up in ſeveral ſtacks,
to wither with the wind.

Then with a pitchfork ſharp and long
they rent him to the heart,
And Traytor-like for treaſon vile,
they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons ſtrong,
unto the town they hye,
Whereas they mow'd him in a mow,
and ſo they let him lye.

They left him groaning by the walls,
till all his bones was ſore,
And having took him up again
they caſt him on the floor.

And hired two with holly clubs
to beat at him at once;
Who thwackt ſo hard on *Barley-corn*,
the fleſh fell from his bones.

Then after took him up again,
to pleaſe ſome Womens mind,
Yea, duſted, fann'd, and ſifted him,
till he was almoſt blind.

Full faſt they knit him in a ſack,
which griev'd him very ſore,
And ſoundly ſteept him in a fat,
for three days ſpace and more.

From whence again they took him out,
and laid him forth to dry;
Then caſt him on the chamber-floor,
and ſwore that he ſhould dye.

They rub'd and ſtur'd him up and down,
and oft did toyl and ture,
The Malt-man likewiſe vows his death,
his body ſhould be ſure.

They pull'd and hal'd him up in ſpight,
and threw him on a kill,
Yea, dry'd him o're a fire hot,
the more to work their will.

Then to the mill they forc'd him ſtrait,
whereas they bruis'd his bones,
The Miller ſwore to murder him
betwixt a pair of ſtones.

The laſt time they took him up,
they ſerv'd him worſt then that,
For with hot ſcolding liquor ſtore
they waſht him in a fat.

But not conteut with this, God wot,
they wrought him ſo much harm,
With cruel threat they promiſe next,
to beat him into a balm.

And lying in this danger deep,
for fear that he ſhould quarrel,
They heav'd him ſtraight out of the fat,
and turn'd into the barrel.

They goar'd and broach'd it with a tap,
ſo thus his death began,
And drew out every drop of blood,
while any drop would run.

Some brought in jacks upon there backs,
ſome brought in bowls and pail,
Yea, every Man ſome weapon had,
poor *Barley-corn* to kill.

When Sir *John Good-ale* heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And took by ſtrength their tongues away,
their legs, and eke their ſight.

Sir *John* at laſt in this reſpect,
ſo paid them all their hire,
That ſome lay bleeding by the walls,
ſome tumbling in the mire;

Some lay groaning by the walls,
ſome fell i'th' ſtreet down right,
The wiſeſt of them ſcarcely knew
what he had done o're night.

All you good Wives that brew good ale,
God keep you from all teen,
But if you put too much water in,
the Devil put out your eyne.

Printed by and for [illegible]. and ſold by A. Bettiſworth, at the Red Lion on London-bridge.

A pleasant new Ballad to look upon, How *Malt* Deals with every Man.

MR. *Malt* is a Gentleman,
And hath been since the World began,
I never in my life knew any
could match with Malt, &c.
I never knew any match *Malt*
The Miller with his grinding-stone,
He pull'd his flesh from off his bones,
you never saw the like, Sir.

Malt, *Malt*, thou art a flower,
Beloved right well in ev'ry bower,
Thou can'st not be missing one half hour,
you never, &c.

For laying of the stones so close,
Malt gave the Miller such a copper-nose,
Saying, *Thou and I will never be Foes,*
but unto thee i'll stick, Sir.

Malt gave thee Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught his Master *Malt* to know,
you never, &c.

Our Hostis's Maid was much to blame,
To steal *Malt* away from her Dame,
And in her belly hide the same,
you never, &c.

That when *Malt* did work in her head,
Twice in a day she would be sped,
At night she could not get to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet, Sir.

Then came in Master Smith,
And said, *That* Malt *he was a Thief*;
But *Malt* gave him such a dash a'th' teeth,
you never, &c.

For when his iron was hot and red,
He had such an ach all in his head,
His boon Comrades got him to bed,
for he was very sick, Sir.

The Carpenter came a piece to square,
And bid *Malt* come if he dare,
He'd thwack his sides and belly bare,
and him full soundly beat, Sir.

To the fire he went well warm'd with chips,
Malt bit him right betwixt the lips,
And made him lame on both his hipps,
you never, &c.

The Shoemaker sitting on his seat
At Master *Malt* began to fret,
He said he would the Knave so beat,
with his sharp Spanish knife, Sir.

But *Malt* came peeping through the hall,
And did his brains so mercely maul,
He turned round and caught a fall,
you never, &c.

The Weaver sitting in the loom,
He threatned *Malt* a cruel doom,
And make him to repulse the room,
or throw him in a dike, Sir.

Whereat a Court some Weavers kept,
And to their Host is boldly stept,
Till charg'd with double pots they slept,
you never, &c.

The Tinker took the Weaver's part,
Such furious rage possest his heart,
He took the pot and drank a quart.
his wits were very ripe, Sir.

For *Malt* the upper-hand so got,
He knew not how to pay the shot,
But part without the reckoning-pot,
and found his Stomack sick, Sir.

The Taylor came to grind his sheers,
And shews to *Malt* what spleen he bears,
But soon they fell together by the ears,
and sore each other struck, Sir.

And when his pressing iron was hot,
He pressed the board instead of a coat,
And sailed home in a feather-bed boat,
you never, &c.

The Tinker walking round the pan,
But *Malt* much fear'd his beer-mouth'd can,
Though he had conquer'd many a Men,
and laid him in the dike, Sir.

Yet was the Tinker gladly fain,
With *Malt* to have about or twain,
Till he again was shot i'th' brain,
you never, &c.

Then bespake the Tinker anon,
And said he'd prove himself a Man,
And laid at *Malt* till his legs were gone,
you never, &c.

The Saylor he did course and band,
He bid the Boy go tap the can,
I'll have about with *Malt* anon,
you never, &c.

Aboard they went to try the match,
And long they play'd at hope and catch,
Till *Malt* bestow'd him under a hatch
you never, &c.

Then came a Chapman travelling by,
With cheapning long his throat was dry,
And at Master *Malt* did flye,
and furiously him struck, Sir.

Till having laid at *Malt* apace,
Great store of blood was in his face
And he was found in such a case,
you never, &c.

The Mason came an oven to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound him to the good ale stake,
you never, &c.

Then *Malt* began to tell his mind,
And ply'd them with beer, ale, and wine,
They left the brick-axe, trowel behind,
they could not lay a brick, Sir.

Then came the Labour in his hood,
And saw his two Masters how they stood
He took his Master *Malt* by the hood,
and swore he would him strike, Sir.

Malt he ran, and for fear did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leap,
But *Malt* made him into the morter to leap,
and there he fell asleep, Sir.

The Glover came to buy a skin,
Malt bit him right above the chin;
Then Powter *John* came tumbling in,
you never, &c.

And laid on heads, and arms, and joynts,
Took away gloves, and gross of points,
And swore they'd pay him in quarts and pints
you never, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
And pray my Host to be my Friend,
To give me some drink or money to spend,
for Malt *and I am quiet, Sir.*

Thro' the Wood Laddy.

To a New Scots Tune.

AS Phillis and Thisbe did walk hand in hand,
O they ſpy'd a ſhepherd, (O they ſpy'd a ſhepherd,

As Phillis and Thisbe did walk hand in hand,
O they ſpy'd a ſhepherd that was at a ſtand.

So if for to venture he had been afraid,
As ſweet was the ſplendor (ſo, &c.) their beauty diſplay'd.

Said Phillis unto him, Where do you reſort,
Or where do you wander, (or, &c.) or where do you ſport.

He modeſtly anſwered if you would know,
My name is Philorum (my, &c.) I thro' the woods go.

Can't you the ſweet Grove and the foreſt forſake,
And leave off to wander (and &c.) for Phillis's ſake.

Should I the ſweet Grove and the foreſt give o'er,
And leave off to wander (and, &c.) it is thee I adore.

Juſt as they were talking, a Boy I eſpy'd,
With a bow and a quiver (with, &c.) faſt ty'd to his ſide.

Said the boy to the ſhepherd to thee I am ſent,
From Venus my mother, (from, &c.) thy mind to content.

The bow it was bent with a thundering dart,
The ſhepherd was wounded (&c.) quite throrough the heart.

The blind boy in triumph went ſporting away,
And left poor Philoram (and left, &c.) a victim and prey.

But the nymph had more pity, and whiſper'd him ſoft,
A cure I will tender, (a cure, &c.) let the Boy fly aloft.

She kiſt him and hug'd him, and did him ſo queeze,
She kiſt out his paſſion, (ſhe kiſt, &c.) Philoram got eaſe.

I will pull off my garters and bind up the wound,
While poor bleeding Strephon in my arms doth ſwoon.

Down under a valley where Cheſley doth ſtray,
Whilſt Strephon ſhall kiſs me, (&c. and bleſs me all day.

Altho' friends are cruel, and will not conſent,
Go thro' the Woods Laddy, (go, &c.) and make no complaint

For the Woods are pleaſant, the night fair and clear,
Go thro' the Woods Laddy, (go, &c. and keep us from fear.

With bracelets of roſes thy arms I will deck,
Thou Queen of my fancy (thou, &c.) whom I do reſpect.

The crook and the hazel our covering ſha llbe,
None can be like them (none can be like them,

The crook and the hazel our cover?ng ſhall be,
None can be like them) come ſit down by me.

A bloody BATTLE between a

Taylor *and a* Louſe.

A Taylor and a Louſe,
Liv'd together in a Houſe,
And betwixt them a Quarrel roſe,
The Taylor he thought much,
And he ow'd the Louſe a Grudge,
For breeding her Young in his Cloaths.
Says the Louſe, I wonder much,
That your Malice ſhould be ſuch,
That you would turn me out of Doors,
One Time, you know, my Brood,
Was the beſt Part of your Food,
You was ſo damnable poor.
Deny this, if you can,
Nine Taylors make's a Man;
With nought but a Louſe you can fight,
But was a Louſe to turn again,
You're ſuch valiant-hearted Men,
'Twould put you in a Fright.
So then this very Time,
This Taylor neat and fine,
Caught the Louſe by the Collar Bone;
Said he, I'll let you know,
Before I let you go,
Whether a Taylor be a Man or no,
The Louſe ſhe gave a Start,
Made the Taylor let a Fart,
And unto him thus did ſay,
Do not ſtrike me when I'm down,
That's the Trick of a Clown,
I pr'ythee let's have fair play.
Says the Taylor this I grant,
That Courage I do want;
But the Name of a Coward I ſcorn.
Fight your beſt I do advance,
I'll give you Time to riſe,
For your Speeches are not to be born.
Then the Louſe ſtood bolt upright,
And made a bloody Fight,
Give the Taylor a damnable Blow;
For he hit him o'er the Nob,
Made the Taylor ſigh and ſob,
He knew not how to ſtand or go.
Then the Taylor got his Gooſe,
And he threw it at the Louſe,
And gave her a Bang on the Side.
Says the Louſe, Your Heart is weak,
For that's a Coward's Trick,
And now I will well tan your Hide.
Then the Louſe got his Sheers,
And clipt the Taylor's Ears,
And the Blood it run on the Floor:
And the Taylor ſigh'd and cry'd,
You would have thought he'd dy'd,
And ſaid he would fight no more.
So now you plainly ſee,
What valiant Men they be,
Altho' of there Courage they boaſt;
But let them once be try'd,
Hard Blows they can't abide,
They'd rather have a pot and Toaſt,
If there's any Taylor here,
Who thinks I do them jeer,
Or imagine I do him wrong,
Let him take a Gun and fight,
For King George and England's right,
And ſo here I'll end my Song.

All Gentlemen Taylors, that are willing to ſerve in the Company of Capt. Louſe in Col. Flea's Regiment of Foot, let them repair to the ſign of the Cabbage and three Cucumbers, where they ſhall be kindly entertain'd, and enter into preſent pay, with a nitty pair of breeches, and three Cucumbers a day Gentlemen Taylors.

Now mind your Exerciſe: See that you march with a full Body and an empty Stomach, advance your Needle, cock your Bodkins, reſt your Yard Wand, prime your Thimbles, ſhoulder your Sheers, join your Right-hand to the Waiſtband of your Breeches draw fouth your live Lice cut there Heads off and fling their dead bodies to the Ground, let the quick ones march by two and three while the Drum beats Nit-o Nit, from the Right-hand doubled to the Left, Triple File of Taylors; ſo march to the devil.

The Laſs of the Hill.

AT the brow of a Hill,
a fair Shepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the Pa gs of Ambition,
of Love ne'er had felt;
A few ſober Maxims,
ſtill run in her Head,
That 'twas beſt for to eat

e'er ſhe Eat her brown Bread;
That to riſe with the Lark,
was conducive to Health,
And to reſt in a Cottage,
contentment was wealth.

Young Roger who lived,
in the Vally belowr
Who at Church and at Market,
was reckon'd a Beau,
Would oftentimes try.
o'er the Hearts to prevail,
And reſt on hie Pitchfork,
to tell her his Tales;
That with eaſe his Addreſſes,
ſoon gain'd on her Heart,
Being Artleſs herſelf,
ſhe ſuſpected no Art,

He flatter'd, proteſted,
he kneel'd and implor'd,
And his Lies ſtill with Oaths,
he would grace like a Lord,
Her Eyes he commended,
with Languge well dreſt,
And enlarged on the Tortures,
he felt on her breaſt;
With Sighs and with Tears,
he ſo ſoften'd her mind,
That with downright Compaſſion,
to Love ſhe inclined.

But no ſooner he'd Melted,
the ice in her breaſt,
The heat of his Paſſion,
that Moment decreaſed,
And now he goes ſlanting,
all over toe Vale,
And boaſts on his Conqueſt,
to Richard and Hall,
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom,
he'es always in haſte,
And when e'er he ſpeaks of her,
he makes her his Jeſt.

Take heed therefore Maidens,
of Britain's fair Iſle,
How you ventnre your Hearts,
for a look or a Smile,
For young Cupid is Artful,
and Virgins are frail.
And you'll find a falſe Roger,
in every Vale;
Who to Court you and tempt you,
will try all their Skill,
But remember the Laſs,
at the Brow of the Hill.

The COALY TYNE,

A New SONG,

Tune, *Maid of the Mill.*

ALL you who Peace and Plenty love,
And happy Scenes would ſee,
To Banks of Coaly Tyne repair,
And ſatisfy'd you'll be:
For Beauty, Wit, and Taſte that's fit,
And Mirth with Unity;
What others dream, be this my Theme—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

What though with Duſt, of her rich Mines,
Her Waves they ſable be;
No greener Banks, nor fairer Maids,
On any Stream you'll ſee:
For pleaſant Seats, and noble Streets,
Diſdaining Rivalry,
Where Freedom glows, ſing then my Muſe—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

Mars, on her Banks, Venus addreſs'd,
When ſhe roſe from the Sea;
And 'cauſe they lov'd the generous Soil,
They bleſs'd her Progeny.
There Beauty's Charms each Heart alarms,
With Cupid's Archery,
Where e'er he goes, the Boy holloes—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

When brave Occaſion bids, her Sons
At Honour's call you ſee,
And who's the Man that dare infringe,
Their dear lov'd Liberty:
In Britain's Right her Lads will fight,
Well knows our Enemy;
Ev'n Britain's King may deign to ſing—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

Each Realm is thankful for her Gifts,
As far as flows the Sea;
And grateful Tribute do preſent,
As to ſome Deity:
When they are warm, how ſhall we term,
Their Mirth and Jollity,
All Hearts rejoice, huzza my Boys—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

Then ye, her Sons, in ſplendid Barge,
In Boat, or ſwift Galley,
That on her Tide for Pleaſure glide,
With Streamers gallantly,
See that with Grace, your Oars keep Pace,
To Voices tun'd with glee,
While Muſic play and Men huzza—
The Coaly Tyne for me!

FINIS.

The CRUISERS,

A New SONG.—Adapted to the Times.

BEHOLD upon the ſwelling wave,
With ſtreaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ſhips invite the waves,--*Our, &c.*
While glory leads the way.
And a cruiſing we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a cruiſing we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
A cruiſing we will go,—o oho,
And a cruiſing we will go.

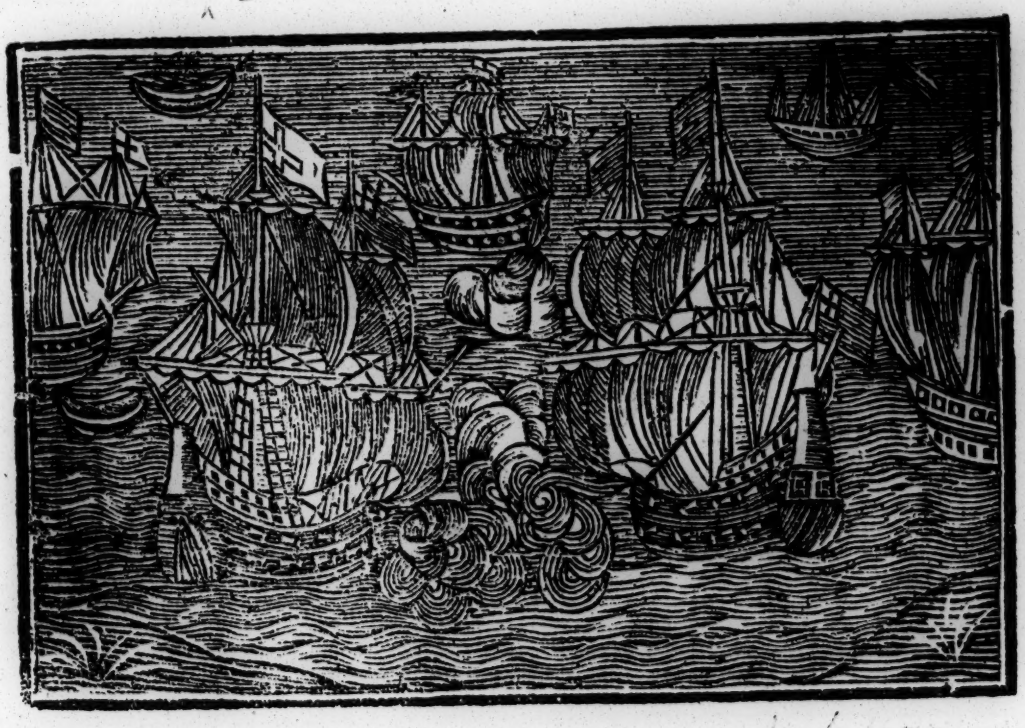
Ye beauteous maids your ſmiles beſtow,
For if you prove unkind,
How can we hope to beat the foe;--*How, &c.*
We leave our hearts behind.
When a cruiſing, &c.

See Geary's flag once more diſplay'd;
Upon the deck he ſtands:
Old England's glory ne'er can fade,--*Old, &c.*
Or tarniſh in his hands.
When a cruiſing, &c.

4°. G. 28. 1098.

Be England to herſelf but true,
To France defiance hurl'd;
Give peace, America, with you,--*Give, &c.*
And war with all the world.
And a cruiſing, &c.

THE PLYMOUTH Tragedy: OR, *Fair SUSAN's Overthrow.*



BEautiful virgins of birth and breeding,
Now to my ditty pray lend an ear.
Let all cruel parents by this take warning.
In love do not croſs your children dear.
In Plymouth-town liv'd a beautiful maiden,
And lovely Suſan indeed was her name;
A young ſhip-carpenter came for to court her,
Her beautiful charms did his heart ſo enflame.
He ſaid, charming Suſan, now grant my deſire,
Strong is the paſſion I have for my dear;
If you deny me my life will expire,
Sweet angel beauty, be not ſo ſevere.
Suſan reply'd to the beautiful young man,
Do not deſpair, I will grant you my love;
Altho' I have got many more ſuitors,
And none but ſweet William my heart can approve.

But William reply'd, Three years on the ocean,
Now I am bound ſweet lovely dear.
It ſhall be ſpent for my jewel's portion,
Rich coſtly jewels I'll bring to my dear.
A peice of gold between them was broken,
But cruel fortune to them was ſevere.
After that day this couple were parted,
William did never ſee his charming dear.
A wealthy merchant beholding her beauty,
Went to her parents without more delay;
They ſaih, Child, it is but your duty,
Your honoured parents for to obey.
This noble merchant has ſtore of riches,
He'll deck you in gold and fine coſtly wear
Your beautiful charms, dear child, are fitting
To be embraced by lord, duke, or earl.

Honoured parents, do not be ſo cruel;
No other man I can ever adore;
I made a vow to my dear to be conſtant,
We have loved each other theſe two years or more.
Tis not curſed gold that ſhall make me diſloyal,
Perjur'd love Heaven ſure will require.
Then do not ſtrive to be my undoing,
For William I love ſha ll be my delight.
Then, ſaid her father, I'll quickly part you
Never each other more you ſhall ſee.
And if you will not marry the merchant,
You ſhall be baniſh'd for ever from me.
Then, cruel father, anſwer'd the damſel,
If that's your will I am bound to obey.
May the crime be yours for ever,
The merchant ſhall have little comfort of me.
Then was the merchant admitted the favour
To go and viſit his beautiful dear.
Her parents they did ſtrive to perſuade her
To marry the merchant, tho' never near.
Still ſhe reply'd, I'll ever be conſtant,
To my dear Billy, who's over the main.
No wealth nor riches ſhall make me diſloyel,
The world for ſweet William I can diſdain.
Her parents finding ſhe was ſo conſtant,
Hired a ſailor a letter to bring;
Who ſaid, at the Eaſt-Indies your love did expire,
Then dying he gave me this letter to bring.
Opening the letter and finding her lover
Had expired, ſhe thus did ſay:
Oh! that I had dy'd in the room of my jewel,
How to another I'm forced away,
Her parents then entreated her to marry,
At length to the merchant ſhe did conſent;
Poor harmleſs maid! ſhe never thinking
The cruel miſchief on which they were bent
Coſtly rich robes and fine jewels.
Then were prepared for the bride,
With a noble train to attend them.
To Plymouth-church they went to be ty'd.
A ſplendid dinner was alſo provided,
The bells did ring, and the trumpets did play,
Her covetous parents rejoic'd and were happy,
Becauſe this was a fatal and ſad wedding-day.
This very week ſweet William arrived
All in the Downs with a very good cheer.
And to let Suſan know theſe happy tidings
Strait wrote a letter, and ſent to his dear.
As at the window the bride was gazing,
She ſaw the poſt-man ring at the door.
Calling aloud to the beautiful Suſan,
Saying, That he had a letter for her.
Strait to the door ſhe flew in paſſion,
Eagerly taking the letter in hand,
Found in the Downs ſweet William was riding,
With vaſt ſtore of riches he had brought to land.
She ſaid, Oh! now I am ruin'd for ever.
Her coſtly robes ſhe in pieces did tear,
Go, unkind parents, for you have been cruel,
Thus to part me from my only dear,

What will he ſay? now I ſhall be upbraided,
Where is my girl, the pledge of my vows.
It was curſed gold of my dear did deprive me.
Blaſted and gone is my virgin roſe.
The bridegroom gently ſtrove to perſuade her,
Saying, Fair Suſan, now you are wed,
You muſt incline now unto your husband,
And yield up your charms in the bridal bed.
No, no, ſhe cries, my dear husband,
It is not my charms can enjoy.
Tho' I am wedded I will die a maiden,
Death ſent a dart now this life to deſtroy.
Thus in diſtraction this maiden lies weeping,
Bound in her bed ſhe no comfort can have.
Crying out, Death, now come eaſe me,
On! let my bride-bed be a ſilent grave:
Let my bride-men wear the white lillies,
Inſtead of coſtly favours ſo gay:
And let the maidens wear the green willow,
To ſhew, William, I've been conſtant to thee,
Strew all the groves with the whiteſt flowers,
To ſhow how innocent I wrong'd my dear,
Get violets and thyme to make my love poeſies,
Let the funeral wine be the water ſo clear.
I'll go to William that's loyal hearted,
My troubled ghoſt ſhall mourn for my dear,
Then with a ſigh and groan ſhe departed,
Parents, take warning by what's written hear:
When darkſome night bright Sol encompaſs'd,
And twinkling ſtars ſpread the ſparkling skies,
William, who then in his cabbin lay ſleeping,
Was ask'd by a voice that ſtrangely did cry,
William, ariſe, ſee beautiful Suſan,
Whoſe charms were once as bright at the ſun,
Now in death's frozen arms is encloſed.
William, make haſte, to your lover come.
William, ſoon from his pillow ariſing,
Cried, Oh! what is the ſound I do hear
Soon as he ſpied the ghoſt of his Suſan;
His looks more pale then the lead did appear.
Cloſe in his arms he goes to enfold her,
But ſoon the ſhadow did diſappear.
William then raved like one in diſtraction,
Crying, Has death robbed me of my dear
When at fair Plymouth-town he arrived,
Straitway the tidings to him was told,
He ſaid, Unkind and moſt cruel parents,
Thus to wrong a child for the lucre of gold.
Many rich offers for her I refuſed,
None could I ever love but my dear.
Soon after thee, dear Suſan, thy love wil expire,
Oh! cruel fortune, to lovers ſevere.
That very night to her grave he retired,
Digging the mould from her breathleſs clay.
Upon her coffin he then expired,
And by her parents was found next day.
Now theſe two lovers are both encloſed
Together in one ſad diſmal tomb:
Ye covetous parents by this take warning,
Blaſt not children in the midſt of their bloom.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

M A U D L I N

The Merchant's Daughter of *Briſtol.* There is one Paſſage in this Song much carp'
that is the Time *Maudlin*'s Lover lay under Condemnation, but you may remark that
many Years in the Inquiſition Priſons. But there is another Objection I cannot ſo readi
which is the Mercy ſhewn by the Judges, ſince we have not another Inſtance extant.

BEhold the Touch-ſtone of true Love.
Maudlin, the Merchant's Daughter of *Briſtol Town.*
Whoſe firm Affections nought could move,
Her Favour bears the lovely Brown.
A gallant Youth was dwelling by.
Who long had borne this Maid Good-will.
She loved him moſt faithfully,
But all her Friends withſtood it ſtill.

The young Man now perceiving well,
He could not get the Favour of her Friends.
His Force of Sorrow to expell.
And to view ſtrange Countries he intends,
And no to take his laſt Farewell,
Of his true Love, and conſtant *Maudlin.*
With Muſick ſweet that did excell.
He play'd under her Window then.

Farewell, quoth he, my own true Love,
Farewell the chiefeſt Delight of my Heart.
Thro' Fortune's ſpight that falſe did prove.
I am forced from thee to part.
Into the Land of fair *Italy*
here will I weary out my Life in Woe.
Seeing my true Love is kept from me.
I hold my Love a Mortal Foe.

Fair *Briſtol Town* therefore adieu.
For *Padua* ſhall be my Habitation now.
Altho' my Love doth reſt in thee,
Unto whom alone my Heart I vow.
With trickling tears thus he did ſing,
Sighs and Sobs coming from his heart full ſore.
He ſaid when he his hands did wring,
Farewell ſweet Love for evermore.

Fair *Maudlin* from a Window high
Saw her true Love where he lamenting ſtood,
But not a Word did ſhe reply.
Fearing her Parents angry Mood.
In tears the ſpent that woful Night
Wiſhing herſelf tho' naked with her Friend.
She blames her Friends and Fortune's ſpight.
That wrought her Love ſuch luckleſs End.

And in her Heart ſhe made a Vow
To forſake her Country and Kindred all.
And for to follow her own true Love,
To abide all Chance that might befall.
The Night is gone, and the Day is come.
And in the Morning early did ſhe ariſe.
She gets down in the lower Room,
Where ſundry Seamen ſhe eſpies.

A gallant Maſter among them all,
The Maſter of a goodly Ship was he,
Who were then waiting in the Hall,
To ſpeak with her Father if it might be.
She kindly takes him by the Hand.
Good Sir, would you ſpeak with any here?
Quoth he, fair Maid, for that I ſtand.
Then gentle Sir I pray draw near.

Into a pleaſant Parlour by,
Hand-in-hand ſhe brings the Seaman along.
Sighing to him moſt piteouſly,
She thus to him did make her Moan.
She falls upon her bended Knee.
Good Sir, ſaid ſhe, pity a Woman's Moan.
And prove a faithful Friend to me,
That I to you my Grief may ſhow.

Sir you repoſe your truſt, he ſaid.
In me unknown and eke a Stranger here
Be you aſſured, moſt proper Maid,
Moſt faithful ſtill I will appear.
I have a Brother then quoth ſhe,
Whom as my Life I love moſt tenderly
In *Padua* alas! is he,
full ſick God-wot and like to die.

Full fain I would my Brother ſee,
But my Father will not let me go,
Therefore good Sir be kind to me.
And unto me this Favour ſhow,
Some Ship-Boy's Garments bring to me,
That I diſguis'd may go unknown.
And unto Sea I'll go with thee.
If thus much Favour might be ſhown.

Fair Maid, quoth he, take here my Hand.
I will fulfill each thing that you deſire.
And ſee you ſafe in that ſame Land.
And in the Place that you require.
She gave to him a tender Kiſs,
And ſaid your Servant I will be:
And prove your faithful Friend for this,
Sweet Maſter then forget not me.

This done, as they had both agreed,
Soon after that by Break of Day.
He brings her Garments then with ſpeed,
Therein herſelf ſhe did array.
And e'er her Father did ariſe.
She meets her Maſter walking in
She did attend on him likewiſe,
Until her Father did him call.

But here the Merchant made an
Of theſe his weighty Matters a
His Wife came weeping in with
Crying our Daughter's gone aw
The Father then amaz'd in Min
Yonder vile Rogue entic'd my C
But I well wot I ſhall him find
In *Italy*, in *Padua*

With that beſpoke the Maſter br
Worſhipful Merchant thither go
And any thing that you will crav
He will perform, and write the t
Sweet Youth, quoth he, if it be
Bear me a Letter to the *Engliſh* th
And Gold on thee I will beſtow,
My Daughter's Welfare I do fea

Her Mother took her by the hand
Fair Youth if thou doſt my Daug
Let me ſoon thereof underſtand,
And there is twenty Crowns for
Thus thro' the Daughter's ſtrang
Her Mother knew not when ſhe
So after the Maſter ſtrait ſhe hies
Taking her Leave with Counten

Thus to the Sea ſweet *Maudlin* is
With her Maſter God ſend a fair
Where we awhile muſt leave the
Till you the ſecond Part do find.

PART II.

WElcome ſweet *Maudlin*, from
Where bitter ſtorms and te
The pleaſant Banks of *Italy*.
You may behold with Mortal Eye
Thanks gentle Maſter then ſaid ſh
A faithful Friend in Sorrow thou
If Fortune once doth ſmile on me
My Gratitude ſhall ſoon be ſeen.

Bleſs'd be the Land that feeds my
Bleſs'd be the Place where he doth
No Trial I will ſtick to prove,
Whereby my true Love may be t

N,
carp'd at, and
that People lie
readily anſwer
xtant.
arife.
alking in the Hall.
likewiſe,
n call.

made an End
Matters all.
g in with ſpeed,
gone away.
d in Mind,
tic'd my Child away,
him find,

Maſter brave.
hither goes this Youth
will crave.
rite the truth.
e, if it be ſo,
Engliſh there.
ll bellow,
e I do fear.

y the hand,
my Daughter ſee.
nderſtand,
rowns for thee.
ter's ſtrange Diſguiſe.
when ſhe ſpoke to her.
ait ſhe hies,
h Countenance mild.

Maudlin is gone,
end a fair Wind.
ſt leave them alone,
rt do find.

T II.

udlin, from the Seas,
rms and tempeſts riſe.
Italy.
Mortal Eye.
then ſaid ſhe,
orrow thou haſt been.
ſmile on me,
on be ſeen.

at feeds my Love,
here he doth abide.
o prove,
ye may be try'd.

Now I will walk with a joyful *Heart*,
To view the *Town* whereat he doth remain.
And ſeek him out in e ery Part,
Until his Sight *I* do obtain.
And *I* quoth he will not forſake
Sweet *Maudlin* in her troubles up and down,
In Wealth or *Woe* thy Part *I'll* take,
And bring thee ſafe to *Padua Town*.
And after many weary Steps,
In Padua they arriv'd at laſt.
For very Joy her *Heart* did leap,
Forgetting all the Sorrows paſt.
Condemn'd he was to die, alas!
Except he would his Religion turn.
But rather than he would go to Maſs,
In fiery Flames he vow'd to burn.
Now doth ſweet *Maudlin* weep and wail.
Her Joy is turn'd to Grief and Care.
For nothing could her Plaints relieve,
Since Death alone muſt be her Share.
She walks under the Priſon-walls,
Where her Love languiſh'd in Diſtreſs.
Then wofully for Bread he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppreſs
He ſighs and ſobs and makes great Moan,
Farewell Sweetheart for evermore.
And all my Friends that have me known,
In Briſtol Town with wealth and ſtore.
But moſt of all, farewell ſaid he,
My own ſweet *Maudlin* whom *I* left behind,
For never more thou wilt me ſee,
Woe to thy Father moſt unkind,
How well ſhould *I* be if you was here,
With thy-fair *Hands* to cloſe my Eyes,
My torments eaſy would appear
My Soul with Joy would ſcale the Skies.
When *Maudlin* heard her Lover's Moan,
Her Eyes with tears ſoon filled was
To ſpeak with him no Means were found,
Such grievous Doom on him did paſs.
Then ſhe put off her Lad's Attire,
Her Maiden's Weeds upon her ſeemly ſat.
At the Judge's *Houſe* ſhe did enquire.
And there ſhe did a Service get.
She did her Duty there ſo well,
And ſo well ſhe did behave.
With her in Love her Maſter fell,
His Servants Favour he doth crave.
Maudlin, quoth he, my *Heart*'s Delight,
To whom my *Hart* is ſo inclin'd.
Breed not my Death thro' thy Deſpight,
A faithful Friend thou ſhalt me find
Grant we thy Love, fair Maid quoth he,
And then deſire what thou canſt deſire.
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy Credit may ariſe.
I have a Brother Sir ſaid ſhe,
For his Religion is condemn'd to die,
In loathſome Priſon he is caſt,
Oppreſs'd with Grief and Miſery.
Grant me my Brother's Life ſhe ſaid,
And unto you *I* will my Liking give.

That may not be, fair Maid he ſaid,
Except ee turn he ſurely cannot live.
An Engliſh *Fryar* there *is* ſhe ſaid.
Of Learning great and paſſing pure of Life.
Let him to my Brother be ſent,
And he will finiſh ſoon the Strife,
Her Maſter granted her Requeſt,
The Mariner in Friar's Weeds ſhe did array,
And to her Love that lay diſtreſt,
She ſoon a Letter did convey.
When he had read theſe gentle Lines,
His Heart was raviſhed with pleaſant Joys,
Where now ſhe is full well he knew,
The Friar likewiſe was not coy.
But did declare to him at large,
The Enterprize his Love had taken in Hand.
The Young-man did the Fryar charge,
His Love ſhould ſtrait depart that Land.
Here is no Place for her he ſaid,
But wiful Death and Danger of her Life.
Profeſſing Truth, I was betray'd.
And frightful Flames muſt end the Strife.
For e er I will my Faith deny,
And ſwear to follow damned Antichriſt.
I'll yield my Body for to die.
To live in Heaven with the Higheſt.
O Sir the gentle Friar ſaid,
Conſent thereto and quickly end the Strife,
A woful Match quoth he is made,
Where Chriſt is left to gain a Wife.
When ſhe had us'd all Means ſhe might,
To ſave his Life, but all would not be,
Then of the Judge ſhe claim'd her Right,
To die the ſame Death as well as he.
When no Perſuaſion would prevail.
Nor change her Mind in what ſhe ſaid.
She was with him condemn'd to die,
And for them both one Fire was made.
Yea Arm in Arm moſt joyfully,
Theſe Lovers twain unto the Fire did go.
The Mariner moſt faithfully
Was likewiſe Partner of their Woe.
But when the Judges underſtood,
The faithfull Friendſhip did in them remain,
They ſav'd their Lives, and afterwards
To England *ſent them back again:*
Now was their Sorrow turn'd to Joy,
And faithful Lovers had their Hearts Deſire.
Their Pains they aid employ ſo well,
God granted what they aid require.
And when they did to England *come.*
And in fair Briſtol *they arriv'd at laſt.*
Great Joy there was to One and All,
That heard the Dangers they had paſt.
Her Father he was dead, God-wot,
Her Mother ſhe was joyful at the Sight,
Their Wiſhes then ſhe denied not.
But wedded them to their Heart's Delight.
Her gentle Maſter ſhe then deſired
To be her Father and at Church give her eaſe.
It was ſatisfied as ſhe required
Unto the Joy of all good hearts.

[Fair] MAUDLIN,
The Merchant's Daughter of BRISTOL.

To the Tune of, The Maiden's Joy, &c.

BEHOLD the touchſtone of true love,
Maudlin the merchant's daughter of Briſtol town,
Whoſe firm affection nothing could move;
Her favour bears the lovely brown.
A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Who long had bore this maiden great good will,
She loved him moſt faithfully,
But all her friends withſtood it ſtill.
The young man now perceiving well,
He could not get the favour of her friends,
The force of ſorrow to expel
And view ſtrange countries he intends.
And now to take his laſt farewell
Of his true love, his fair and conſtant Maudlin,
With muſick ſweet that did excel
He play'd under her window then,
Farewel, (quoth he,) my own true love,
Farewel, my dear, and chiefeſt treaſure of my heart,
Tho' Fortune's ſpite, that falſe did prove,
I am enforc'd from thee to part.
Into the land of Italy,
There will I travel and weary out my life in woe.
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe.
Fair Briſtol town, therefore adieu,
For Padua ſhall be my habitation now,
Altho' my love doſt reſt in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.
With trickling tears thus did he ſing,
Sighs and ſobs deſcending from his heart full ſore.
He ſaid, when he his hands did wring,
Farewel, ſweet love, for evermore.
Fair Maudlin from a window high,
She heard her true love with muſic where he ſtood,
But not a word ſhe did reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.
In tears ſhe ſpent that woeful night,
Wiſhing herſelf, tho' naked, with her friend;
She blames her friends, and fortune's ſpight.
That wrought her love ſuch luckleſs end.
And in her heart ſhe made a vow,
To forſake her country and kindred all,
And for to follow her true love,
To abide all chance that might befal.
The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early ſhe did riſe,
She gets her down into a lower room,
Where ſundry ſeaman ſhe eſpies.
A gallant maſter among them all,
The maſter of a great and goodly ſhip was he,
Whothere were waiting in the hall,
To ſpeak with her father, if it might be.
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good ſir ſaid ſhe, would you ſpeak with any here?
Quoth he, Fair maid, and therefore do I ſtand.
Then gentle ſir, I pray draw near.
Into a pleaſant parlour by,
Hand-in-hand ſhe brings the ſeaman all alone,
Sighing to him moſt pitiouſly,
She thus to him did make her moan:
She fell, upon her bended knee,
Good ſir, ſaid ſhe, pity a woman's woe.
And prove a faithful friend to me,
That I to you my grief may ſhow.
Sith you repoſe your truſt, he ſaid,
In me unknown, and eke a ſtranger here.
Be you aſſur'd, moſt beauteous maid,
Moſt faithful ſtill I will appear.
I have a brother, then quoth ſhe,
Whom as my life I love, and favour tenderly.
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full ſick, God wot, and like to die
Full fain I would my brother ſee,
But that my father will not yeild to let me go.
Therefore, ſir, be kind to me,
And unto me this favour ſhow.
Some ſhip-boy's garment bring to me,
That I diſguis'd may go unknown,
And unto ſea I'll go with thee.
If ſo much favour might be ſhown.
Fair maid, quoth he, take here my hand,
I will fulfil each thing that you deſire.
And ſee you ſafe in that ſame land,
And in the place that you require.
She gave to him a tender kiſs,
And ſaid, Your ſervant, maſter, I will be.
And prove your faithful friend for this;
Sweet, then forget not me.
This done, as they had both agreed,
Soon after that, by break of day,
He brings her garments then with ſpeed,
Therein herſelf ſhe did array
And e'er her father did ariſe,
She meets her maſter as he walked in the hall,
She did attend on him likewiſe,
Until her father did him call.
But here the merchant made an end,
Of thoſe his weighty matters all [that day,]
His wife came weeping in with ſpeed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away.
The merchant then amaz'd in mind,
Yonder vile wretch entic'd our child away, quoth he
But I well wot, I ſhall him find,
In Italy, or Padua in Italy.
With that beſpoke the maſter brave,
Worſhipful merchant, thither goes this youth.
And any thing that you would have, crave
He will perform, and write the truth.
Sweet youth, quoth he, if it be ſo,
Bear me a letter to the Engliſh there,
And gold on thee I will beſtow;
My daughter's welfare I do fear.
Her mother took her by the hand.
Fair youth, if e'er thou doſt my daughter ſee,
Let me ſoon thereof underſtand,
And there is twenty crowns for thee.
Thus thro' the daughter's ſtrange diſguiſe
Her mother knew not when ſhe ſpoke unto her [child.]
Then after her maſter ſtrait ſhe hies,
Taking her leave with countenance mild.
Thus to the ſea Sweet Maudlin is gone,
With her gentle maſter; God ſend fair wind!]
Where we awhile [muſt leave them all alone,
'Till you the ſecond part do find.

The second part of Sweet Maudlin to the same Tune.

PART II.

WELCOME, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
Where bitter storms and tempest do arise
The pleasant banks of Italy
You may behold with mortal eyes.
Thanks, gentle master, then said she,
A faithful friend in sorrow thou hast been:
If fortune once do fall on me,
My gratitude shall soon be seen.
Blest be the land that feeds my love,
Blest be the place wherein he doth abide,
No trial will I stick to prove,
Whereby my true love may be try'd.
Now will I walk with joyful heart,
To view the town wherein he doth remain.
And seek him out in every part,
Until his sight I do obtain.
And I, quoth he, will not forsake
Sweet Maudlin in her sorrows: Up and down,
In wealth or woe thy part I'll take,
And bring thee safe to Padua town.
And after many weary steps!
In Padua they arriv'd at last:
For very joy her heart it leaps,
She thinks not on her sorrows past.
Condemned he was to die alas!
Except he would from his religion turn,
But rather than he would to mass,
In firey flames he chose to burn.
Now doth sweet Maudlin weep and wail.
Her joy is turn'd to sorrow, grief, and care.
For nothing could her plaints prevail,
For death alone must be his share.
She walks under the prison walls,
Where her true love did languish in distress.
Then woefully for food he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppress.
He sighs and sobs and makes great moan,
Farewell, Sweet heart, he cry'd, for evermore,
And all my friends that I have known,
In Bristol town with wealth and store.
For most of all, farewell, quoth he,
My own sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind.
For never more thou wilt me see,
Woe to thy father most unkind.
How well I were if thou were here,
With thy fair hands to close my wretched eyes,
My torments easy would appear,
My soul with joy would scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her lovers moan,
Her eyes with tears, her heart soon filled was,
To speak with him no means was found,
Such grievous doom did on him pass.
Then she put off her lads attire,
Her maiden-weeds upon her seemly sets,
To the judge's house she did enquire,
And there she did a service get,
She did her service there so well,
And eke so well herself she did behave,
With her in love her master fell,
His servant's favour he doth crave.
Maudlin, quoth he, my heart's delight,
To whom my soul is so inclin'd.
Breed not my death, thro' thy displight;
A faithful friend thou shalt me find.
Grant me thy love, fair maid, quoth he,
And then desire what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise.

I have a brother, sir, she said,
For his religion is condemned to die,
In loathsome prison he is laid,
Oppress'd with grief and misery.
Grant me my brother's life, she said,
And now to you my love and liking I will give.
That may not be, quoth he, fair maid;
Unless he turn he cannot live.
An English friar, there is, she said,
Of learning great, and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will finish soon the strife.
Her master granted her request,
The marriner in friar's weeds she did array,
And to her love that lay distrest,
She did a letter soon convey.
When he had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravish'd with pleasant joy:
Where now she is full well he knew;
The friar likewise was not coy.
But did declare to him at large
The enterprize his love had taken in hand
The young man did the friar charge
His love should strait depart the land.
Here is no place for her, he said,
But woeful death and danger of her life.
Professing truth I was betray'd,
And fearful flames must end the strife.
For ere I will my faith deny,
And swear myself to follow damn'd Antichrist,
I'll yield my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the highest.
Oh! sir, the gentle friar said,
Consent thereto, and end the strife.
A woeful match is made, quoth he.
Where Christ is left to gain a wife.
When she had us'd all means she might,
To save his life, yet he would not be;
Then of the judge she claim'd her right,
To die the death as well as he.
When no persuasion could prevail,
[To] change her mind in any thing she said,
She with him was condemned to die,
And for them both one fire was made.
Yet arm in arm most joyfully
These lovers twain unto the fire did go.
The marriner most faithfully
Was likewise partner of their woe.
But when the judges understood
That faithful friendship did in them remain,
They sav'd their lives, and afterwards
To England sent them back again.
Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy,
And faithful lovers have their hearts desire.
Their pains so well they did employ,
God granted that they did desire.
And when they did to England come,
And in merry Bristol arriv'd at last,
Great joy there was to all and some,
They heard the dangers they had past.
Her father he was dead, God wot,
And her old mother was joyful at her sight;
Their wishes she denied not,
But wedded them to their heart's delight.
Her gentle master he desired,
To be her father, and at church to give her was,
It was fullfilled as she required,
To the joy of all good men.

Printed and sold in Bow Church-Yard, London.

Entered by the Stationers Company.

An Excellet NewBALLAD, Entituled,

The Gallant GRAHAMS of *SCOTLAND*

Tune of, *I will away, and I will not tarry*, &c

BETRAYED me how can this be?
When by Day-light upon a Day;
I met Prince *Charles* our Royal King,
And all the *Grahams* in their Array.

They were all dreſs'd in Armour keen,
Upon the pleaſant Banks of *Tay*:
Before a King they might be ſeen,
Thoſe gallant *Grahams* in their Array.

I have no Gold, I have no Land,
Nor have I Pearl nor previous Stones;
But I would ſell my ſilken Snood,
To ſee theſe *Graham* but well come home

To ſpeak of theſe *Grahams*, I think it beſt,
They're Men amongſt good Company;
Into the Lands where we did walk,
They're Lords into the South Country.

They wan the Praiſe in *Wallace*'s Days,
For the Summer Flowers did never ſpring;
But the gallant *Graham*'s in Armour clear
Did then appear before the King.

At the *Goukhead* we ſet our Camp,
Our Rigour down there for to ſtay,
Upon a dainty Summer's Day,
We rode our white Horſe and our Grey.

For they were then in Armour ſeen,
As Gold ſhines on a Summer's Day,
The gallant *Grahams* were aſſembled there,
Before King *Charles*, his Majeſty.

I'll crown them Night, I'll crown them Day,
And above great Lords of high Degree,
For all the Lords that I have ſeen,
The *Grahams* are the braveſt Company.

As I came by the *Bunche*'s Park,
I heard my true Love's Sister's Son;
We loos'd our Cannon on every Side,
Even for the Honour of our King.

Our falſe Commander has betray'd our King
And ſold him to his Enemy,
By a Nobleman, to *Cromwel* then,
So I care not what they do with me.

For he ſtrives to ſubdue the Land,
And over *England* to be King,
Fair *Scotland* by him to be govern'd,
And over the Nations for to reign.

They have betray'd our Noble Prince,
And baniſhed him from his Royal Crown;
But the gallant *Grahams* have ta'en in Hand,
For to command that Traytor Lown.

Now *Dalgitie* was ſtout and bold,
Couragious in high Degree;
At the Cavaliers they were all ſold,
And young *Harthil*, a Cavalier too.

Nathaniel Gordon, both ſtout and keen,
Newton Gordon, Burd alone;
Upon the Green he might be ſeen;
For a bolder Face was never known.

A Braver Man was never ſeen,
Neither in *Kent* or *Chriſtendom*:
To fight now for his Royal King,
Lord give his Enemies their Doom.

At *Bogie baugh*, where we did advance,
Our Parliament there for to ſtay,
But our Nobles they were baniſh'd off,
At *Gola-Ha* where we advance.

Glenprofon, where we randezvous'd
To *Glenſhie* we march'd both night and Day,
And of *Bredainlie* we took the Town,
And met the *Campbells* in their Deray.

Ten Thouſand Men in Armour ſtrong,
Did meet the gallant *Grahams* to play,
At *Inverlochie* where they began,
And about two thouſand Men were they.

And tho' their Number did far exceed,
The gallant *Grahams* upon that Day,
Yet their Hearts were true, they did not fear,
To meet the *Campbells* in their Deray.

For the *Gordons* then did give a while,
To face the *Campbells* upon that Day;
Who from their Friends fell far aback,
Unto their Enemies for ever and ay.

Gallant *Montroſe*, then that Chieftan bold,
Couragious in high Degree:
Did for the King fight valiantly,
The Lord preſerve his Majeſty.

Now fare you well, you *Innerdale*,
Lord *Keeth*, and Kindred I bid adieu;
And I ſhall away, and I ſhall not ſtay,
To ſome uncouth Land that I never knew.

To wear the Blue I think it beſt,
By any Colonel that I ſee;
Bear up your Hearts, brave Cavaliers,
For the the *Grahams* are gone to *Germany*.

To *France* and *Flanders*, where they advanc'd,
And *Germany*, who gave Fame:
For my Lord *Albin* is to the Sea,
Young *Huntly* is his noble Name.

He went to *France* for his Royal King,
King *Charles* then, and above Degree
I'll give the Honour to the gallant *Grahams*,
For they are a brave Company.

Montroſe then our Chieftain bold,
To *Scotland* free is come again;
For to redeem fair *Scotland*'s Land,
The pleaſant, gallant, worthy *Grahams*,

At the Water of *Enſdale* they did begin,
And fought a Battle to an End;
Where there were kill'd for our Noble King,
Two thouſand of our *Doniſh* Men.

Gilbert Menzies, and of high Degree,
The King's Baron bold was born,
For a brave Cavalier was he,
But now into Glory he's gone.

The King's Banner in Hand he bore,
For he was a brave valiant Man;
Betrayed was he a Night before,
By Colonel *Hackes* and *Strachen* then.

To the Colonel *Hackes* now,
And *Strachen* ill Death may thou die,
For ye have betray'd our gallant *Grahams*
Who were true to his Majeſty.

The Laird of *Aſhen* has catch'd *Montroſe*
And had him into *Edinburgh* Town;
And from his Body ta'en his Head,
And quarter'd him upon a Trone.

Now *Huntley*'s gone that ſame Way,
Prince *Charles* alſo our Royal King,
Hath ſuffer'd Death for our Nation,
Our mourning Tears can ne'er be done.

Our gallant young King is now come Home,
Prince *Charles* the Second, and above Degree
The Lord ſend Peace in his Time
And God preſerve his Majeſty.

Now fare you well you *Innerdale*,
Kith and Kin that you may well ken;
For I will ſell my ſilken Snood,
To the gallant *Grahams* came Home.

Since *Wallace*'s Days that we began,
Sir *John* the *Graham* did bear the Green;
For the Honour of our Royal King,
The Lord preſerve his Majeſty.

For all the Lords in fair *Scotland*,
From the higheſt to the loweſt Degree
The noble *Grahams* are to be prais'd,
So God preſerve *Charles* his Majeſty.

The Glouceſterſhire Tragedy.

Or, The Unnatural Mother.

BOTH young and old, I pray draw near,
And tender parents that have children dear,
Aare but a iittle time along with me,
And you ſhall hear a dreadful tragedy.
Dreadful enough it is, tho' certain true,
I muſt confeſs the like I never knew.
Even a heart of ſtone that doth it hear,
I'm ſure that it will make them ſhed a tear.
'Twas at a place call'd Wells in Glouceſterſhire,
Liv'd Mr. Gibbs, who had a daughter fair,
All that he had in ten years by his wife,
He was the joy and comfort of his life.
This child ſhe was but ſeven years of age,
Thoſe carriage did her father's heart engage,
He doated on the ground that ſhe did go,
And 'twas no wonder that he lov'd her ſo.
For charming features none could her excel,
Of ſweet behaviour, it is known full well.
She had a temper affable and mild,
And alſo was a moſt obedient child.
And tho' with all theſe bleſſings ſhe was grac'd,
Her mother could not bear to ſee her face,
Altho' her child, and from her body bore,
And often would her mother's love implore.
Sometimes unto her mother ſhe would ſay,
Mamma, what makes you look ſo croſs to day?
You don't ſeem pleas'd; what is it I have done?
Then ſtrait a ſlap or two from her would come.
Out of her mother's ſight away ſhe'd run,
But never told her father what was done.
She all her mother's blows with patience bore,
Sure ſuch a child was never known before.

PART II.

BUT now comes on the diſmal tragic part,
Death having ſtruck her father to the heart,
A debt which all of us one time muſt pay,
For when God pleaſes we muſt all obey.
As ſtretched on his death-bed he was laid,
Unto his wife with fainting voice he ſaid,
Take care of my dear child when I am gone
From this vain world, that none doth wrong.
And my eſtate, four thouſand pounds a year,
I leave you and my only daughter dear.
Her portion let her have when ſhe's of age,
Pray for my ſake obſerve what I have ſaid.
And if before that ſhe to age ſhould come,
She dies, then you enjoy your total ſum;
Thi is my will I have order'd it ſo,
Bothyou and her I love, you well do know.
But deareſt friends that ever were muſt part,
And ſo muſt we, which cuts me to the heart.
But ſtill I hope that we ſhall meet again,
In Heaven above for ever to remain.
Anſwer'd his wife, with a diſſembling cry,
O huſband dear, could I but with you die,
I freely could reſign my breath!
No comfort can I find after your death.
As for your will I freely ſhall obey,
In all that you are pleas'd to order me,
I will take care of her as you deſign'd.
So never let ſuch things diſturb your mind.
His thread of life now being almoſt ſpun,
The child was call'd, who eagerly did run,
In floods of tears did to her father ſay:
O father dear, what is your will with me?
He anſwer'd, Child, long I cannot live,
So now my bleſſing to you I will give.
His hands he tenderly laid on her head,
And then theſe moving words to her he ſaid,
Pray God preſerve, and ſend thee health and peace,
And may thy mind in heavenly things increaſe.
More he would ſpeak to her, but cruel death
Did put a ſtop, and took away his breath.
A decent funeral for him was made,
And when his body in the ground was laid,
This child did in a tender way addreſs
Her mother, and theſe words ſhe did expreſs:

PART III.

DOWN on her bended knees ſaid, Mother dear,
I am ſorry for your loſs, I do declare.
But ſtill I think we ought not to complain,
For our loſs is my own father's gain.
Remember that our bleſſed Saviour he
Has promis'd our great comforter to be,
He ſays, The widow's wants he will redreſs,
And be a father to the fatherleſs.
One more advantage, mother, you have ſtill,
My God's commands I promiſe to fulfil.
You I likewiſe will honour and obey,
In every thing you pleaſe to order me.
Theſe moving words ſtill could not penetrate
Into her wicked heart; ſhe ſtill did hate
This bleſſed child, who never deſerv'd ſcorn,
And often wiſh'd ſhe never had been born.
This wretch moſt covetous did prove ſo vile,
She was reſolv'd to murder her own child;
That ſhe the whole eſtate might then enjoy.
So all her thoughts on this ſhe did employ.
But firſt of all, I've ſome things to relate:
A gentleman who had a vaſt eſtate,
Came for to court the mother, and his ſuit
She ſoon embrac'd without the leaſt diſpute.

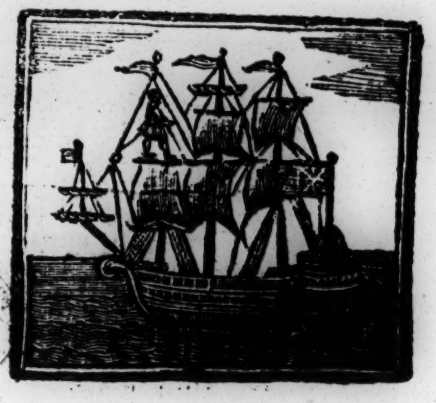
Altho' three weeks were hardly paſt and gone
Since her huſband's death, ſhe thought it long,
Ere her condition ſhe alter'd once more,
Which when this child knew it griev'd her ſore.
Soon as the gentleman was gone one day,
Unto her cruel mother ſhe did ſay,
Mamma, this gentleman who comes to you,
I hope he don't intend your love to ſue.
Yes, ſure he does, and muſt your father be,
How do you like him, quickly tell to me?
Not at all, mamma, the child reply'd,
Tis not a month ſince my poor father dy'd.
And can you ſo ſoon forget his death,
When he lov'd you thus while he liv'd on earth;
Beſides, mother, I have one thing to ſay,
For you methinks he is too young and gay.
At this her mother in a paſſion flew,
Saying, Suppoſe he is, what's that to you?
The marriage-day is fix'd, you ſaucy jade,
And for your inſolence you ſhall be paid.

PART IV.

NOW for to conclude this barbarous deed,
She did report it all about with ſpeed,
That her dear child was ſick, and kept her bed.
They little thinking what was in her head.
She kept her child confin'd to her room,
She little thought, dear child, of her wretched doom.
This infant often would ſit down and cry,
Dear Lord, what means my mother's cruelty?
At laſt this wicked wretch contriv'd the deed,
Having none in the houſe but juſt one maid.
Whom ſhe gave leave to go and ſee her friends.
While ſhe contriv'd to do her wicked ends.
The maid being gone, ſhe thought all was right,
So to the child ſhe went that very night.
With a ſmall dagger hid between her breaſt.
'Till ſhe had done the deed ſhe could not reſt.
With a diſſemble ſaid, Child, how do you do?
She ſaid, Mamma, better to ſee you.
My very heart doth leap, mother, ſaid ſhe,
That you do look ſo pleaſantly on me.
The dagger from her boſom then ſhe drew,
The child being ſtartled, from her mother flew.
She ſaid, Huſſy, I am come to end your days.
The child anſwer'd, The Lord above be prais'd.
But pray, dear mother, don't ſo haſty be;
Spare me a moment longer here to be.
That you may hear ſome words I have to ſay:
Then your commands I'll readily obey.
I was ſurpriz'd, mother, when firſt you
From your boſom the glittering dagger drew,
But now I underſtand what you intend,
It is to put my life in a bleſt hand.
Oh! it's for you, dear mother, that I grieve,
Not for myſelf that I this world muſt leave.
I value not theſe baubles here on earth.
Dear Lord, there's no repentance after death.
Then on her bended knees ſhe did fall,
And unto her heavenly God aloud did call.
For to forgive her mother while on earth:
Dear Lord, there's no repentance after death.
Theſe words might have turn'd a heart of lead.
But being tired, to the child ſhe ſaid,
Pray how much time muſt I on you beſtow?
She anſwer'd, I'll juſt pray, then give the blow.
She having pray'd, her mother gave the wound,
And as ſhe lay bleeding on the ground,
This child ſaid, Mother tho' you ne'er lov'd me,
I hope in heaven I your ſoul ſhall ſee.
Thus ſpoke the lamb, and ſo clos'd up her eyes.
This harden'd wretch was not at all ſurpriz'd,
But gave it out her daughter dear was dead,
And in the ground ſhe quickly had her laid.
No one ſuſpecting what this wretch had done,
Thought ſhe was ſafe.—The maid coming home,
Aſk'd for the child? but anſwer ſoon was made,
How ſhe was dead, and in the grave was laid.
At this the maid moſt bitterly did weep,
And being vex'd in mind, ſhe could not ſleep.
She lov'd the child entirely, 'tis ſure.
She never after could the houſe endure.

PART V.

BUT now comes on the cloſing of the ſcene
Of cruelty, which God will never screen
He was reſolv'd to bring it unto light,
And that it ſhould be on the wedding-night
A ſplendid entertainment ſhe had made,
To entertain her wedding-gueſts, 'tis ſaid.
No coſt was ſpar'd to crown their mutual joys,
But this fine banquet quickly was deſtroy'd.
As ſoon as at the table they ſet down,
A glorious ſhining light did them ſurround.
This bleſſed babe did in the midſt appear,
Which ſtruck them with horror and fear.
Her precious blood did like crimſon flow
From her breaſt that look'd as white as ſnow.
Her mother ſtill undantedly did ſit,
And ask'd her huſband why he did not eat.
But ſo ſurpriz'd he could no anſwer make,
Nor any one that in the room ſat.
At laſt the apparition aloud did ſay,
Repent, mother; and ſo vaniſh'd away,
Her gueſts they preſently did go away,
Out of the grave the child was took next day,
And view'd by people that came far and near,
For this ſweet baby was ſhed many a tear.
This bloody wretch was to priſon ſent,
But does not ſeem as if ſhe does repent.
The ſhocking fact ſhe ſtiffly does deny,
But from juſt vengeance now ſhe cannot fly.
At Glouceſter aſſize ſhe will tried be,
And alſo caſt for this ſad cruelty,
Her puniſhment cannot be too ſevere,
For ſpilling ſuch innocent blood ſo dear.
You coveteous wretches that do hear her talk,
I hope a warning it will be to all.
Who for the ſake of worldly wealth did kill
Her precious infant, that never did ill.



Admiral *Matthews* Engagement againſt the Combin'd Fleets of *France* and *Spain*.

BRave Admiral *Matthews* has been on the Main
with a true *Britiſh* heart againſt *France* & *Spain*
Reſolving to fight for Old *England* once more,
And make them knock under before he gives oe'r,
For there never was ſuch a bold Fleet as they ſay,
Sent out by Old *England* this many a Day.

He had not been long on the Sea it is true,
Before in Sight, there appear'd in his View,
Twenty eight Sail of the *French* and proud *Spain*,
Who ſwiftly was Sailing along the Salt Main,
Then he cry'd my brave Boys look ſee how *they ride*
I hope in ſmall time we ſhall ſoon cool their Pride.

We hoiſted our Sails and away then we went,
With our Guns all ready and hearts likewiſe bent,
Until that we come to the view of them all,
Then ſtrait our brave Admiral unto us did call,
At the word of command to make ready *with ſpeed*
For I think the proud *Donns*, will fight us indeed.

But the Wind prov'd contrary we could not purſue,
Altho' that we had them ſo full in our view,
And for to deceive us they did lay in wait,
Thinking we ſhould follow them up to the *Straits*,
Though our good God *was pleaſed to alter the wind*,
Yet Fortune unto us it proved unkind.

There is an old *Proverb I've lately thought on*,
When you think of a friend you're *ſure to find none*,
For when that I thought to ſee *Leſtock* come by,
he was 5 miles a diſtance & would not come nigh
But for all that misfortune we never could ſtart,
We purſued after them with a true *Britiſh* Heart.

A mile's diſtance next day they at us did fire,
But in half an hour we to them drew nigher,
Until that we came within Piſtol Shot,
Then we did let fly, and why ſhould we not;
As we ſent 'em one Broadſide another did come,
Which made our Cannons play, *bomb, bomb*.

Our Admiral took then his Glaſs in his hand,
To eſpy what he could, as you ſhall underſtand,
A double Shot came unto him ſo nigh,
That it took off the place where his Arm did lye,
But for that misfortune and all that foul play,
We held 'em ſix hours in hot Battle that day.

The night being come *they ſtraightway gave o'er*
and went off with their *Criples* we ſee 'em no more
but now that the War is proclaim'd againſt *France*
when we ſee them again we'll make 'em to prance
And if ever they into our preſence do come,
we'll make our Cannons play *Britain* ſtrike home.

Then ſtraightway we left them in grief to complain,
Whilſt we are Carouſing along the Salt Main,
Pray God bleſs our Fleet and his Majeſty too,
And grant them ſucceſs wherever they go,
Concluding as this and my Song to end,
In *Matthews* brave Ship theſe Verſes were penn'd.

45. b. 22. 104

The Loving Girl's Invitation to a Young Sailor, in his Trowsers.

COme a Shore you jolly Tar,
with your Trowsers on,
Come a Shore you jolly Tar,
with your Trowsers on,
Come a Shore you jolly Tar,
from on board a Man of War,
And kiss the bonny Lasses,
with our Trowsers on.

We will walk by the Shore,
while the Tide it comes in,
If we meet with a bonny Lass,
walking on the Sand,
We will kiss her sweetly,
with our Trowsers on

Will you stand to your Bargain,
young Man she said, or no
You promis'd for to marry me,
a Twelvemonth ago.
Will you stand to your Bargain,
so now say aye or no.

A Bargain a Bargain
the young Man he said,
If I promis'd for to marry
it was but for to try
We'll call up our Witnesses,
and hear them by and by.

There's a Flower in the North
for you young Man,
If it had not been for shame,
and to forfeit my good Name,
I might have prov'd as false,
as you have been young Man.

Here's a Health to the Lad,
with his Trowsers on,
And another to the Maid,
that never was afraid,
To kiss a bonny Lad,
with his Trowsers on.

A New SONG, call'd the Durham *LOVERS.*

NIgh *Durham* Town as I was a walking,
I heard two Lovers there a talking,
It was on the Common nigh the Town,
The Gentleman he laid her down *Fal lal, &c.*

He said my Dear, my Joy, my Jewel,
Pray do not unto me prove cruel;
Grant me the thing that I do crave,
And a handsome Piece of Gold you shall have.

Beside my dear its not all I'll give thee,
For thou shalt go to *Ireland* with me;
And when that we do come on Shore,
I'll deck thee like a Queen all oer.

She said your Promises are great Sir,
Your Favours I will not forget Sir;
O but my Master told me this,
That I with none but him should kiss.

I fear my Master will be cruel,
That you should rob him of his Jewel;
Ne'er mind your Master's not at hand,
Your Stay with him will not be long

With these fine Promises he made her,
He gain'd Consent and down he laid her;
You would have laugh'd to have seen his Wig,
O how it danc'd upon his Rigg.

If any one should ask his Name Sir;
To tell it I should be to blame Sir,
For he's the Master of his Trade,
And he likewise can draw a three squar'd blade,
Fal, lal, &c

FINIS.

Two Excellent NEW SONGS.

The Rakes of Stony Batter.

COME all you roving Blades,
That ramble thro' the City,
Kiſſing pretty Maids,
Liſten to my Ditty,
Our Time is coming on,
When we will be merry
Cato, *Poll*, and *Nan*.
Will give us Sack and Sherry,
Hey for *Bobbin Joan*,
Hey for Stony Batter,
Keep your Wife at Home,
Or I will have at her.

There's *Bridget*, *Peg*, and *Nell*,
With *Nancy*, *Doll*, and *Suſan*,
To pleaſe their Sweethearts well,
Sometimes will go a boozing,
When their Caſh is gone,
They'll hunt for a Cully,
And bring their Splinter Home,
To their beloved Bully.
In Summer Laſſes go,
To the Fields a maying,
Thro' the Meadows gay,
With their Sweethearts playing;
Their ſmiling winning Ways,
Shews for game their willing,
Tho' *Jenny* ſhe cries, nay
She would not for a Shilling.
Graft your Apple Trees,
Keep them clean of Water,
Keep your Wife at Home,
Or elſe I will be at her.
Is your Apples ripe,
Are they fit for plucking,
Where's your Daughter *Jane*,
Is ſhe fit for humping.
Have you ſawn your Wheat,
Is it ready put it,
Is it almoſt ripe,
Or is it fit for cutting,
Is your Corn dry,
Is it fit for threſhing,
You may come and try,
Kiſſing's all in Faſhion.
Go you cunning Knave,
No more of Coax and Wheedle,
By thoſe Buttons in my Sleeve,
I'll prick you with my Needle:
What will you ſtill be bold,
Mammy call to this Man.
For Shame, my Hands dont hold,
I vow my Breath is juſt gone.
Come all you Country Blades,
And liſten to my Ditty,
I make no doubt at all,
But this will make you merry:
Is broke a fair Maid's Pawn,
The Laws he has offended,
All the Tinkers he can find,
He cannot get it mended.

There's *Jenny Ling* and *Diver*,
Went to the Town a Walking,
They went to a bowring Ken,
To ſpend their Time in Courting:
There's *Bobbing Joan* and *Dye*,
Went to Bed together,
All the Sport we had
Was kiſſing one another.
There's *Joan* a buxom Laſs,
Met with luſty *Johnny*,
They went to take a Glaſs,
He call'd her Dear and Honey;
She ſaid you ſilly Clown,
Take me round the Middle,
Play me Bobbing *Joan*,
Or elſe I'll break your Fiddle.
He gently laid her down,
And he pull'd out his Scraper,
He play'd her ſuch a Tune,
As made her dance and caper:
She ſaid my deareſt *John*,
Your ſuch a jolly Rover,
My Gown and Cloak I'd pawn,
That you would ne'er give over.
Come let us take a Roam,
Up to *Stony Batter*,
Keep your Wife at Home,
Elſe I will be at her,
Hey for Cakes and Ale,
And hey for *Pretty Miſſes*,
That will never fail,
For to crown our Wiſhes.
Hey for *Bobbing Joan*. &c.

The Jolly Sailor.

YOU jolly young Sailors that loves to delight
In Whoring and Drinking both Day and Night:
Come liſten to me and to you I'll unfold,
As merry a Joke as ever was told.
Poor *Jack*, in the Town, as I heard them ſay,
Got very much drunk the other Day;
And to for his Pleaſure as he thought to crown,
He muſt ramble to pick up a Whore in Town.
Poor *Jack* he was travelling thro' Drury Lane.
At length to a painted Whore he came;
She finding him drunk and willing for Sport,
Led him to a Houſe, Boys, in Middleſex Court.
This impudent Whore for Brandy did call,
But alas! poor *Jack* he muſt pay for it all;
For he fell faſt a ſleep in the Arms of his Punk,
And he fell on the Ground being dead drunk.
She finding him drunk and not like to awake,
His Watch and his Money, ſhe from him did take:
She ſtripp'd him Stark naked, and put him to Bed,
And laid his Face cloſe to a Whore that was dead.
This Whore that was dead ſhe had had the *French* Pox,
She was twice ſalivated and died in the Flux;
Poor *Jacky* did lie in a poor louſy Bed,
Nothing to embrace but a Whore that was dead.
When he awaked and found this Surprize,
He jump'd out of Bed, to his Neighbours he cries,
My Watch, my Money, and Clothes they are gone,
The Whore ſhe is fled, I have no more to puton.
With an old louſy Blanket that lay on the Bed,
He wrapt it about him to cover his Head:
Down into *Wapping* away he did go,
With his Blanket about him, he caſt a fine Show.

A New Hunting Song,

Made on a F O X Chaſe.

COME all you Foxhunters where ever you be,
Repair to the Leven if Sportſmen you'd ſee
Such hounds and ſuch horſes of mettle and game;
As are worthy to be recorded in Fame.
Sing Ballinamona o-o, Ballinamona oro,
Ballinamona oro, the Lads of old Cleveland for me.

Dexter and Delver and Dido for ſpeed,
All ſprung from the Race of Charles Turner's fam'd breed
A ſportſman ſo rare, and the firſt in renown,
As witneſs the match over Feldom he won.

Rover and Rally and Minor likewiſe,
Old Spanker, ſo fierce the thick Cover he tries.
Matcham and Merrylais Reynard's ſworn foe;
He muſt be unkenneld, hark! I hear Tally O.

Now my Lads ſpur your Horſes and ſmoke'em away,
Jolly Bacchus and Sampſon will ſhew you ſome play,
Squire Hall, on his Wakefield that pampered Nag,
Comes Neck over heels, and yet of him will brag.

Bardon, ſo proud of his high mettled Steeds,
And the Annals of fame record their great deeds,
Yet in hunting he's bet fore againſt his deſire,
He ſticks in the dirt, and he's paſs'd by the Squire.

George Baker, on Blacklegs how determind his looks,
He defies the whole field over hedge, ditch, or brooks:
He keens him quite tight and he only deſires,
A three hours chaſe I'll be damn'd if he tires.

See thumping along goes jolly old Walker,
Whilſt cloſe at his heels lay the Gifborough Prior,
With Powder and ſweat, Lord! how awfull he looks,
Damn you Matt did you mind how I leap'd yonder brook.

Watſon, ſo fierce how he rides and ſo keen,
He thinks he's well mounted and ſure to be in,
But if he keep running at this gallant pace,
'Tis twenty to one he's thrown out in the Chaſe.

The firſt in the burſt was Scroop on old Match'em,
Straining hard to get in Tom ſwore he would catch'em,
Whilſt ſcrewing along ſee Smith only mind him,
He's top'd the barr'd Gate leaving numbers behind him

Yonder goes Stockdale ſo tight and ſo trim
How he ſtrokes down his mare which he fancies ſo ſlim
He nicks in and out 'till he's ſtarv'd with the cold,
Go bid him but thirty and then he'll ride bold.

Preſton, ſo brave with his heart full of glee,
On his Gaylaſs well mounted as he'd wiſh to be,
He ſwears that he'll ride 'till he dies in the field,
As a true honeſt Sportſman he never will yield.

Coates, on his Tyrant he creeps like a ſnail,
He puffs and he blows, and how he rolls his Tail;
Yet a Sportſman ſo bold he attempts at a flyer,
Old Tyrant leaps ſhort and he's down in the mire.

The Baronet cautious is paſs'd by his Brother,
As like you woul'd ſwear as one Egg's like another,
When fully intending to lead the whole field
A damn'd Steil held'em both 'till the Fox he was kill'd.

The Doctor, you ſcarcely know where you have him,
For ſometimes he's dodging and ſometimes he's daſhing,
But yet to the Chaſe will he eagerly ruſh
And loſe a good Patient for bold Reynard's bruſh.

Rowntree, a noted old Sporteman as good
Who brags of his Greytail that choiſe bit of Blood,
How at Stockeſly ſo clever ſhe won every Race.
And now that ſhe's equally fam'd for the Chace.

Flounders, the younger with Eyelids of Glaſs,
So prim on his Stallion and fond of his graſs,
One ſingle good run finiſh'd off the gay Quaker,
And now he's gone dumb with intent to turn ſpeaker.

Now our ſport being over let's home without fail,
And drown thoſe misfortunes in Punch and good Ale
And if we're thrown out we'll draw cloſe to the fire
And drink a good health to the Baronet and Squire.

FINIS.

The *STAFFORDSHIRE* MAID.

COme all ye young Gallants, and liſten awhile,
I'll tell you a ſtory will make you to ſmile:
It is of a bold young Staffordſhire Maid,
Her part with a rogue of a Tinker ſhe play'd.
At Yarmouth this Damſel did live, as we hear,
Along with the farmer the ſpace of a year;
But being deſirous her parents to ſee,
She gave her maſter warning for to go away.
Her maſter in wages païd her four pound,
She put it in her box, with head-cloaths and gown,
And having a box for to hold her cloaths,
With it on her head from her maſter ſhe goes.
She had not been gone from the town half a mile,
Before a bold Tinker met her at a ſtile;
When ſmiling in her face, unto her he ſaid,
Where are you going, my charming fair maid?
I am going to Hurley, where my parents do dwell,
Then reply'd the Tinker, I know them full well;
But be ruled by me, The Tinker did ſay,
You'll ſurely be robb'd if you go the highway,
If you turn to the right it will be ſame,
Then be ruled by me, and go ſtrait down the lane,
'Tis round about, yet better he ſaid,
Then for to be robbed, my charming fair maid.
She thanked the Tinker, and went on her way,
But he ſoon call'd to her, and bid her to ſtay;
I'm going down this lane the ſpace of a mile,
But little ſhe thought that he would her beguile.
Down the lane the Maid and the Tinker did walk,
Diverting each other with innocent talk,
Until they came to a loneſome place,
Then the Tinker he look'd her ſo ſly in the face.
What is in your box? come tell unto me,
And taking it from her demanded the key:
She ſaid ſhe had loſt it, with tears in her eyes,
A long pike ſtaff, the Tinker lay bye;
And while ſhe was buſy in opening the lock,
With the ſame ſhe gave him a very great knock;
The knock that ſhe gave let him to know,
Her ſtaff it was ready to give t'other blow,
Another ſhe gave him on the ſide of the head,
The blood it run down, ſhe left him for dead,
And ſaid, Lie there villain, and rogue in thy heart,
Thy traiterous actions have met their deſert.
So taking her box on her head once again,
Away ſhe went walking down the lane,
There ſhe met a Gentleman, who did her entreat,
And aſk'd her the favour to open the gate,
To open the gate, that his horſe might go thro',
And as the Gentleman near to her drew,
He ſaid, To whom doth the box on your head belong?
To maſter or miſtreſs, or have you done wrong

No, I've done no wrong, but a crime that's as ill,
For I do believe a man I have kill'd.
Come ſhew me the man, he ſtrait to her ſaid,
And I will protect you from danger, fair maid.
She ſhew'd him the place where the Tinker lay desd,
Along ſtream of blood was run down from his head;
In his budget were piſtols, with powder and ball,
And likewiſe a whiſtle his companions to call,
Alſo a hanger he had by his ſide,
And a large pair of ſpurs if occaſion to ride;
He ſaid, Fair damſel, you might have been abus'd,
Theſe are odd ſort of tools for a Tinker to uſe.
He ſaid fair maid have you courage to ſtand,
To fire a piſtol when danger's at hand?
She ſaid I have, and never will ſtart,
When dangers at hand I will ſoon play my part.
Then he took the whiſtle, and gave ſuch a blow,
As made the groves to ring and the thieves to crow:
In a few minutes the thieves did appear,
And ſeeing what was done, began for to ſwear,
They would be revenged; when the maid without dread,
She cocked her piſtol, and kill'd one ſtone dead;
Another bold villain the gentleman ſhot,
Who fell to the ground, ſtone dead on the ſpot.
Another bold villain ſeeing what was done,
He took to his heels, and away he did run;
The gentleman purſu'd him, and brought him to town,
Where the truth of the matter was quickly made known
The gentleman to the aſſizes is come, it is ſaid,
And for this brave girl ſhall have money paid;
Full fifty bright Guineas ſhe made, it appears,
Beſides the effects in the budget we hear;
Now all the brave Lads were in a ſtrife,
Who ſhould gain this fair Girl for a wife;
But none of them was ordained ſo right,
As he who made her a Lady ſo bright.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, London.

(390)

An Excellent Ballad of the

Lord MOHUN *and Duke* HAMILTON.

With an Exact Account of their Melancholy Deaths.

COME all ye people far and near,
Of high and low degree;
Sad tidings I have brought you here,
And therefore mourn with me.

It was a sad unhappy chance,
It was, I need must say;
Two Nobles great, in passion bent,
Cast both their lives away.

The one Duke Hamilton by name,
The other brave Lord Mohun,
Renowned men of birth and fame,
But O they perish'd soon.

Great men have got great daring souls,
And vicious hearts likewise;
For from the glass and swimming bowls,
Great quarrels do arise.

Which often end with blood and death,
Ne'er to return again:
Life is but one short blast of breath,
Here's two great Nobles slain.

If men of honour did but know,
That death would part their fray
And lay their lofty heads full low,
'Till the great Judgment day.

They would their passions bridle sure,
And not admit such strife;
But each one thinks himself secure,
'Till he's bereav'd of life.

It was a sad and sudden fall,
From grandeur unto death;
That these two Nobles here did fall,
And lost their mortal breath.

It was a sad and sudden fate,
That did the Queen surprize;
She has lost two brave subjects great,
And they have lost their lives.

Which might have serv'd the government,
In many weighty things;
Which made them all with tears lament,
That wrath such ruin brings.

Alas! alas! I little thought
Upon the other day,
That blooming honour should be brought
So soon to beds of clay.

Instead of trumpets loud alarms,
In courtly form likewise;
In death's cold joys, and frozen arms,
This man of honour lies.

Great men will not submissive take
A quarrel from a friend,
But strait they will a challenge make,
And mortally attend.

For satisfaction all in vain,
They prize no less than life.

And theſe two Nobles who were ſlain,
Invade a mortal ſtrife.

Lord Mohun wounded Duke Hamilton,
And would have then give o'er:
The Duke reply'd he had not done,
And paſs'd at him once more.

The ſword quite thro' his body paſt,
Immediately he fell;
And in Hyde Park he breath'd his laſt,
And bid the world farewell.

The Duke was carry'd off, and dy'd
Within a little while:
All former feuds were laid aſide,
And death did end the broil.

It was a great and ſad ſurpriſe,
When to his Lady he was brought,
All bath'd in blood; aloud ſhe cries,
Who has this fatal miſchief wrought?

What bloody hand has done this deed?
Speak, if you can, my noble Lord;
Againſt his life I will proceed,
He ſhall not miſs of his reward.

It was Lord Mohun, Lady, he cry'd,
That firſt gave me this fatal wound;
Yet with my ſword I'm ſatisfy'd,
I left him breathleſs on the ground.

It was a raſh attempt, I own,
But who can help what's done and paſt?
Then with a ſigh and dying groan,
He in her preſence breath'd his laſt.

My little ſon of blooming youth,
Thy father being dead and ſlain;
I bathe his corpſe with weeping tears,
Altho I know them ſhed in vain.

Dear ſon, now for thy father's ſake,
If thou liveſt to maturity,
Such a raſh challenge never make,
But in ſweet friendſhip live and die.

Thou ſeeſt my eye-lids overflown,
Thy father's death afflicts me ſtill,
Unto my private room alone
I'll go, and weeping take my fill.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, London.

An Excellent Ballad of the

The Bloody GARDENER's Cruelty;
Or, The Shepherd's Daughter betray'd.

COME all you conſtant lovers, and to me lend an ear,
And mind this ſad relation, which I do give you here:
'Tis of a maiden fair, a Shepherd's daughter dear;
But love did prove her utter overthrow.

She was of beauteous mold, fair and clear to behold,
And by a noble lord ſhe courted were,
But was too young, we find, as yet fond love to mind;
Yet little Cupid did her heart enſnare.

His parents they were all of high degree,
They ſaid, She is no match at all for thee
If you our bleſſing have, grant us but what we crave,
And wed with none but whom we ſhall agree.

Dear ſon, for you we have choſen out a bride,
With ſtore of gold and beautiful beſide;
Of a temper kind and free, ſhe is the girl for me,
But not a Shepherd's daughter of mean degree.

And if by us you'll not be ruled or led,
You from our preſence ſhall be banished:
No more we will you own, to be our only ſon;
Then let our will be done, to end the ſtrife.

Madam, ſaid he if a begging I ſhould go,
I ſhould be well contented ſo to do,
If that I could but have the girl that I do crave,
No curſed gold ſhould part my love and me.

Was ſhe as poor as Job, and I of royal robe,
And lord of all the globe ſhe ſhould be mine,
His mother ſaid in ſcorn, Thou art moſt nobly born,
And with a beggar's brat ſhall never join.

He hearing of his mother to ſay ſo,
His eyes did then with tears like fountains flow;
Saying, a promiſe I have made, and her heart betray'd,
Therefore no other for my bride I chuſe.

A cruel ſnare then for her life ſhe laid,
And for to act this thing, oh! then ſhe did,
With her Gardener ſhe agreed, to do the bloody deed
And butcher her forthwith, and dig her grave.

To the Bloody Gardener ſhe gave foreſcore pounds,
To murder her and lay her under ground,
All in a grave ſo deep, in everlaſting ſleep,
Hoping her fair body would not be found.

She wrote a letter, and ſent it with ſpeed:
Saying, My deareſt, with haſte now proceed,
Meet me this night, I've ſomething to declare.
Poor girl, ſhe little thought upon the deed.

The youthful ſhepherdeſs of this nothing knew,
But went to meet her true love as ſhe uſed to do:
She ſearch'd the garden all around, but no true love ſhe found.
At length the Bloody Gardener did appear.

Whatſi unneſs have you here, madam, I pray?
Are you come here to rob the garden gay?
Cries ſhe, No theif I am, but wait for that young-man,
Who did this night appoint to meet me here.

He ſpoke no more, but ſtrait a knife he took,
And pierc'd her heart before one word ſhe ſpoke,
Then on the ground ſhe fell, crying, Sweet love, farewel.
O welcome, welcome, Death, thy fatal ſtroke.

Was this done now, my dear, by your deſign?
Or by your cruel parents moſt unkind,
My life is thus betray'd?—farewell vain world, ſhe ſaid,
I hope in heaven I a place ſhall find.

But when he ſee her life was really gone,
Immediately he lay'd her in the ground,
With flowers fine and gay her corpſe did overlay,
Intending that her body ſhould not be found.

Now all the time this lord he nothing knew,
But went to meet his true love as he uſed to do,
He ſearch'd the vallies round, but no true love he found
The little lambs went wandering to and fro'

Lamemting greatly for their ſhepherdeſs
Then he did lay him down upon the graſs.
The heavens he did implore, to ſee his love once more,
Oh! then, ye Gods above, I am ſurely bleſt,

Oh! whither ſhall I ſeek that angel bright?
Who is alone my pleaſure and delight:
Pray, if alive she be, let me my true love ſee,
Or elſe my ſoul will quickly take its flight.

Whereat the woods and groves began to mourn;
The ſmall birds they did ſing a mournfull tune,
Crying, Your love is gone, and you left quite alone,
Then on a moſſy bank he laid him down.

He had no ſooner clos'd his eyes to ſleep,
But a milk-white dove came to his breaſt,
Her fluttering wings did beat, which wak'd him out of fleep,
And then the dove took wing, and he was bleſt,

To this mother's garden ſtrait he did repair,
For to bemoan the loſs of his own dear,
Here the dove once more he ſeas, ſat on a myrtle tree,
With dropping wings diſconſolate ſhe did appear,

Oh! dove diſconſolate, why do you come?
Have you not loſt your love, as I have done?
That you do doge me here, no comfort can I bear.
Then thus the dove replied, and ſtben flew down,

Saying it was your mother order'd it ſo.
Then from her milk white breaſt the blood did flow.
To the grove he did repair, but found no true love there,
Homewards then to his mother he did go.

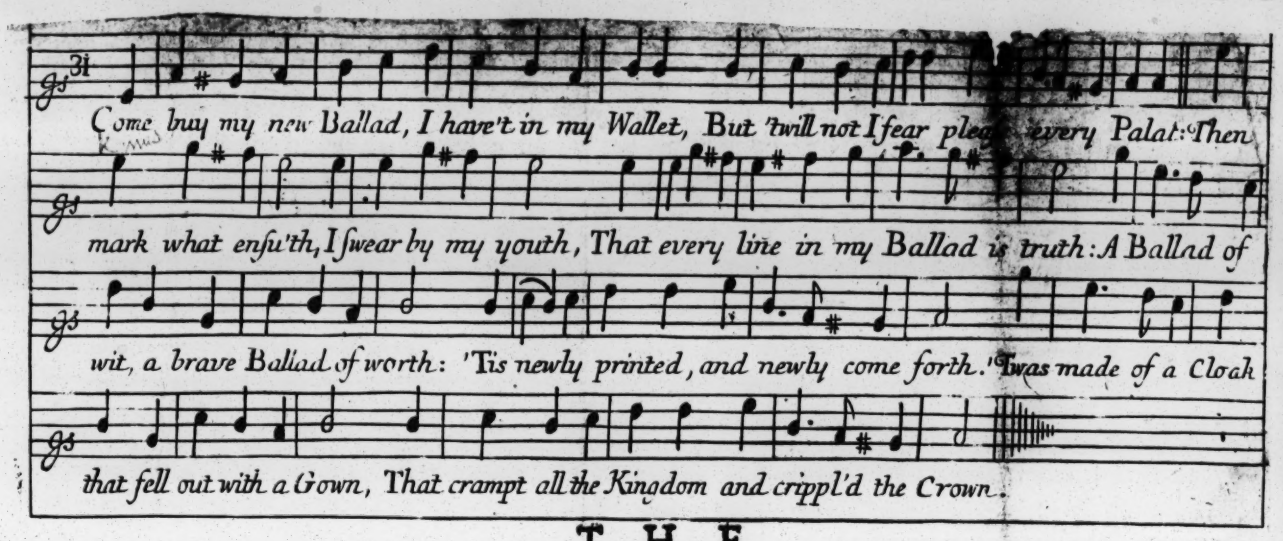
And ſaid, Mother moſt cruel and ſevere,
I fear you've kill'd my joy and only dear:
For a dove, I do declare, did all in blood appear,
He ſaid, if ſhe is dead, her fate I'll ſhare.

His mother hearing whatthe ſon did ſay,
She turn'd as pale as death and ſwoon'd away:
Then into diſtraction run, and told what ſhe had done,
And where the virgin's body it then lay.

He ſaid no more, but ſtraitways took a knife,
And ſaid, Farewell to the comfort of my life,
Then into the garden flew and pierc'd his body thro'
And ſaid, It was curſed gold cauſed all this ſtrife.

Theſe loyal lovers in one tomb were laid,
And many a briny tear for them was ſhed,
And the Gardener, as we hear, was apprehended there,
And hang'd in chains for being ſo ſevere,

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in
Aldermary Church Yard, London.



THE CLOAK'S KNAVERY.

COME buy my New Ballad,
I have't in my Wallet,
The 'twill not, I fear, pleaſe every Palate:
Then mark what enſu'th,
For I ſwear by my Youth,
That every Line in my Ballad is Truth:
A Ballad of Wit, a brave Ballad of Worth,
'Tis newly Printed and newly come Forth.
'Twas made of a Cloak that fell out with the Gown,
That cramp'd all the Kingdom *and crippl'd the* Crown.

Ill tell you in Brief
A Story of Grief
That happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
It tore Common- Pray'rs,
Impriſon'd Lord Mayors,
In one Day it voted down Prelates and Play'rs,
It made People perjur'd in Point of Obedience,
And the Cov'nant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.
Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak *down,*
That cramp'd, &c.

It was a Black Cloak,
In good Time be it ſpoke
It kill'd many Thouſands, but never ſtruck Stroke;
With Hatchet and Rope,
The forlorn Hope,
It join'd with the Devil to pull down the Pope;
It ſet all the Sects in the City to Work,
And rather than fail 'twould have brought in the Turk.
Then let us Endeavour, &c.

It Seiz'd on the Tow'r Guns,
Thoſe fierce Demi-gorgons,
It ſet up the Bag-pipes, but pull'd down the Organs,
The Pulpits did Smoak,
Our church it did Choak,
And all our Religion was turned to a Cloak;
It brought in lay Elders could not Write or Read:
It ſet publick Faith up, but pull'd down the Creed;
Then let us endeavour, &c.

This Pious Impoſtor
Such Fury did Foſter,
It left us no Penny nor no Pater Noſter;
It threw to the Ground
Ten Commandments down'
And ſet up twice Twenty Times Ten of its own;
It routed the King and Villains elected
To plunder all thoſe whom they thought Diſaffected
Then let us Endeavour, &c

To blind Peoples Eyes
This Cloak was ſo Wiſe,
It took off Ship Money, but ſet up Exciſe:
Men brought in their Plate
For Reaſons of State
And gave it to Tom Trumpet and his Mate:
In Pamphlets it wrote many ſpecious Epiſtles
To Couzen poor Wenches of Buckins and Whiſtles.
Then let us Endeavour, &c.

In Pulpits it moved,
And was much Approved
For Crying out, Fight the Lord's Battles beloved;
It Bobtail'd the Gown,
Pull'd Prelacy down,
It trode on the Mitre to reach at the Crown;
And into the Field it an Army did bring
To aim at the Council but ſhoot at the King.
Then let us Endeavour, &c.

It raiſed up States
Whoſe Politick Pates
Do now keep their Quarters on our City Gates;
To Father and Mother
To Siſter and Brother
It gave a Commiſſion to kill one another:
It took up Men's Horſes at very low Rates
And Plunder'd our Goods to ſecure our Eſtates.
Then let us Endeavour, &c.

This Cloak did proceed
To a Damnable Deed,
It made the beſt Mirrour of Majeſty Bleed:
Tho' Cloak did not do't.
It ſet it on Foot
By rallying and calling his Journey Men to't:
For never had come ſuch a bloody Diſaſter
If Cloak had not firſt drawn a Sword at his Maſter.
Then let us Endeavour, &c.

Tho ſome of 'em went hence
By ſorrowful Sentence,
This lofty long Cloak is not mov'd to Repentance;
But he and his Men,
Twenty Thouſand times Ten,
Are Ploting to do their Tricks over again:
But let this proud Cloak to Authority ſtoop,
Or Catch will provide him a Button and Loop,
For we'll ever endeavour, &c.

THE

Courtiers Health:

OR, THE

MERRY BOYS of the TIMES.

He that loves Sack, *doth nothing lack,*
If he but Loyal be,
He that denyes Bacchus *supplyes*
Shows meer Hypocriſie.

To a new Tune, *Come Boyes fill us a Bumper,* Or *My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

COme Boyes fill us a Bumper,
we'l make the Nation Roare,
She's grown ſick of a Rumper
that ſticks on the old Score.
Pox on *Phanaticks* rout 'um,
they thirſt for our Blood,
We'l Taxes raiſe without 'um,
and Drink for the Nations Good,
Fill the Pottles and Galons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the KING.
Round around, fill a freſh One,
let no Man bawk his Wine,
We'l Drink to the next in Succeſſion,
and keep it in the Right Line.
Bring us ten Thouſand Glaſſes,
the more we drink we're a Dry,
We mind not the Beautiful Laſſes
whoſe Conqueſt lyes in the Eye.
Charge the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a brimmer to the KING.
We Boyes are truly Loyal,
for *Charles* we'l venture all,
We know his Blood is Royal,
his Name ſhall never fall.
But thoſe that ſeek his Ruine
may chance to die before him,
While we that Sack are Woeing,
for ever will adore him;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the KING.
I hate thoſe Diſſenters
that ſtrives to bawk a Glaſs,
He that at all Adventures
will ſee what comes to paſs:
And let the *Popiſh* Faction
diſturb us if they can,
They ne'r ſhall breed Diſtraction
in a true hearted Man.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the KING.
Let the *Phanaticks* grumble
to ſee this croſs their grain,
We'l make them now more humble
or eaſe them of their pain:
They ſhall drink Sack amain too
or elſe they ſhall be choak't,
We'l tell 'um 'tis in vain too
for us to be prowok't
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a Brimmer to the KING
He that denyes the Brimmer
ſhall baniſht be in this Iſle,
And we will look more grimmer
till he begins to ſmile:
We'l drown'd him in Canary
and make him all our own,
And when his Heart is merry
he'l drink to *Charles* in's Thron;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Brimmer to the KING.
Quakers and *Anabaptiſts*
we'l ſink them in glaſs,
He deals moſt plain and flatteſt
that ſayes he loves a Laſs:
Then tumble down Canary
and let your brains go round,
For he that won't be merry
he can't at heart be ſound;
Fill the Pottles and Gallons
and bring the Hogſhead in,
We'l begin with a Tallen
a Bimmer to the KING.

THE

Poor MAN's Counſellor;

OR,

The Married MAN's Guide:

If God hath bleſt thee with a careful Wife,
Take my Directions how to lead thy Life;
Tho' Riches thou doſt want, yet thou ſhalt find,
Far greater Wealth in a contented Mind:
Thy honeſt Labour ſhall thy Charge maintain,
Being truly got, not by unlawful Gain.

To the Tune of, *The Poor Man's Comfort, &c*

COME Friend if thy Leiſure Permit thee to ſtay,
I'll teach thee ſome Precepts the ſame to obey,
Now thou haſt betaken thy ſelf to a Wife,
How thou may'ſt live happy all Days of thy Life,
Then take my Directions, tho' thou art but poor,
I'll learn thee to keep the Wolf from the Door.

'Tis not all Men's for one great Riches to have,
And they that have little, have more need to ſave,
For Riches have Wings and away they will fly,
And leave them forſaken that once were ſo high,
A little is better with Peace and Content,
Than Wealth in abundance in miſery ſpent.

The Wealth of the World doth too many bewitch,
And they are to blame that make haſt to be Rich,
For Goods ill gotten like Snow-Balls do waſt,
And he that is Rich will be poor at the laſt;
Therefore be content with a lowly Degree,
And God will provide in due Time you ſhall ſee.

If thou haſt a Wife that is loving and kind,
Great Comfort in her at all Times thou wilt find,
Whatever betide thee ſhe will bear a ſhare,
And help to adviſe thee in Woe or Welfare,
Then ſtrive not her Patience at all to provoke,
But freely Submit to draw both in one Yoak.

A Wife that is froward I do not commend,
What thou doſt take Pains for ſhe'll laviſhly ſpend,
And do what thou can'ſt for to humour her ſtill,
She'll hold thee in Scorn if ſhe want of her Will,
Make much of a Wife that is loving and chaſte,
For ſhe will be ſaving and fearful to waſte.

Each Morning when thou doſt thy Labour begin,
Have God in thy Mind 'twill keep thee from Sin,
A Penny hard earn'd, ſince it is thy Lot,
Will do the more good than a Pound that's ill got;
Then labour to thrive, by the Sweat of thy Brows,
For that's the beſt Way all honeſt Men knows.

If God gives a Bleſſing that Children you have,
The more you muſt labour in Times for to ſave,
And do not you murmer and count them a Charge,
The better you'll thrive, and your Stock will enlarge,
'Twill be of great Comfort thy Children to ſee,
If that they obedient and dutiful be.

Let no Man entice thee thy Money to waſte,
Be careful to ſpare and lay up what thou haſt;
Whoever ſhould ask thee, he is not thy Friend,
To go to the Ale-houſe thy Money to ſpend,
Avoid ſuch bad Courſes as bring Men to want,
And thou ſhalt have plenty when others have Scant.

Lewd Houſes and Gaming be ſure that you ſhun,
There's many frequent them and ſo are undone:
By ſuch bad Companions a Man that's miſled,
May quickly be brought to a Morſel of Bread;
A Cup of good Liquor at Home with thy Wife,
Will chear up your Hearts, and prevent further Striſe.

Be courteons and kind to thy Neighbours about,
And then they'll love thee, thou need not to doubt,
Avoid all Contention with Striſe and Debate,
For that would procure thee all honeſt Men's hate;
Be civil to all Men as they are to thee,
Then kindly reſpected thou ſurely ſhalt be.

If Times do prove hard, and Money be ſcant,
Then labour for little before that you want,
And thankfully take whatſoever God ſends,
As Times do grow better it will make amends,
A Dinner of Herbs with content ſerves as well
As all the rich Dainties which far doth excell.

When thou for thy Labour ſome Money has got,
Be ſure do not ſpend it in toſſing the Pot,
Make haſt to thy Wife and Children ſmall,
And that will ſupply when they for Bread do call,
'Twould be a great Grief to thee whilſt thou doſt live,
To hear thy Babies cry and have nothing to give.

Whatever Affliction befal thee or thine,
Yet do not thou murmer or ſeem to repine,
For God that hath given the Means to ſubſiſt,
Can take it away whenſoever he liſt;
Therefore be contented whatever betide,
Submit with all Patience and God will provide.

Take to remember what here I have told,
And value it dearer than Silver or Gold;
When thou art inclined to wander aſtray,
Perhaps it might bring thee into the right Way,
And by thy Example all others may ſee,
'Tis good to be careful and live honeſtly.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: Printed and ſold by *JOHN WHITE.*

The Horrid Murther Committed by Captain *Green* and his Crue, on Captain *Drummond* and his whole Men, under design of Friendship by cutting off their *Heads*, and tying them back to back, and throwing them into the Sea, and sold their *Ship* unto the *Indians*.

Come hearken now unto my Song,
and I will now relate,
The terriblest Act that ever was known,
either in Church or State!
By *Captain Green*, that murthering Man,
but and his wicked Crue,
For if that Man takes no revenge
from Heaven he'l have his Due.

For murther it will not be hid,
neither by Sea nor Land:
For Heaven will it revenge we know,
even with a heavy hand:
Therefore repent ye Murtherers,
of your most Bloody Crime
Confess your Sins before the Lord,
and Pardon seek of Him.

This murther it was first found out,
by Coorting of a Lass,
Ba George Hynds one of their Crue;
which after he denyes;
And turns his tongue even from the same
till that he was Condemn'd,
Which he repenteth now and sayes,
that *Green* was not his friend;

And *Indeed* too, one of their Crue,
declareth now in plain;
With the *Doctor* and *Brucky* also,
how many there was Slain
Madder he cannot it deny,
although his heart is Stout;
Desiring *Green* would not confesse,
that it might no come out.

He to the Super Cargo spake,
desiring for to know,
What came of Captain *Drummonds* ship;
and when they went from ?
Who telling him it was not long
since they from them depart,
But when he *Drummonds* cloaths did see
he had a heavy heart.

The *Doctor* he declares the same,
that he was then on Shoar,
And when he saw Blood on the Deck,
he did it much abhoar,
He asking what that Blood did mean?
of murdering Captain *Green*.
He bade him look to his plaister box,
that need not trouble him.

This deed was done for ought we know
upon the *Indian* shoar,
More Barbarous deed was never done,
even by the Blackamoor;
To cut Mens throats in barbarous sorts,
when they did them *Invite*,
To drinke a glass of Wine with them,
Oh! a cruel Treat!

And tying some Men, back to back,
and flang them in the Sea;
Such terrible Act was never done,
since Christianity:
One Christian Brother another Kill,
being neighbour Nation Men:
No heathen, Turk, did ne're the like,
nor yet Barbarian.

Now here I end my dreadfull Song,
too terrible to relate;
And wishes Scots Men may take care,
of cruel Neighbours hate.
Who Spitefully us treats we see,
by Murdering Policie.
Lord keep us from the like, we wish
Scots Men of each degree.

FINIS

Merry and Wiſe;

COME hither my dutiful ſon,
And take this good counſel of me,
All follies endeavour to ſhun,
That you ſo may proſperous be,
In all the affairs of your life,
That ſo you to riches may riſe,
Alſo in chuſing of a wife,
It is good to be merry and wiſe.

Chuſe not for a great many pence,
Among the fine, gaudy and gay,
For a woman well furniſh'd with ſenſe,
Is fifty times better than they.
Here is one in her inſolent pride,
Perhaps in your calling deſpiſe,
When the other will draw by your ſide,
'Tis good to be merry and wiſe.

Be ſure you draw both in a yoke,
One hand, one heart and one purſe,
Each other pray never provoke,
Leſt your bleſſing ſhould turn to a curſe
Be careful and kind to thy wife,
And be not too ſoon diſguis'd,
Be ſober and lead a good life,
It is good to be merry and wiſe.

Some men they nothing will ſave,
Like ragged extravagant elves,
And it is their deſire to have,
Their neighbours as poor as themſelves.
Be careful and value them not,
To ruin they'll fall while you riſe,
There is a good name to be got,
For thoſe that are merry and wiſe.

Some men they ſcorn and deride
Good men of induſtrious care,
That do by their labour provide,
Both food and apparel to wear,
They ſtrive by their malice and ſpleen,
Like ragged wolves in diſguiſe,
We very well know what you mean,
It is good to be merry and wiſe.

I have been a father to you,
And ſo I will be to your wife,
Nothing ſhall be wanting of me,
To the longeſt day of my life.
If you will mend what is amiſs
And not my good counſel deſpiſe,
Then I will conclude all with this,
Dear ſon you'll be merry and wiſe.

A New SONG, concerning Two Games at *Cards*, play'd betwixt the King of *England*, King of *France*, and Queen of *Spain*; ſhewing the true Honour and Honeſty of Old *England* againſt the Pretender.

To a good TUNE.

COME jolly Brittons and play your game at Whiſt,
Keeping of *France* and *Spain* in a Miſt,
And play your Cards before they ſpeak,
I know this Game their Hearts will break,
And ne'er Pretender undertake,
To Rule England.

The King of France joined with the Queen of Spain,
Againſt the King of England, who plays the Dead Man,
Knowing that neither King nor Queen,
Can bang his Ace at Trumps unſeen,
With twelve of Sute which makes thirteen,
Brave old England.

Old England's the Game, cries Lewis unto Spain,
Not thinking that Clubs would be Trumps on the Main,
But finding the King of England's Hand,
All of a Suit and at Command,
I'm beggar'd quite crys Lewis Grand,
By old England.

The next Game was Putt, Grand Lewis would play,
To put in a King of his own by the way,
But tho' he's all Legerdemain,
He cannot get his King to Reign,
Nor dare he come for being tak'n,
By old England.

He thought to get the firſt Trick by playing a Knave,
And play'd him on Scotland King George to deceive,
But having neither Duce nor Tray,
He's thrown his Knave and Gold away,
And loſt his Game what e're he play,
With old England.

Then Britons rejoice, and let this be your Song,
We'll corb the proud French, yes and likewiſe their Dons
For if we fight, or if we play,
I hope we ſtill ſhall win the Day,
And ſo God bleſs King George I ſay,
And Old England.

The STORM,

Or the, Dangers of the Sea

CEase rude boreas blustring railer,
List ye landsmen all to me,
Mess-mates hear a Brother Sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea,
From bounding billows, first in motion
When the distant Whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.
Mark the Boatswain hoarsly bawling.
By top-sail-sheets, and haulyards stand;
Down top gallants quick be hawling,
Down your stay-sails, hand boys,
Now it freshens, fit the braces,
The top sail-sheets, now let go.
Luff, boys luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.
Now all you can, down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall,
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!
The top-sail yards point to the wind boys,
See all clear to reef each course,
Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys,
Tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventer brace, set,
Man the foreyard, cheer, lads, cheer.
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peal, on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Defferent deaths at once surround us
Hark, what means that dreadfull cry.
The foremast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
Come my hearts be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
Four feet water in the hold.
While o'er the ship, wild waves are beating,
We for wives, or children mourn;
Alass, from hence there's no retreating,
Alass, from hence there's no turn.
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain, pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us
For only that can save us now.
O'er the lee beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown.
To the pump come ev'ry hand boys;
See our mizen mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cant pour fast,
We've lightened her a foot or more
Up and rigg a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore
Now once more on joys we're thinking
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives;
Come, the can boys, let's be drinking,
To our sweet hearts and our wives,
Fill it up about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join,
Where's the tempest now, who feels it,
Now, the danger's drown in wine.

(XX2)

THE

SOUTH SEA

BALLAD;

Set by a LADY.

(1)

Change Alley's ſo thin that a Man may now walk,
And if he'll but liſten, may hear himſelf talk:
For, ſince the Suppreſſion of Bubbles in *June*,
Thoſe clamorous Catches are quite out of Tune.
No more Bubbles nor Bubbles we ſee,
The whole Nation attends the *South Sea*.

(2)

The *Sale*, and the *Fiſhery* likewiſe are gone,
All the Stock of the Bubbles is ſwallow'd in one,
Which (barring the Ruin of all other Trade)
Is the cleverest Project that ever was made:
For now the Contrivers are tipt with a Fee,
If they Souſe the Subſcribers into the *South Sea*.

(3)

What Numbers have got that inſatiable *Itch*,
And endleſs Ambition of ſtill growing rich?
The Man that was formerly worth but a *Plumb*
Till he makes it a Million, keeps gnawing his Thumb;
For that is the leaſt, as the Wiſemen agree
Can content an Adventurer in the *South Sea*.

(4)

All the Town is ſo eager their Fortnne to try,
That no body can the Temptation deny:
So craftily laid is the Scheme of the Gin,
That ſome of the Parſons themſelves are drawn in,
Which of theſe would chooſe an *Archbiſhop* to be,
To refuſe a Directorſhip in the *South Sea*.

(5)

What Numbers of upſtart Figures we meet
Set up by Stockjobbing in every Street?
They're ſo fond of their *Arms* when they come to approach
They can hardly for Staring, get into their Coach;
Bnt when we examine their true Pedigree,
We trace their Original from the *South Sea*.

(6)

This Gold ſanded Ocean is not like the reſt
But is quite of a different Nature poſſeſt,
It is ſuch as no other Sea yet ever had,
Inſtead of preventing, 'twill make People mad,
Diſtracting their Reaſon to ſuch a Degree,
That head-long they throw themſelves in the *South Sea*.

(7)

'Tis a comical Sight to obſerve the Deceit
Of all Kinds of Mankind each other to cheat;
To ſee my *L—d Duke* make a Rout and ado
In a Coffee-houſe Crowd with a politick *Jew*,
The moſt Orthodox now a Days reckoned is He
Whoſe Stock is all Capital in the *South Sea*.

(8)

This Myſtery ſome would pretend to explain,
While thoſe that get Money but laugh at their Pain
The wiſeſt of all with their Racket and Rout,
Find it juſt like a Tub with the Bottom knockt out;
The Cream of the Jeſt is with thoſe that make free,
With the general Scramble amidſt the *South Sea*.

(9)

Like *Pharaoh's* lean Kine that devoured the fat,
It has knock'd down the puny Contrivances flat,
But if I miſtake not, I've read that his Hoſt,
And himſelf in the *Red Sea* were utterly loſt:
He thought to get Riches, and why ſhould not we,
Remember the *Red*, when we croſs the *South Sea*?

FINIS.

A Song in Praiſe of our Forces.

CHear up your Hearts bold *Britans*,
Our Troops are now advancing,
The Rebels muſt retreat,
Or quickly die a dancing;
Brave Marſhal Wade is at the Head
To give us his Command, Sir,
The Chevalier you need not fear,
We'll put him to a Stand, Sir.

The Clans they have begun it,
To pillage and to plunder,
I hope to ſee them run yet,
When e'r out Cannons thunder,
Then Horſe and Foot, let's quickly to't,
The Country now doth call, Sir,
To mend ſome Brogues for Highland (Rogues,
With Powder and with Ball, Sir

The Time has been their own,
For Want of good Commanders,
And that will ſoon be known,
By thoſe that's come from Flanders;
Our Britiſh Foot are hard put to't,
To march through Mud and Mire,
But all agreed they'll not be rid,
By Capaucheens and Friars.

Although the Nights are cold.
Not very fit for camping,
The Troops will march up bold,
Being always us'd to tramping;
The Blues and Buffs, are old and tough,
The Greens they ne'er will ſtart, Sir,
The Yellow Boys don't fear no Noiſe,
Their Colours ne'er will part, Sir,

Therefore let us prepare,
And be ready for a Battle,
We'll ſee their Arſes bare,
When once our Cannons rattle:
The Yorkſhire Blue are bold and true,
Brave Gentlemen no Doubt, Sir;
When e'er 'tis o'er you'll here more,
What they have been about, Sir.

The Memorable BATTLE fought at

KILLY CRANKIE.

By Chief *CLAVERS* and his HIGHLAND MEN.

To the Tune call'd, *Killy Cranky.*

CLAVERS and his *Highland* Men
Came down upon the Raw then,
Who being ſtout gave many a Clout,
The Lads began to claw then:
With Sword and Targets in their Hands,
Wherewith they were not ſlaw then,
And Clinkin Clankin on their Crowns,
The Lads began to claw then.

O'er Brink and Brark, o'er Ditch and Stank,
He ſtaik amang them a' then,
The *Butter-box* got many Knocks,
The Riggans pay'd for a' then.
They got their Paiks with ſudden Straiks,
Which to their Grief they ſaw then,
And double Dunts upon their Rumps,
The Lads began to fa' then.

Her skip'd about, and leap'd about,
Her flang amang them a' then,
The *Engliſh* Blades got Bricken Heads,
Their Crowns her clave in twa there,
The *Durk* and *Door* made their laſt Hour,
Such was their final fa' then,
They thought the D—l had been there,
That gave them ſuch a Paw then.

Jock Presbyter an's Covenant
Came whigging up Hill then,
Though *Highland Trews* would not refuſe,
For to ſubſcribe the Bill then;
In *William*'s Name he thought na Shame,
Would ſtop the Deed at a' then;
But her nane ſell *Stock*, with many a Knock,
Cry'd *furich Whigs awa' then.*

Sir *Hugh Mardow* with his Men true,
Came skiping o'er the Brink then,
The *Hogan Dutch* that feared ſuch,
They bred a horrid Stink then,
The true *Maclain* his Gate has gane,
And came upon a Raw then;
None could withſtand his heavy Hand,
He ſtake with ſuch a Paw then.

THE TRUE

Protestant's Triumph:

OR,

LILLI-BOLERO

In ENGLISH.

COme let's sing to the Honour and Praise
Of *William* and *Mary*, *George* and *Ann*,
Who did Three groveling Kingdoms raise,
William and *Mary*, *George* and *Ann*.
Mary, *Mary*, *William* and *Mary*, *William* and *Mary*,
(*George* and *Ann*.

The *Jacobites* now begin to droop,
William and *Mary*, &c.
Who lately were so Cock-a-hoop,
William and *Mary*, &c.

Great *WILLIAM* is to *Holland* gon,
William and *Mary*, &c.
To give them Advice, or to Lead them on,
William and *Mary*, &c.

When *Monsieur* heard that He was at the *Hague*,
William and *Mary*, &c.
It made his old *Fistula* smart and ake,
William and *Mary*, &c.

There was an old Prophecy found by Chance,
William and *Mary*, &c.
That *ORANGE* should be a Terror to *France*,
William and *Mary*, &c.

When News was brought of this terrible Thing,
William and *Mary*, &c.
Lord! how it did startle th' Invincible King,
William and *Mary*, &c.

He swore in his Rage he would soon have his Blood,
William and *Mary*, &c.
And kill him himself, marry, ay if he could,
William and *Mary*, &c.

But now the old Prophecy's come to pass,
William and *Mary*, &c.
Lewis le Grand now looks like an Ass,
William and *Mary*, &c.

When *WILLIAM* the Great Rode over the *Boyn*,
William and *Mary*, &c.
And thought that his Enemy's Batrel wou'd join,
William and *Mary*, &c.

Scout *Jemmy* in Rage a Perspective drew out,
William and *Mary*, &c.
And Valiantly saw at a Distance the Rout,
William and *Mary*, &c.

Come away, out he cry's, the Day is our own,
William and *Mary*, &c,
'Tis fitting however that I should be gon,
William and *Mary*, &c.

The terrible Boast of *Monsieur*'s Fleet,
William and *Mary*, &c.
Is suddenly vanish'd to *Eb--- Hen come slo---te*,
William and *Mary*, &c.

Now the *Jacobite* Purse grows low,
William and *Mary*, &c.
And threadbare Bully begins to bow,
To *William* and *Mary*, &c.

From Pimp and Bully, Bawd and Whore,
William and *Mary*, &c.
They all turn'd *Jacobites* heretofore,
William and *Mary*, &c.

But now the *Jacobite* Fund is out,
William and *Mary*, &c.
As ye were's the Word, *To the Left about*,
William and *Mary*, &c.

But now let *Jacobites* all prepare,
William and *Mary*, &c.
To be good if they can, or swing in the Air,
William and *Mary*, &c.

To all Loyal Hearts this Ditty I give,
William and *Mary*, &c.
And long let *William* and *Mary* live,
William and *Mary*, *George* and *Ann*.
Mary, *Mary*, *William* and *Mary*, *William* and *Mary*,
(*George* and *Ann*.

Printed and Sold by John Wallis, *between the Two Gate-ways going into* White-Fryars.

Simple SIMON's Misfortunes,
And his Wife MARGERY's Cruelty;
Who Poiſoned Him with a Bottle of Sack.

Tune—Delights of the Bottle.

COME liſten a while and here I will relate,
A ditty of Simon's poor ſorrowful fate:
His wife was to anger moſt cruelly bent,
That ſeldom, poor man, he could give her content.
But ſhe for her own part ſo loved Sack,
That often ſhe tippl'd behind Simon's back.
A bottle ſhe got, which held two quarts or more,
Well fill'd with canary, hung behind the door:
Then telling of Simon it was poiſon ſtrong,
And ſaid, If he touch'd it, it would do him wrong:
Therefore I'd have you be rul'd by your wife,
One drop is enough to coſt you your life.
The wife of poor Simon had a ſow and pigs,
Beſides hens and turkeys, that had ſtore of eggs;
With ewes and weathers, nay innocent lambs,
Who in the foreſt did ſport with their dams.
To Simon ſhe gave the charge of them all,
But ſee what hard fortune did to him befal:

He did his endeavour to live free fromſtrife,
Yet ſtill thro' misfortunes he angers his wife:
As by this new ditty I will make appear,
If you will be pleaſed to lend me an ear.
His loſſes and croſſes they came on ſo faſt,
That he of his wife was weary at laſt.
One morning ſhe ſent him to tend the ſheep,

And bid him be careful he did not ſleep;
Some victuals ſhe gave him in his hand,
That he might the better obey her command;
But he fell aſleep by his ſheep on the plain,
While ſix of the lambs by the foxes were ſlain.
This cauſed diſtraction betwixt them for a time,
Till Simon begg'd pardon for his cruel crime.
Next morning ſhe ſent him the goſlins to tend,
And ſaid, On my favour, ſee you don't offend.

But mark the misfortune that happen'd 'ere night,
Five of the beſt goſlins were ſeiz'd by a kite.
Poor Simon was ne'er ſo diſmay'd in his life,
He knew not what anſwer to make to his wife.
Next morning ſhe ſent him to milk the cow,
And then a diſaſter was done by the ſow;
For while he was driving the young pigs away,
The ſow in the dairy was ſwigging the whey.
The cheeſe from the vat ſhe did tear and haul,
And threw down the cream, deſtroying it all:
Poor Simon he wept, and made piteous moan:
The ſow burſt her belly, and ſo loſt her life,
This was the renewal of ſorrow and ſtrife.
Now as ſhe happened to ſee this ſad ſight,
To Simon ſhe ſtraitway flew like a ſpright;

Then lugging his ears, and wringing his noſe,
She beat him till tears run out at his hoſe;
At every blow ſhe to Simon did ſay,
Remember the goſlins the kite ſtole away.
Now ſeeing what life he was like to lead,
He unto the chamber did haſten with ſpeed,
To ſeize on the bottle I mention'd befor,e
Which he thought was poiſon behind the door;
And vow'd he would drink it to finiſh his life,
Rather than live with ſo cruel a wife.
He open'd the window that ſtood to the ſouth,
And ſetting the bottle of ſack to his mouth,
Said he, I this poiſon drink with all my heart,
And at the firſt draught he drank down a quart:
Then ſetting the bottle once more to his ſnout,
He never left ſwigging till it was all out.

Then he fell down like one bereft of life.
I'm poiſon'd ſays he, by the means of my wife;
Inow feel it flowing in every vein,
The ſtrength is ſo great it tickles my brain,
My ſtomach, my belly, nay every part,
And tho' I am poiſon'd I feel no great ſmart.
His wife by the window did happen to walk,
And hearing Simon how he did talk,
In ſearch of her bottle ſhe up ſtairs did run,
To ſee in the chamber what Simon had done.
He lay by the bottle, as if of life bereft,
But never a drop of ſack had he left.
I'm poiſon'd, ſaid he, by the means of my wife,
Let me be at quiet now I've loſt my life.
Cotſo! if you're poiſon'd then I will contrive,
A medicine ſtraitway to fetch you alive;
A powder ſhe preſently blew up his noſe,
Then like one frantic he ſtraitway aroſe;
Down ſtairs he run in the open ſtreet,
All people were frighted that Simon did meet;
His wife run after thro' thick and thin,
And with a cudgel belabour'd his ſkin.

The weight of her cudgel made Simon to roar,
At length a kind neighbour let him in a-door;
They ſent for his wife, who came without fail,
Their peace was made over a jug of good ale:
Now Simon was freed from all care and dread,
The neighbours in merriment got them to bed.
That night, no doubt he pleaſed his wife,
For now he leads a happy life.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office,
Bow Church-Yard, London.

Robin Hood *newly Reviv'd:*

OR, HIS

Meeting and Fighting with his Couſin SCARLET.

To a new Tune.

COME liſten awhile you Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down and a down.
That are this Bower within;
For a ſtory of gallant Robin Hood,
I mean now to begin.

What time of Day? quoth Robin Hood,
quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime;
Why then we will to the Green wood go,
for we have no Victuals to dine.

As Robin walk'd the foreſt along,
it was in the midſt of the day;
There was he aware of a deſt young man,
as ever walk'd on the way.

His Doublet was of ſilk he ſaid,
his ſtockings like ſcarlet ſhone,
And bravely he walk'd along the way,
to Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of Deer was then in the bend,
all feeding before his face;
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my Dinner,
and that in a *little* ſpace.

Now the Stranger he made no mickle a-ſtay,
but he bent a right good Bow,
And the beſt of all the Herd he ſlew,
full forty Yards him fro.

Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
that Shot it was in Time;
And if thou wilt accept of the Place,
thou ſhalt be a bold Yeoman of mine.

Go play the Chiven, the Stranger then ſaid,
make haſte and quickly go,
Or with my fiſt, beſure of this,
I'll give thee Buffets ſtore.

Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
for altho' I am forlorn,
Yet I have thoſe will take my part,
if I do blow my Horn.

Thou had'ſt not beſt wind thy horn the Stranger ſaid,
be'ſt thou never ſo much in haſte;
for I can draw a good broad Sword,
and quickly cut the Blaſt.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good Bow,
to ſhoot and that he would fain,
The Stranger he bent a very good Bow,
to ſhoot at bold Robin again.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood
to Shoot it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the One at the other,
the One of us be ſlain.

But let's take our Swords and our broad Bucklers,
and gang under yonder Tree.
As I hope to be ſav'd the Stranger he ſaid,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the Stranger a blow,
moſt ſear'd him out of his Wits;
Thou never felt Blow the Stranger he ſaid,
that ſhall be better quit.

The Stranger he then with a good broad ſword,
hit Robin Hood on the Crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin's Head,
the Blood it run trickling down.

God-a-mercy good Fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
and for this thou haſt done;
Tell me good Fellow, what thou art,
tell me where thou do'ſt won.

The Stranger then anſwer'd bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell:
In Maxfield Town I was born and bred,
my Name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my Father's Steward,
am forc'd to this Engliſh Wood,
And for to ſeek an Uncle of mine,
ſome call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a Couſin of Robin Hood then?
the ſooner we ſhould have done.
As I hope to be ſav'd, the Stranger then ſaid,
I am his own Siſter's Son.

But Laud, what kiſſing and courting was there,
when theſe two Couſins did meet!
And they went all that Summer's Day,
and Little John did not meet.

But when they met with Little John,
he then unto him did ſay;
O Maſter, pray, where have you been,
you have tarry'd ſo long away;

I met with a Stranger, quoth Robin Hood then,
full ſore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth Little John,
and try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John it may not be ſo;
For he is my own dear Siſter's Son,
and Couſins I have no mo.

But he ſhall be a bold Yeoman of mine,
my chief Man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
and Scarlet he ſhall be;

And we'll be three of the braveſt Outlaws,
that live in the North Country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold Robin Hood,
in the ſecond part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go,
with Valour and mickle might,
With ſword by his ſide which oft had been try'd,
to fight and recover his right.

The firſt that he met was a bonny bold ſcot,
his ſervant he ſaid he would be,
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
for thou wilt prove falſe unto me,

Thou haſt not been true to Sire nor Cuz,
nay, marry the ſcot he ſaid,
As true as your heart, I'll never part,
good maſter, be not afraid.

Then Robin Hood turn'd his face to the eaſt,
fight on my merry men ſtout;
Our caſe is good, quoth brave Robin Hood,
and we ſhall not be beaten out.

The battle grows hot on every ſide,
the Scotchmen made great moan,
Quoth Jockey, good faith, they fight on each ſide,
would I were with my Wife Joan.

The Enemy 'compaſs'd brave Robin about,
'tis long e'er the battle ends;
Their's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
for both are ſupplied with friends;

This ſong it was made in Robin Hoods Days:
lets pray unto Jove above,
To give us true Peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
and War may give place unto Love.

LONDON: Printed and ſold by L. How, in Petticoat Lane.

The BRIDE's BURIAL.

Tune of The Lady's Fall.

COME mourn, come mourn with me,
You loyal lovers all,
Lament my loſs in weeping woe,
Whom griping grief doth thrall.
Like to the drooping vine,
Cut by the gardener's knife;
Even ſo my heart with ſorrow ſlain,
Doth bleed for my ſweet wife.
By death, that griſly ghoſt,
My turtle dove is ſlain;
And I am left unhappy man!
To ſpend my days in vain.
Her beauty, late ſo bright,
Like roſes in their prime,
I waſted like the ſummer's ſnow,
By force of Phebus' ſhine.
Her fair and colour'd cheeks,
Now pale, and wan her eyes,
Which late did ſhine like chriſtal ſtars,
Alas! their light it dies.

Her petty lilly hands,
With fingers long and ſmall,
In colour like the earthly clay,
Yea, cold and ſtiff withal.
When as the morning-ſtar
Her golden gates had ſpread,
And the bright glittering ſun aroſe
Forth from fair Thetis' bed.
Then did my lover wake,
Moſt like a lilly flower,
And as the lovely queen of May,
So ſhone ſhe in her bower.
Attired was ſhe then
Like Flora in her pride;
As fair as any of Diana's nymphs,
So look'd my lovely bride.
And as fair Helen's face
Gave Grecian dames the lurch,
So did my dear exceed in ſight
All virgins in the church.

When we had knit the knot
Of holy wed ock's band,
Like alabaſter join'd to jet,
So ſtood we hand in hand.
When, lo? a chilling cold
Struck every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.
Down in a ſwoon ſhe fell,
As cold as any ſtone;
Like Venſu' picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home.
At length the roſy red,
Throughout her comely face,
As Phebus' beams with watery clouds
Are cover'd for a ſpace.
When with a grievous groan,
And voice both hoarſe and dry,
Farewel, ſaid ſhe, my loving friend,
For I this day muſt die.
The meſſenger of God,
With golden trump, I ſee,
With many other angels more,
Who ſound and call for me.
Inſtead of muſic ſweet
Go toil my paſſing-boll,
And with ſweet flowers ſtrew my grave,
Which in my chamber ſmell.
Strip off my bright array,
My cork ſhoes from my feet;
And, gentle mother, be ſo kind
To bring my winding-ſheet.
My wedding dinner dreſs,
Beſtow upon the poor,
And on the hungry. needy, maim'd,
Which beggeth at the door.
Inſtead of virgins young,
My bride-maids for to be,
Go cauſe ſome curious carpenter,
To make a cheſt for me.
My bride laces of ſilk
Beſtow'd on maidens meek,
May fitly ſerve when I am dead,
To tie my hands and feet.
And thou, my lover true,
My husband, an my friend,
Let me intreat you here to ſtay
Until my life doth end.
Now leave to talk of love,
And humbly on your knee,
Direct your prayers unto God,
But moan no more for me.
In love, as we have liv'd,
In love too, let us part;
And as a token of my love,
Do kiſs thee with my heart.
Oh? ſtaunch thoſe briny tears.
Your weeping is in vain.
I am not loſt, for we in Heaven
One day ſhall meet again.
With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
As one diſpos'd to ſleep,
And as a lamb departed life.
While friends did ſorely weep.
Her true love ſeeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groan,
As tho' his heart was burſt in twain,
And thus he made his moan.
O diſmal, and unhappy day?
A day of grief and care:
Which hath bereft the ſun ſo high,
Whoſe beams refreſh the air.
Now woe unto the world,
And all that therein dwell,
Oh? that I were with thee in Heaven,
For now I live in Hell.
And now this lover lives
A diſcontented life;
Whoſe Bride was brought unto the grave,
A maiden and a wife.
A garland freſh and fair,
Of lillies there was made.
In ſign of her virginity,
And on her coffin laid.
Six maidens all in white
Did bear her to the ground;
The bells did ring in ſolemn ſort,
And made a doleful ſound.
In earth they laid her then,
For hungry worms a prey.
So ſhall the faireſt face alive
At length be brought to clay.

Printed and ſold in Aldermary Church-Yard Bow-Lane, London. ſt

A New Song call'd the Farmer's Son, To which is added, Alice Marley.

The Diſtracted Maiden's Love to the Farmer's Son,
To the Tune of, Attend you Boatmen and give ear.

COme Maidens all, and pitty me.
And now my Grief condole,
who am perplex'd in my mind.
And vexed to the Soul;
'Tis Love has cauſed my Overthrow,
And my ruin now began,
For I fix'd my Heart, and it never ſhall part,
From a Farmer's only Son.
He vow'd for ever to be true,
And I did him believe,
But a Preſs Gang haul'd him away,
So my Joy they did deceive;
For which my Senſes fled away,
And I diſtracted run,
And now in Bedlam lie confin'd,
For a Farmers only Son.
Had I the Golden Indies ſtore,
I'd freely with it part,
To ſee him whom I love ſo dear,
That has got my tender Heart,
So Maids that hear my ſad Complaint,
Come Mourn as *I* have done,
For ſad is my Grief without Relief,
For a Farmers only Son.
So I'll a Garland make of Straw,
And to the Walls complain,
For nothing e'er ſhall eaſe my Grief,
Till John comes back again,
The boards ſhall my Bedfellow be,
Since all Comforts from me ſprung,
And the Chains my true Love e'er ſhall be,
Tis returns my Farmers Son.
Come Great George to Bedlam,
And me a Commiſſion give,
I'll kill the French and Spaniards all,
My True-love to relieve;
Their Forts and Caſtles I will ſtorm,
And their Towns I will burn,
And the Crown I'll bring to George my King,
To ſet free my Farmers Son.
No Fire nor Balls ſhall me ſurprize,
No Danger I will fear,
I will fill the World with great out cries,
When my Valour they do hear,
Eliza's Name ſhall be forgot,
For the great Things I have done,
For the Globe I will turn up ſide down,
To revenge my Farmers Son.
So Maids that true-love ever bore,
Advance and go with me,
I'll make all Foes i e'er do meet,
Tremble by Land and Sea,
i will to no one Quarter give,
But only Sword and Gun,
For i'll down with all both great and ſmall,
To preſerve my Farmers Son.
As ſoon as my Commiſſions ſign'd,
To Bedlam I'll bid adieu,
My Sword and Gun ſhall clear the Seas,
Of French and Spaniards too;
All England Foes my Rage ſhall feel,
And when all this i've done,
in Triumph i'll return again,
And be wed to my Farmers Son.

Alice Marley, A New SONG.

ALice Marley is grown ſo fine,
She won't get up to ſerve her Swine
But lies in Bed till Eight or Nine,
And ſurely ſhe does take her Time,
And do you ken Alice Marley Honey,
The Wife that ſells the Barley-honey,
Has loſt her Pocket and all her Money,
And do you ken Alice Marley Honey.
Alice Marley is ſo neat,
I'ts heard for one to walk the Street,
But every Lad and Laſs they meet,
Cries do ye ken Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
Alice keeps Wine, Gin and Ale,
And likewiſe Plays a good Game with her Tail,
When her R---------ll goes ſhe doth him nail,
And do ye ken, &c.
From Wear Water upon this Town,
There's never a Tradeſman up or down,
But would freely give a Crown,
To play with Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
The Farmers they do come that way,
They drink with Alice every Day,
And calls the Fidlers for to play,
The Tune of Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
The Pitman and Keelman trim,
They drink Bombo made of Gin,
And for to dance they do begin,
The Tune of Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
The Sailors they do call for Flip,
As ſoon as they come from their Ship,
And then begins to Dance and skip,
The Tune of Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
Thoſe Gentlemen that goes ſo fine,
They'll treat her with a Bottle of Wine,
And freely they'll ſit down and dine,
Along with Alice Marley Honey,
And do you ken, &c.
Alice went up the Butchers Bank,
The Butcher click by the Flank,
He gave her a hold of his Mutton ſhank,
And do you ken, &c.
Soon after got into the Loft,
And ſhe began to kittle and Coff,
The Butcher he got on and could not get off,
And do you ken, &c.
In came the Lad with his ſtript Cap,
And he laid ſomebody on her Back,
He ſtopt a thorn into her Gap,
And do you ken, &c.
In came the Lad that lived down by,
And he with ſomebody uſed to lie,
He gave her a pint when ſhe was dry,
And do you ken, &c.
At Durham Races you might have ſeen,
Alice Marley dreſs'd like a Queen.
With her Jockey Cap and Whip ſo keen,
And do you ken, &c.
Alice Marley had a Horſe,
And it was book'd at C------r Croſs,
There was two to one that it would Loſe,
and do you ken, &c.
So conclude thoſe Lines I've Penn'd,
Hopeing there's none i do offend,
and thus my merry Joke doth End,
Concerning Alice Marley Honey,
and do you ken, &c.

RUTLAND's Bounty:
OR,
BASLOW BELLS.

COME — Now let us ſing to the Honour,
And fame of our excellent Friend;
To *RUTLAND* our Duke and great Donor,
Let's Bumper about without End.

CHORUS.

Let's ever remember great RUTLAND,
In Glaſſes fill'd up to the Brim,
For ſeek through the Kingdoms of Britain,
You'll find but few Nobles *like him.*

This Favour ſo kind undertook,
Shall eccho from Rocks and from Hills;
(To publiſh the Fame of the *Duke*,)
Excited by Voices and Bells.
Then let's, &c.

We'll merit as much as we can,
For what we deſerve we ſhall have
Of *RUTLAND*; — for he is the Man
That's generous, friendly and brave.
Then let us, &c.

The Records of this preſent Age,
To all Generations will tell;
Who finiſh'd this muſical Cage,
By giving a FIFTY POUND BELL.
Then let us, &c.

When *Taxes* and *Tolls* do advance,
By *War* interrupting the *Peace*;
Great *RUTLAND* defrays the Expence,
His well belov'd Tenants to eaſe.
Then let us, &c.

The MINER's of every Hill,
Where Homage to *RUTLAND* is du.
Do feel the kind Acts of his Will,
And kindly acknowledge 'em too.
Then let us, &c.

To *GRANBY* we'll drink a deep Toaſt,
And to each other Branch of his *Grace*:
Of the SQUIRE at *Haſſop* we'll boaſt,
And Bumper him round in due Place.
Still let us, &c.

To th' STEWARD we'll fill up a Cup,
Of the beſt this Place doth afford;
To him we'll bottom it up,
As Friend both to *Tenant* and *Lord*.
Still let us, &c.

To all who have freely paid down,
We'll Tipple their Healths in one Sum;
But of thoſe who have lack'd that Renown
We'll ever be ſilent and mum.
Still let us, &c.

Well furniſh'd with Bells, we'll rejoice,
And ſing of the DUKE whom we prize;
His Dignity ſtirs up each Voice,
To Trumpet his Fame through the Skies.
Then let us, &c.

His Health and Proſperity ſtill,
Deep ſtamp'd on our Hearts will remain;
For when he receives *good* or *ill*,
We ſhare of the *Pleaſure* or *Pain*.
Then let us, &c.

THE BRIDE's BURIAL.

To the Tune of *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

COME mourn come mourn with me,
Ye loyal Lovers all;
Lament my Loſs in Weeds of Woe
whom gripping Death doth thrall:
Like to the dropping Vine,
Cut by the Gard'ner's Knife;
Ev'n ſo my Heart with ſorrow ſlain,
Doth bleed for my ſweet Wife.

By Death, that griſly Ghoſt,
My Turtle-dove is ſlain:
And I am left unhappy Man!
To ſpend my Days in vain.
Her Beauty laid ſo bright,
Like Roſes in their Prime,
Is waiſted like the Mountains Snow,
By Force to *Phœbus* Shrine.

Her fair and roſie Cheeks.
How pale and wan her Eyes,
That late did ſhine like Chryſtal Stars,
Alas! their Light now dies;
Her pretty Lilly Hands.
With Fingers long and ſmall,
In Colour like the earthly Clay,
Yea, cold and ſtiff withal.

When the Morning Star
Her golden Gates had ſpread,
And that the gliſt'ning Sun aroſe
Forth from fair *Thetis* Bed;
Then did my Love awake,
Moſt like a Lilly Flower,
Fair as *Diana*'s Nymphs,
So look'd my lovely Bride:

And as fair *Hellen*'s Face,
And as the lovely Queen of Heav'n,
So ſhone ſhe in her Bower,
Attired was ſhe then,
Like *Flora* in her Pride,
Gave Grecian Dames the Lurch;
So did my Dear, exceed in Sight,
All Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the Knot
Of holy Wedlock's Band,
Like Alabaſter join'd to Jet,
So ſtood we Hand in Hand:
Then lo! a chilling Cold
Struck ev'ry vital Part,
And griping Grief, like Pangs of Death,
Seiz'd on my true Love's Heart.

Down in a Swoon ſhe fell,
As cold as any Stone,
Like *Venus'* Picture wanting Life,
So was my Love brought Home:
At length a roſie Red,
Throughout her comely Face,
As *Phœbus* Beams, with wat'ry Clouds,
O'er covered for a Space.

Then with a grevious Groan,
And Voice both hoarſe and dry;
Farewel, quoth ſhe, my loving Friend,
For I this Day muſt die:
The Meſſenger of Death,
With golden Trump I ſee,
With many other Angels more,
Which ſound and call for me.

Inſtead of Muſick ſweet,
Go toll my Paſſing bell;
And with ſweet Flowers ſtrew my Grave,
That in my Chamber ſmell:
Strip off my Bride's Array,
My Cork Shoes from my Feet,
And gentle Mother be not ſlow
To bring my winding-ſheet.

My Wedding Dinner dreſs'd,
Beſtow upon the Poor,
And to the Hungry, Blind, and Maim'd,
That craveth at the Door:
Inſtead of Virgins young,
My Bride Bed for to ſee,
Go cauſe ſome curious Carpenter,
To make a Cheſt for me.

My Bride Laces of Silk,
Beſtow on Maidens meet;
May fitly ſerve when I am dead,
To tie my Hands and Feet:
And thou my Lover true,
My Husband and my Friend,
Let me intreat thee here to ſtay,
Until my Life doth end.

Now leave to talk of Love,
And humbly on your Knee,
Direct your Prayers unto God,
And mourn no more for me.

In Love as we have liv'd,
In Love let us depart;
And in Token of my Love,
Kiſs thee with all my Heart.

Oh! ſtop theſe bootleſs Tears,
Thy weeping is in vain;
I am not loſt, for we in Heaven,
Shall one Day meet again:
With that ſhe turn'd aſide,
As one diſpos'd to ſleep,
Like to a Lamb departed Life,
All Friends did ſorely weep.

Her true Love ſeeing this,
Did fetch a grevious Groan,
As though his Heart would burſt in two,
And thus he made his Moan:
" Oh! diſmal mournful Day,
" A Day of Grief and Care,
" That hath bereft the Sun ſo high,
" Whoſe beams refreſh the Air.

" Now We unto the World,
" And all that therein dwell:
" Oh! that I were with her in Heaven
" For here I live in Hell;
And now this Lover lives
A diſcontented Life,
Whole Bride was brought unto the Grave,
A Maiden and a wife.

A Garland freſh and fair
Of Lillies there were made,
In Sign of her Virginity,
And on her Coffin laid:
Six Maidens all in white,
Did bear her to the Ground;
The Bell did ring in ſolemn Sort,
And made a doleful ſound.

In Earth they laid her then,
For hungry Worms a prey;
So will the faireſt Face alive,
At length be brought to Clay.
Thus do you ſee by this,
How frail is Life and Grace;
Which bids us all prepare,
For that bleſs'd happy Place.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, Printed in this preſent Year

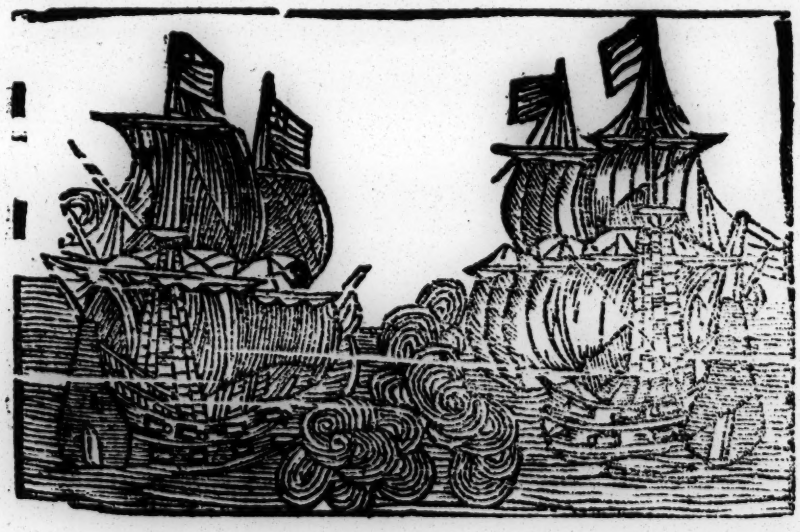
Queen *ELIZABETH*'s Champion;

OR,

GREAT-BRITAIN's Glory.

BEING

A Victory obtained by the young Earl of *ESSEX*, over the old Emperor of *Germany*, by a Fight at Sea, in which he took the Emperor's Son, and brought him a Priſoner to Queen *ELIZABETH*.



COME ſound up your Trumpets and beat (up your Drums,
And let's go to Sea with a valiant good Cheer,
In ſearch of a mighty vaſt Navy of Ships,
The like has not been for theſe fifty long Years.
Raderer two, tandaro te,
Raderer tandorer, tan do re.

The Queen ſhe provided a Navy of Ships,
With ſweet flying Streamers ſo glorious to ſee
Rich Top and Top-Gallants, Captains and Lieu (tenants,
Some forty, ſome fifty Braſs-Pieces and three.
Raderer two, tandato te,
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

They had not ſail'd paſt a Week on the Seas,
Not paſſing a Week and Days two or three,
But they were aware of the proud Emperor,
Both him and all his proud Company.
Raderer two, &c.

When he beheld our powerful Fleet,
Sailing a long in their Glory and pride,
He was amazed at their Valour and Fame,
Then to his warlike Commands he cry'd.
Raderer two, &c.

Theſe were the Words of the old Emperor,
Pray who is this that is ſailing to me,
If he be King that weareth a Crown,
Tet I am a better Man than he.
Raderer two, &c.

It is not a King nor Lord of a Crown,
Which now to the Seas with his Navy is come,
But the young Earl of *Eſſex*, the Queen's Lieu-
Who fears no Foes in *Chriſtendom*. (tenant,
Raderer two, &c.

Oh! is that Lord then come to the Seas?
Let us tack about, and be ſteering away,
I have heard ſo much of his Father before,
That I will not fight with young *Eſſex* To day.
Rederer two, &c.

Oh! then beſpoke the Emperor's Son,
As they were tacking and ſteering away,
Give me, Royal Father, this Navy of Sips,
And I will go fight with *Eſſex* To day.
Raderer two, &c.

Take them with all my Heart, loving Son,
Moſt of them are of a capital Size,
But ſhould he do as his Father has done,
Farewel thine Honour and mine likewiſe.
Raderer two, tandaro te,
Raderer. two, tanderer, tan do re.

With Cannons hot, and thundering Shot,
Theſe two Gallants fought on the Main,
And as it was young *Eſſex*'s Lot,
The Emperor's Son by him was ta'en.
Raderer two, &c.

Give me my Son the Emperor cry'd,
Who you this Day have taken from me,
And I'll give to the three Keys of Gold,
The one ſhall be of *High Germany*.
Raderer two, &c.

I care not for thy three Keys of Gold,
Which thou haſt proffer'd to ſet him free,
But thy Son he ſhall to *England* ſail,
And go before the Queen with me.
Raderer two, &c.

Then have I fifty good Ships of the beſt,
As good as ever were ſent to the Sea,
And e'er my Son into *England* ſail,
They ſhall go all for good Company.
Raderer two, &c.

They had not fought this famous Battle,
They had not fought it Hours three,
But ſome loſt Legs, and ſome loſt Arms,
And ſome lay tumbling in the Sea.
Raderer two, &c.

Eſſex he got this Battle likewiſe,
Tho' 'twas the hoteſt that ever was ſeen,
Home he return'd with a wonderful Prize,
And brought the Emperor's Son to the Queen;
Raderer two, &c.

O then beſpoke the Prentices all,
Living in *London* both proper and tall,
In a kind Letter ſent ſtraight to the Queen;
For *Eſſex*'s Sake they would fight all,
Raderer two, tandero te,
Raderer, tandarer, tan do re.

Robin Hoods Chace,

Or, A merry Progreſs between *Robin Hood* and King Henry.

Tune——*Robin Hood* and the *Beggar.*

COME you Gallants all, to you I call,
With a hey down, down, and a down.
that are now in this Place;
For a Song I will ſing of Henry our King,
how he did bold Robin Hood chaſe.

Queen Katherine ſhe then a match did make,
as plainly doth appear,
For three hundred Tun of good Red Wine.
and three hundred Tun of Beer:

But ſhe had her Archers to ſeek.
with their Bows and Arrows ſo good;
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
to ſend for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
Queen Katherine ſhe did ſay;
Thou art welcome Locksly unto me,
and thou on my part muſt be.

If I miſs the Mark, be it light or dark,
and all my Yeoman gay,
For a Match of Shooting I have made,
then hanged will I be.

But when the Game was to be play'd,
Bold Robin Hood won it with a Grace;
But after the King was angry with him,
and vowed he would him chaſe,

What tho' his Pardon granted was,
while he with them did ſtay.
But yet the King was vex'd with him,
when he was gone away.

Soon after the King from Court did hie,
in a furious angry mood,
And often enquireth both far and near,
after bold Robin Hood.

But when the King to Nottingham came,
bold Robin Hood was in the Wood:
O come, ſaid he, and let me ſee
who can find bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he did hear
the King had him in chace;
Then ſaid Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
and go to ſome other Place.

Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
and into Yorkſhire did hie,
And the King did follow with a hoop and a hollow,
but could not him come nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he paſt along,
and went ſtrait to Newcaſtle Town,
And there he ſtay'd hours two or three,
and then he for Berwick was gone.

When the King he did ſee how Robin Hood did flee,
he was vexed wondrous ſore;
With a hoop and a hollow he vowed to follow,
and take him, or never give o'er.

Come, now let's away, ſaid Little John,
let any Man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'll hie with our Company,
and ſo then to Lancaſter.

From Lancaſter then to Cheſter they went,
and ſo did good King Henry:
But Robin went away for he durſt not ſtay,
for fear of ſome Treachery.

Says Robin, come let us to London go,
to ſee our noble Queen's face;
It may be ſhe wants our company,
which makes the King us ſo chace.

When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,
he fell upon his Knee;
May it pleaſe your Grace, I am come to this place,
to ſpeak with King Henry.

Queen Katherine ſhe anſwer'd bold Robin again,
the King is gone to merry Sherwood,
And when he went away to me he ſaid,
he would go and ſeek Robin Hood.

Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,
for to Sherwood I will hie apace;
For fain I would ſee what he'd have with me,
if I could but meet with his Grace.

But when King Henry he came home,
full weary and vexed in mind;
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
he blamed Dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, Queen Katherine cry'd,
Henry, my Sovereign Leige;
Bold Robin Hood, the Archer good,
your Perſon hath been to ſeek.

A boon, a boon, Queen Katherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your Grace,
To pardon his Life, and ſeek not ſtrife,
and ſo ends Robin Hood's Chace.

London: Printed by L. How in Petticoat-lane

A New Song in Praiſe of Captain *Batty*.

COme my Lads fill up your Glaſs,
And never be diſcourag'd,
Drink about and let it paſs,
We will put them to a Hurry,
We will make the Raſcalds for to know,
We wil give them many a ſudden blow,
And we will work their overthrow,
Says Noble Captain *Batty*.

Prince *William* having croſt the Line,
I wiſh that he may proſper,
Captain *Batty* and all his Men,
Is reſolv'd to follow after,
We will give the *French* many a Bump,
Likewiſe the *Spaniards* Thump for Thump,
We will make them cry down with a *Rump*,
Says Noble Captain *Batty*.

When we ſend forth our Cannon Balls,
Whe will make them roar like Thunder,
We will beat down their Caſtle Walls,
And then we will to Plunder,
We will pull all their Popery down,
Likewiſe their King upon his Throne,
All for the Glory of *England's* Crown,
Says Noble Captain *Baty*

So Drink a Health to *George* our King,
Upon this Juſt Occaſion,
That we may good Tidings bring,
All from this Foreign Nation,
They are of Miſchief fully bent,
They think to make us to Lament,
But we will make them to Repent,
Says Noble Captain *Batty*.

Two excellent New SONGS.

I. A new Love Song.

II. Newcaſtle Ale.

A New Love SONG.

DOwn in yon Meadow freſh and gay,
Picking of Flowers the other Day,
Picking of Lillies red and blue:
I little thought what Love could do.

Where Love is planted there it grows,
It buds and bloſſoms much like a Roſe;
It has a ſweet and pleaſant ſmell,
No Flower on earth can it excel.

Muſt I be bound, muſt ſhe be free,
Muſt I love one that loves not me;
If I ſhould act ſuch a childiſh Part,
To love a Girl that would break my Heart.

If there are thouſands, thouſands in a Room
My Love ſhe carries the brighteſt Bloom;
Sure ſhe is ſome choſen one,
I will have her, or I'll have none.

I ſaw a Ship ſailing on the Deep,
She ſail'd as deep as ſhe could ſwim;
But not ſo deep as in Love I am,
I care not whether it ſink or ſwim.

I ſet my Back againſt an Oak,
I thought it was a truſty Tree,
But firſt it bent and then it broke,
So did my falſe Love to me.

I put my Hand into the Buſh,
Thinking the ſweeteſt Roſe to find,
I prick'd my Fingers to the Bone,
And left the ſweeteſt Roſe behind.

If Roſes be ſuch prickly Flowers,
They muſt be gather'd while they're green,
And he that loves an unkind Lover,
I'm ſure he ſtrives againſt the ſtream.

When my Love is dead and at an end,
I'll think of her whom I love beſt,
I'll rap her up Linning ſtrong,
And think on her when ſhe's dead and gone.

Newcaſtle ALE, *Tune* Lillabolero.

FAIR *Venus*, the Goddeſs of Beauty and Love,
Aroſe from the Froth that ſwam on the Sea;
Minerva leap'd out of the Cranium of *Jove*,
A coy ſullen Slut as moſt Authors agree:
Bold *Bacchus*, they tell us, the Prince of good Fellows,
Was his natural Son, but attend to my Tale!
For they that thus chatter miſtake quite the Matter,
He ſprung from a Barrel of *Newcaſtle* Ale.
Newcaſtle Ale, Boys; *Newcaſtle* Ale,
No Liquor on Earth is like *Newcaſtle* Ale.

Then having ſurvey'd well the Cask whence he ſprung,
And finding it empty, diſconſolate grew;
He mounted a ſtride, ſet his A——e on the Bung,
And away to the Gods and the Goddeſſes flew;
But when he look'd down, and ſaw the fair Town
To pay him due Honours not likely to fail;
He ſwore, on all Earth, that the Place of his Birth
Was the beſt, and no Liquor like *Newcaſtle* Ale,
Newcaſtle Ale, Boys, *&c.*

Ye Doctors, who more Execution have done
With Bolus and Potion, and Powder and Pill,
Than Hangmen with Halter, and Soldier with Gun,
Or Miſer with Famine, or Lawyer with Quill,
To diſpatch us the quicker, you forbid us Malt Liquor,
Till our Bodies grow thin, and our Faces look pale;
Obſerve them who pleaſes, what cures all Diſeaſes
Is a comforting Doſe of good *Newcaſtle* Ale.
Newcaſtle Ale, Boys, *&c.*

Ye Biſhops and Deacons Prieſts, Curates, and Vicars,
Come taſte, and you'll certainly find it is true,
That *Newcaſtle* Ale is the beſt of all Liquors,
And who underſtand the good Creature like you?
It diſpels ev'ry Vapour, ſaves Pen, Ink and Paper;
For when you're diſpos'd from the Pulpit to rail,
It will open your Throats, you may preach without Notes
When inſpir'd with full Bumpers of *Newcaſtle* Ale.
Newcaſtle Ale, Boys, *&c.*

Let each Lover that talks of Flames, Darts and Daggers,
With *Newcaſtle* Ale ply his Miſtreſs but hard;
The Laſs that once taſtes it will drink till ſhe ſtaggers,
And all his paſt Service and Suff'rings reward:
He may turn her, and twiſt her, and do what he liſts, Sir,
Engage her but briskly he ſoon muſt prevail;
Fill, fill the Glaſs often, for nothing can ſoften
The Heart of a Woman like *Newcaſtle* Ale.
Newcaſtle Ale, Boys; *Newcaſtle* Ale,
No Liquor on Earth is like *Newcaſtle* Ale.

FINIS.

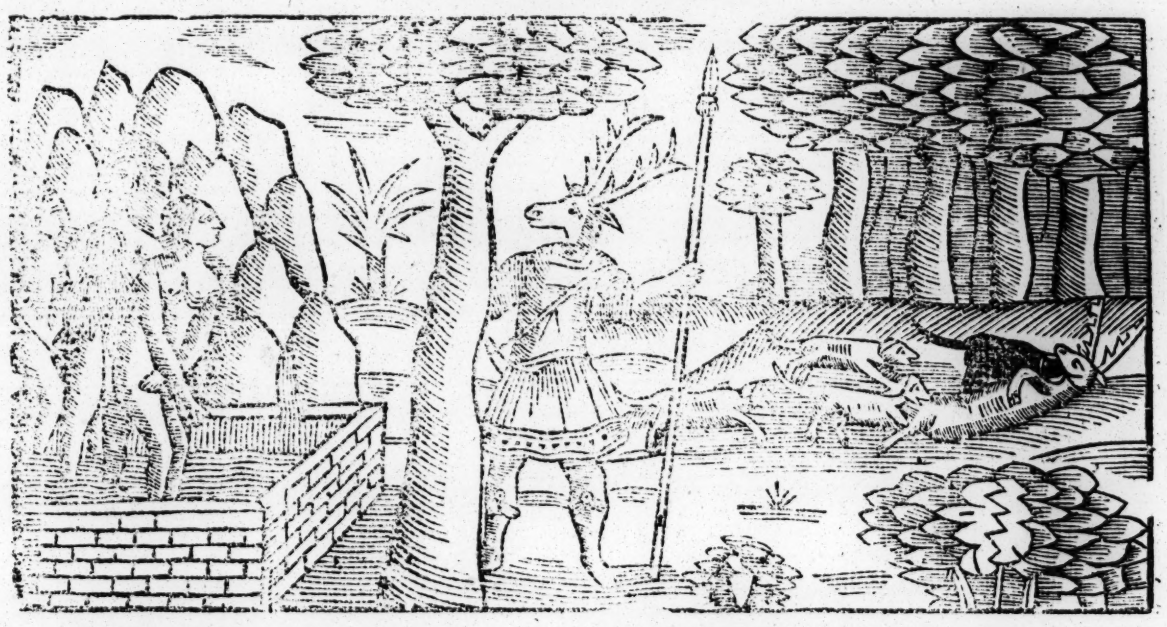
An Excellent New SONNET

On the Goddeſs *DIANA* and *ACTEON*:

SHEWING,

How the Goddeſs *Diana* transformed *Acteon* into the Shape of a Hart.

To an excellent North Country Tune.



DIANA and her Darlings dear,
Went walking on a Day,
Througouht the Woods and Waters clear,
For their Diſport and Play;
The Leaves aloft were very green,
And pleaſant to behold,
Theſe Nymphs they walk'd the Trees between,
Under the Shadows cold.

So long at laſt they found a Place,
Of Springs and Waters clear,
A fairer Bath there never was
Found out this thouſand Year:
Wherein *Diana* wantonly
Herſelf began to bathe,
And all her Virgins fair and pure,
Themſelves did waſh and lave.

And as the Nymphs in Water ſtood,
Acteon paſſed by,
As he came runing through the Wood,
On them he caſt his Eye:
And eke behold their Bodies bare,
Then preſently that Tide,
And as the Nymphs of him were aware,
With Voice aloud they cry'd.

And clos'd *Diana* round about,
To hide her Body ſmall;
But ſhe was higheſt of the Rout,
And ſeen above them all.
And when *Diana* did perceive,
Where *Acteon* did ſtand,
A furious Look to him ſhe gave,
And took her Bow in Hand.

And as ſhe went about to ſhoot,
Acteon began to run,
To hide he thought he was no boot,
His former Sight was done:
And as he thought from her to 'ſcape,
She brought it ſo to paſs,
Incontinently chang'd his Shape,
Even running as he was.

Each Goddeſs took *Diana*'s Part,
Acteon to transform,
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
There they did all determ:
His Skin that was ſo fine and fair,
Was made a tawny Red.
His Body over-grown with Hair,
From Feet unto the Head.

And on his Head great Horns were ſet,
Moſt wond'rous to behold,
A larger Hart was never met,
Nor ſeen upon the Mold,
His Ears and Eyes that were ſo fair,
Transformed were full ſtrange;
His Hands and Feet compelled were,
Throughout the Woods to range.

Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
And waxed fierce and grim,
His former Shape did quite depart,
From every Joint and Limb:
But ſtill his Memory did remain,
Although he could not ſpeak,
Nor yet among his Friends complain,
His woeful Mind to break.

At length he thought for to repair,
Home to his Dwelling-place,
Anon of him his Hounds were ware,
And began to cry a-pace:
Then *Acteon* was ſore agaſt,
His Hounds would him devour,
And from them then he fled full faſt,
With all his Might and Power.

He ſpared neither Buſh nor Brake,
But ran through thick and thin,
With all the Swiftneſs he could make,
In Hopes to ſave his Skin;
Yet were his Hounds ſo near his Tail,
And followed him ſo faſt,
That running might not him avail,
For all his Speed and Haſte.

For why his Hounds would never lin,
Till they him overtook,
And then they rent and tore his Skin,
And all his Body ſhook:
I am your Maſter *Acteon*,
Then cry'd he to his Hounds,
And made unto them rueful Moans,
With ſad lamenting Sounds.

I have been he which gave you Food,
Wherein I took delight,
Therefore ſuck not your Maſter's Blood,
His Friendſhip to requite:
But thoſe Curs of a curſed Kind,
On him had no remorſe,
Although he was their deareſt Friend,
They pull'd him down by Force.

There was no Man to take his Part,
The Story telleth plain,
Thus *Acteon* a huge wild Hart,
Among the Does were ſlain:
You Hunters all that range the Woods,
Although you riſe up rathe,
Beware you come not nigh the Flood,
Where Virgins uſe to bathe.

For if *Diana* you eſpy,
Among her Darlings dear,
Your former Shape ſhe will diſguiſe,
And make you Horns to wear:
And ſo I do conclude my Song,
Have nothing to alledge,
If *Acteon* acted right or wrong,
Let all true Virgins judge.

Newcaſtle upon *Tyne*: Printed and Sold by JOHN WHITE.

A
NEW and OLD MEDLEY.

Doff with your clogs and cockers,
And don with your hose and shoon,
And away to John at the Cock at Pegham,
And we will have a new tune, tol, lol.
Says old Sir Simon the King.
To young Sir Simon the Squire,
Old father Jenkinson kist mother Wilkinson,
Round about our coal fire.
My father gave me a white horse,
My mother gave me a brown cow?
My sister she's turn'd whore,
And what is that to you?
As I went over the water,
For want of company,
I met with a lass a scratching her arse,
Will you buy any milk for firmity?
There was an old woman had nothing,
And there came thieves to rob her,
She cry'd out and said nothing,
And no body came to help her.
There were threescore women run naked,
And fourscore of them was blind,
He run, she run, and I run,
And so we run all of a mind.
If a man should lie with my wife,
I'll kill him if I can,
I'll stick my nose in his arse,
Zounds! a man's but a man.
Somebody come light me a candle,
My wife she will die in my arms,
I dare not look at her for laughing,
Come somebody knock out her brains.
My father's a Lady of honour,
My mother's a justice of peace,
My arse is an apple-pie maker,
And you may come to the feast.
There was an old woman of Wigan
She shit in a bottle of hay,
She run threescore miles to a meeting,
And shit and pist all the way.
My landlady roasted a whiting,
And all the house stunk of the fish,
She run about farting and shiting,
The devil set fire to her arse.
When I have got money I'm merry,
When I have got none I am sad,
When I am sober I'm civil,
And when I am drunk I am mad.
And hey for a pipe of tobacco,
And hey for a bottle of wine,
And hey for a pretty girl
That will turn her bare belly to mine.

Marjoram grows by thyme,
Thyme grows by sage,
Clap your belly to mine,
And put the bird in to the cage.
The beginning of St Leges round,
The cow leapt over the moon,
The maid she shit in the cream pot,
And we'll have a dumplin soon.
Take an old whore and roast her,
Baist her well with cheese,
Lay her out in a frosty night,
Listen to one but she'll freeze.
Take her in the next morning,
Lay her in a bed of straw,
Then set fire to her arse,
Ten to one but she'll thaw.
Coverly's cow's in the corn,
No body helps her out,
Coverly's wife is beshit,
And nobody lends her a clout.
The good-wife put in the grass,
And there sprung up a rose,
The cobler bit his wife by the arse,
And she beslit his nose.
There was a maid, and she was sick,
The doctors told her she must die,
She got up to piss and shit,
She was as well as you or I.
John shall I see your coney?
John shall I see your coney?
How the devil, said she, will you see my coney,
And my petticoats hang so low.
There was an old woman, and she
And me crept up in a tree,
And when she came there, her arse it was bare,
And her conjuring cap you might see.
Did not you know Tom Dod?
And did not you know Tom Dod?
His breeches was tore behind and before
And his two-pence went niddity-nod.
There was an old woman, cock-ram her,
She liv'd at the sign of the hammer;
She dy'd of the colick, I laugh'd at the frolick,
To see how the sexton did jamber.
Will you buy any beer of me?
Will you buy any beer of me
For I have a barrel to broach,
A little above my knee.
'Tis eighteen-pence a quart,
And half-a-crown to trust,
Sixteen shillings a Gallon,
And that makes twenty just.

A NEW SONG.

DEAR Reverend ſirs if I on you may call,
The advice that you give us is nothing at all,
Tho' to you theſe few lines may appear ſomewhat odd,
Only think of the caſe now of good Doctor Dodd.

Who'd think that the ſhepherd ſhould lead us aſtray
When thumping the cuſhion and loudly would pray,
And tell us ſo gravely we all muſt fear God,
But the devil I fear will have good Doctor Dodd.

The lambs at the Magdalen good he would teach,
And turn up his eyes and againſt ſin would preach,
If he ſee'd you but ſmile why he'd give you a nod,
The ſanctified reverend good Doctor Dodd.

But money poor ſoul led the Doctor aſtray,
Four thouſand two hundred good Lord let us pray
That the Doctor himſelf may receive his reward,
And Jack-ketch poor ſoul tuck him up in a cord.

When before my lord Mayor his defence he did make,
The tears flow'd ſo faſt, he hardly could ſpeak,
Let mercy rule juſtice in that you'll ſerve god,
So great was the prayers of the good Doctor Dodd.

Robinſon the Broker here made his defence,
Do me juſtice good doctor prove my innocence,
I do, I do, I do, then heaving a ſob,
So penitent truly is good Doctor Dodd.

But for trial alas! the good Doctor is ſent,
For forgery a halter muſt be the event,
For a time there we'll leave him to feaſt on ſalt cod
May all rogues have their due, ſo I with Doctor Dodd.

THE Noble LORD's Cruelty; OR, A Pattern of True LOVE.

A Pattern of true Love to you I will recite,
Between a beautiful Lady and a courteous Knight.

DEar Love regard my Grief,
Do not my Suit diſdain,
O yield me ſome Relief,
That am with Sorrow ſlain:
Theſe ſeven long Years and more,
Have I ſtill loved thee:
Do thou my Joys reſtore,
Fair Lady pity me.

Pity my grievous Pain,
Long ſuffer'd for thy Sake,
Do not my Suit diſdain,
That no Time Reſt can take:
Theſe ſeven long Years and more,
Have I ſtill loved thee;
Do thou my Joys reſtore,
Fair Lady pity me.

How ſhould I pity thee,
This Lady then reply'd,
Thou art no Match for me,
Thy Suit muſt be deny'd:
I am of noble Blood,
You but of mean Degree,
It ſtands not for my Good
Fondly to match with thee.

This Anſwer had he moſt,
Which cut his Heart ſo deep,
That on his Bed full oft,
Would he lie down and weep,
With Tears he did lament
His froward Deſtiny;
With Sighs yet would he ſay,
Fair Lady pity me.

While I live I muſt love,
So Fancy urged me,
My Mind cannot remove,
Such is my Conſtancy:
My Mind is only bent,
Tho' I of low Degree,
Sweet Lady give Conſent
To love and pity me.

The Lady hearing now
The Moan that he did make,
Did of his Suit allow,
And thus to him ſhe ſpake,
Sir Knight, mourn thou no more,
My Faith I plight to thee,
May this thy Joys reſtore,
Thou haſt thy Wiſh of me.

45 L 28 Ms.

But firſt ſweet Love, quoth ſhe,
What ſhift then wilt thou make
With ſpeed to marry me,
And thy Delight to take;
It were a Bargain bad,
To get a wanton Wife,
And loſe with Sorrow great,
Thy ſweet diſtreſſed Life.

If that my Father knew
The Love I bear to thee,
We both the ſame ſhould rue,
Therefore be rul'd by me:
When my Father's in Bed,
And all his Waiting-men,
Through Window will I get,
See that you meet me then.

Content Lady, he ſaid,
He's but a Cowardly Knight,
Whom ought ſhall make afraid,
To win a Lady bright.
Thus then they went away,
But by the Maſter Cook,
Coming thro' the Window wide,
Was this fair Lady took.

O gentle Cook, quoth ſhe,
Do not my Deed bewray,
Some Favour to me ſhew,
And let me paſs away:
Love that doth conquer Kings
Forc'd me to do this Deed,
Whilſt others ſit and ſing
Make not my Heart to bleed.

Not ſo, then ſaid the Cook,
Fair Lady pardon me,
Who can this Treſpaſs brook,
Committed thus by thee;
My Lord, your Father, ſhall
The Matter underſtand,
For falſe I will not be,
Neither for Houſe nor Land.

Then from the Lady's Face,
Fell down the Tears amain;
She was in woful Caſe,
And thus ſhe made her Moan:

Alas! my own dear Love,
Little know'ſt thou my Grief,
Great Sorrows muſt we prove,
Hope yielding no Relief.

Her Father in a Spleen,
Lock'd up his Daughter bright,
And ſet forth armed Men
To take the worthy Knight;
Who then was judged to be
Quite baniſh'd from the Land
Never his Love to ſee,
So ſtrict was the Command.

And at the Seſſions next,
After the Knight was gone,
To his Daughter full of Wo,
They brought a hanged Man,
Whoſe Head was ſmitten off,
The Maiden's Truth to prove,
Quoth her Father, wanton Dame,
Now take thee here thy Love.

Her Tears fell down amain,
When the Sight ſhe did ſee,
And ſorely did complain
Of her Father's Cruelty;
His Body ſhe did waſh,
With Tears that ſhe did ſhed,
An hundred Times ſhe kiſt
His Body being dead.

Alas my Love, ſhe ſaid,
Dear haſt thou paid for me,
Oh! that in Heaven's Bliſs,
My Soul were with thee;
But whilſt that I do live,
A Vow I here do make,
Seven long Years to live unwed
For my true Lover's Sake.

Her Father hearing this,
Was grieved inwardly,
He pardon'd her amiſs,
And prais'd her Conſtancy,
And to this courteous Knight,
Her Father did her wed:
God grant the like Succeſs,
Where perfect Love is bred.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and ſold by *John White.*

J——n B——s's Ballad continued.

IX.

DO ye appear in any Page,
That *W——ſon* has printed?
This active Author of the Age,
Ne'er by your Rules was ſtinted.

X.

No Prieſt more powerfully can preach,
Without all Contradiction.
To prove this, pleaſe peruſe the Speech
Of ill-h---'d *M--gy D——ſon.*

XI.

Ere ſhe was ſtrung, the wicked Wife
Was Sainted by the Flamen;
But now ſince ſhe's return'd to Life,
Some ſay ſhe's the old ſamen.

XII.

He led her by the Hand a Show,
By which ſhe made ſome Gilders,
Which he might borrow; wherefore no?
As he does from his E------rs.

XIII.

But above all who ſpeak or write,
C——rgie claims my Praiſes,
Who out of Colours red and white,
The deepeſt Doctrine raiſes.

XIV.

O lovely Laird! eke pious Prieſt;
A Text thou tightly ſtretches.
Thy Sermons are no more a Jeſt,
Than thy Aſſembly-Speeches.

XV.

When thou into hid Myſt'ry keeks,
How dearly does thou charm one:
Fair fa' the Wife that cuff'd his Cheeks,
Who left thy good lang Sermon.

XVI.

Go on Great Men! and never irk,
When now's the ſolemn Seaſon,
While leagu'd in Votes, to free the Kirk
From Learning, Senſe and Reaſon.

[*More a-coming yet.*

G. WILSON, humbly, as before,
Reſumes his thankfulneſs once more,
For favours formerly enjoy'd,
In by the Public being employ'd;
And hopes this public intimation,
Will meet with candid acceptation.
The world knows well he makes *Boots* neatly,
And, as times go, he ſells them cheaply.
'Tis alſo known to many hundred,
Who at his late inventions wond'red,
That poliſh'd *Leather Boxes, Caſes,*
So well known now in many places;
With *Powder Flaſks* and *Porter mugs,*
And jointed *Leather Arms* and *Legs,*
Were his invention; and no claim
Is juſt by any other name;
With numbers of productions more,
In leather, ne'er perform'd before.
In theſe dead times, being almoſt idle,
He try'd, and made a *Leather Fiddle,*
Of workmanſhip extremely neat,
Of tone quite true, both ſoft and ſweet.
And finding leather not a mute,
He made a *Leather German Flute;*
Which play'd as well, and was as good,
As any ever made of wood.
He for an idle hour's amuſement,
Wrote this exotic advertiſement,
Informing you he does reſide
In head of Canongate, ſouth ſide.
To find him you'll be at no loſs,
He dwells within *Old Play-houſe Cloſe.*
And you will find his whimſhip out,
Where on the wall hangs a *Black Boot,*
In Britain none can fit you better,
Than can your ſervant the *Boot-Maker,*

GAVIN WILSON.

The Jolly Gentleman's FROLICK; OR, THE City Ramble.

(15)

Being an Account of a Gentleman who wager'd to paſs by the Watch, and give no Anſwer, but was ſtop'd by a Conſtable, and ſent to the Counter, and next Day clear'd before my Lord Mayor, by the Interceſſion of his Daughter.

GIVE Ear to a Frolickſome Ditty,
Of one that a Wager would lay,
He'd paſs e'ery Watch in the City,
and never a Word he would ſay,
But, *Doll Ra Roll, &c.*
The Conſtable ſpoke to his Watch-men,
brave Boys, it is my Delight,
And Orders I have to catch Men
who ramble too late in the Night,
The Humour, *&c.*

The Streets do ecchoe we hear, Boys
with Mad-men coming along;
My Staff is ready, ne'er fear Boys,
we'll make them alter their Song.
The Humour, *&c.*
Stand, ſtand, ſaid the Watch-man,
the Conſtable now come before,
And if a juſt Story you'll tell Man,
I'll light you home to your own Door.
The Humour, *&c.*

This is a very late Seaſon,
which ſurely no honeſt Men keep,
And therefore it is but juſt Reaſon
that you in the Counter ſhould ſleep,
The Humour, *&c.*

Take away this ſame Fellow,
and him to the Counter convey:
Although his Frolick is mellow,
he ſomething To-morrow will ſay.
The Humour, *&c.*

Open the Gate, make no Scorning,
take Charge of the Priſoner there;
And we will ſoon in the Morning
appear before my Lord-Mayor.
The Humour, *&c.*

A Bottle of Claret I'll fill, Sir,
ſome Pipes of Tobacco beſide;
And if that it now be your Will, Sir,
a Bed for you ſoon we'll provide.
The Humour, *&c.*

The Frolick ſoon eecho'd the Priſon,
the Debtors his Garniſh would have,
Without demanding the Reaſon,
whate'er they requir'd he gave.
The Humour, *&c.*

The Conſtable ſoon the next Day, Sir,
this comical Matter to clear;
The Gentleman hurries ſtraitways, Sir,
before my Lord-Mayor to appear.
The Humour, *&c.*

My Lord, give Ear to my Story,
while I the Truth do relate,
The Gentleman who ſtands before ye,
was ſeiz'd by me at Cripplegate.
The Humour, *&c.*

I nothing could hear but his Singing,
wherefore in the Counter he lay,
And therefore this Morning I bring him,
to hear what your Lordſhip would ſay.
The Humour, *&c.*

Come, Friend, the Caſe does appear now,
that You was in a mad Fit:
I hope that you may be clear now,
ſince Sleep has reſtored your Wit.
The Humour *&c.*

This Gentleman ſure is diſtracted,
he has over-heated his Brain;
Since he in this manner has acted,
to the Counter I'll ſend him again.
The Humour, *&c.*

A Priſon ſure it will tame him,
and bring him ſoon to his Sente;
There's nothing elſe can reclaim him,
from this his notorious Offence.
The Humour, *&c.*

O then beſpoke my Lord's Daughter,
and thus for him did interceed,
Dear Father, You'll hear that hereafter
this was but a Wager indeed.
The Humour, *&c.*

Therefore be pleaſed kind Father,
to hear one Word more of me,
And ſhew to me ſo much Favour,
this Gentleman may be ſet free.
The Humour, *&c.*

Well, Daughter, I grant the Petition,
the Gentleman Home may repair;
But then 'tis upon this Condition,
of paying my Officers there.
The Humour, *&c.*

Come, Sir, your Fees we require,
you now are freed by the Court,
And all that we do deſire,
you'll find out ſome other new Sport.
The Humour, *&c.*

Thus ſeeing he might be releaſed,
if he his Fees did but pay;
He then was very well pleaſed,
and ſo he went ſinging away.
The Humour, *&c.*

Printed in *Bow-Church-Yard*, *London*, where may be had all ſorts of Old and New Ballads.

A Song in Praiſe of the Leather Bottle.

GOD above that made all Things,
The Heaven and Earth, and all therein,
The Ships that on the Sea do ſwim,
For to keep the Enemies out, that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
It is for the uſe and praiſe of Men.
And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell,
Who firſt devis'd the Leather Bottle.

Then what do you ſay to thoſe cans of Wood?
In faith they are not, and cannot be good;
For when a Man he doth them ſend,
For to be fill'd with Ale, he doth intend,
The Bearer falls down by the Way,
And on the Ground the Liquor doth lie.
And then the Bearer begins to ban,
And ſwears its along of the wooden Can;
But had it been a Leather Bottle,
Altho' it had fallen, yet all had been well.
And I wiſh, &c.

Then what do you ſay to theſe Glaſſes fine?
Yet they ſhall have no praiſe of mine:
For when in a Company they are ſet,
For to be merry as we are met;
But if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the Liquor, and all therein.
If your Table-Cloth be ever ſo fine,
Down lies your Beer, Ale, or Wine;
It may be for a ſmall Abuſe,
A young Man may his ſervice loſe;
But had it been the Leather Bottle,
And the Staple in, then all had been well.
And I wiſh, &c.

Then what do you ſay to theſe black Pots three?
Why they ſhall have no Praiſe from me;
For when a man and his wife falls at ſtriſe,
(As many have done I have known in my life)
They lay their hand on the Pot both,
And loth they are to ſpill the broth;
The one doth tug, the other doth ill,
Betwixt them both the Liquor they ſpill;
But they ſhall anſwer another day,
For caſting the Liquor ſo vainly away;
But had it been in the Leather Bottle,
They might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,
And yet the Liquor no harm could take,
And I wiſh, &c.

Then what do you ſay to theſe ſilver Flaggons fine?
Why, they ſhall have no Praiſe of mine;
For when a Lord he doth them ſend,
For to be fill'd with Wine as he doth intend,
The Man with his Flaggon runs away,
Becauſe it is Silver ſo gallant and gay,
O then the Lord begins to ban,
And ſwears he has loſt both Flaggon and Man;
There's never a Lord, Serving-Man, or Groom,
But with his Leather Bottle will come,
Then I wiſh, &c.

A Leather Bottle we know is good,
Far better than Glaſſes, or Cans of Wood;
For when a Man is at work in the field,
Your Glaſſes and Pots no comfort will yield,
But a good Leather Bottle ſtanding him by.
He may drink always when he is dry;
It will revive his ſpirits and comfort his brain,
Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain.
For I wiſh, &c.

And ſo the honeſt Scytheman too,
He knew not very well for to do,

But for his Bottle ſtanding him near,
Which is filled with good houſhold Beer,
At Dinner he ſits him down to eat,
With good hard cheeſe, and bread or meat,
Then his Bottle he takes up amain,
And drinks, and ſits it down again ;
Saying, Good Bottle ſtand my friend,
And hold till this Day doth end.
For I wiſh, &c.
And likewiſe the Hay-makers they,
When as they were turning and making their hay,
In Summer Weather, when it is warm,
A good Bottle full will do us no harm :
And at noon-time when they ſet them down,
For to drink of their Bottle and Ale ſo brown :
When the Lads and the Laſſes begin to tattle,
What ſhould we do but for the Leather Bottle ?
For they could not work if the Bottle was done,
Since the Day is ſo hot with the heat of the Sun.
Then I wiſh, &c.
Alſo the Leader, Loader, and Pitcher,
The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,
The Binder, and the Raker, and all,
About the Bottle's ears do fall :
And if the Liquor be almoſt gone,
His Bottle he will part with to none ;
But ſays, My Bottle is but ſmall,
One Drop I will not part withal ;
You muſt go drink at ſome ſpring or Well,
For I will keep my Leather Bottle.
Then I wiſh, &c.
Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottle,
When it is fill'd with good Liquor well,
Altho' the ſubſtance be but ſmall,
Yet the Name of it is all in all ;
For there's never a Lord, a Duke, nor Knight,
But in a Bottle doth take great delight ;
For when he is hunting of the Deer,
He often doth wiſh for a Bottle of Beer ;
Likewiſe the man that works in the Wood,
A Bottle of Beer doth oft do him good.
Then I wiſh, &c.
Then when this Bottle doth grow old,
And will no longer good Liquor hold,
Out of the ſide you may take a Clout,
Will mend your ſhoes when they are worn out;
Elſe take it and hang it upon a pin,
It will ſerve to put odd triffles in,
As Hiuges, Awls, and Candle-Ends,
For young Beginners muſt have ſuch Things.

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow Lane, London.

Tally High Ho.

GO ſearch the World round and about,
And many a freak you'll be finding;
But what do you think is all the go?
By the hookey it's nothing but grinding.

Tally high ho, ſcandal the devil bind her,
The world is all how come you ſo, and every
profeſſion are grinders.

The law is a ſtate mill, thoſe devouring elves
The lawyers, are terrible giants;
They grind all the griſt for themſelves,
And leave all the chaff for their clients.

The doctors grind you for their fees,
They kill you for mere preſervation;
For they know if you live to get well,
They muſt die ſure enough by ſtarvation.

The miſers grind north, eaſt, weſt, and ſouth,
The barber at grinding's a crammer,
The churchwarden has got a wide mouth,
And his grinders are like a ſledge hammer.

The gameſter he grinds by the cards,
You'd ſwear he's the devil's own couſin;
The taylor he grinds by the yard,
And the baker he grinds by the dozen.

Thus like coblers, to make both ends meet,
Each man ſticks cloſe to his leather,
But Old Nick, who all grinders can beat,
Will ſoon grind the whole boiling together.

Britain's grinders, beware of her wooden walls,
The Cambrians and Scots are not behind her,
But the cornfactor grinds us the worſt,
I'm ſure he's the devil's own grinder.

If ever a raft's form'd at Breſt,
Tho' your favours are ever ſo binding
May the devil grind me with the reſt,
So juſt gently finiſh your grinding.

The Tars' Frolic.

Or British Sailor.

Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long Lane.

GIVE ear brother ſeamen and liſten a while,
I'll ſing you a ditty that will make you ſmile,
It's concerning a frolic as I'll to you tell,
As fortune would have it was very well.

My diſcharge I have not got, and have gold in ſtore,
And ſoon I will tell you how added to it more,
I being drunk, to an alehouſe went in,
To dance and to caper I then did begin.

Some doxies being there ſeem'd quite full of glee,
Thinks I to myſelf there one of them for me,
One being well rigged in a fine long ſilk gown,
I tiped her the wink and ſhe by me ſat down.

I called for the waiter ſome liquor to bring,
Said the doxy unto me, that is juſt the thing,
Beſides, for my Jack I'll a lodging provide,
And I'll be the girl that ſhall lie by your ſide.

All things being agreed between doxy and I,
I called for the waiter to know what's to pay,
Fifteen ſhillings and ſixpence the waiter reply'd,
I payed down the money, and up ſtairs we hied,

I quickly unrigged and jumped into bed,
I planted my ſhot locker under my head,
When my doxy and I bid each other good night,
I ſhamed faſt aſleep, and ſhe thought herſelf right.

Upright in the bed then my doxy aroſe,
In ſearching about to find out my cloathes,
And quickly after I knew her deſign,
For all her whole ſearch was to find out my coin.

I jumped out of bed and I well laid on her,
With a ſtick I had by me as thick as my thumb,
The ſmock ſhe had on like ribbons it flew,
She cried ten thouſand murders and what ſhall I do,

She danced round the room and I followed my blow
I gave her no time to put on her clothes,
She opened the door and down ſtairs ſhe run,
I faſtened it after and laughed at the fun.

I ſearched round the room to ſee what I could find,
And Moll in the fray left her pockets behind,
With ten guines in them and two five pound notes,
Moll left this behind with her gown and her cotes

This all being over the morning drew nigh,
And light thro' a window I happened to ſpy,
I tyed up the treaſure and all I had found,
The money the petti coats ſtockings and gown,

Now to conclude and finiſh my ſong,
Three guineas I made of coat, ſtochings and gown,
So we'll laugh at the frolic and drink the health round
And with each brother ſeamen the ſame in town.

An Unhappy Memorable SONG *of the Hunting on* CHEVY CHACE, *between the Earl* PIERCY *of* England *and Earl* DOUGLAS *of* Scotland.

To the Tune, of Flying Fame.

GOD proſper long our noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all;
A woful Hunting once there did,
In *Chevy Chace* befal.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Piercy* took his way:
The Child may rue that was unborn,
The Hunting of that Day.
The ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*,
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure in the Scottiſh woods,
Three Summer-Days to take.
The chiefeſt Hart in *Chevy Chace*,
To kill and bear away.
Theſe Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay;
Who ſent Earl *Piercy* preſent Word,
He would prevent his Sport;
The Engliſh Earl not fearning this,
Did to the woods reſort,
With fifteen Hundred Bowmen bold,
All choſen Men of Might;
Who knew full well in Time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.
The gallant Greyhound ſwiftly ran,
To chaſe the fallow Deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear;
And long before high Noon they had,
A hundred fat bucks ſlain:
And having din'd, the Drovers went,
To rouſe them up again.

The Bowmen muſter'd on the Hills
Well able to endure;
Their Backſides all with ſpecial Care,
That Day were guarded ſure.
The Hounds ran ſwiftly thro the Wood
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
An echo ſhrill did make
Earl *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer:
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promiſed,
This Day to meet me here:
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay:
With that a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did ſay;
Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh Peers,
All marching in our Sight.
All pleaſant Men of Tividale,
Faſt by the River Tweed:
Then ceaſe your Sport, Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
And take your Bows with Speed.
And now with me my Country Men,
Your courage forth ad ce,
For never was there Champions yet,
In Scotland or in France,
That ever did on Horſback come,
But ſince my Hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

Earl Douglas on a Milk-White Steed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.
Shew me, ſaid he, whoſe Men ye be,
That hunt ſo boldly oers,
That without my conſent do chace,
And kill my fallow Deer?
The Man that firſt did Anſwer make,
Was the noble Piercy he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe men we be.
Yet we will ſpend our deareſt blood,
The chiefeſt Hart to ſlay:
Then Douglas ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
And thus in Rage did ſay:
E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die,
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy ſo am I.
But truſt me Piercy pity it were,
And great Offence to kill,
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill:
Let thou and I the Battle try,
And ſet our Men aſide.
Accurs'd be he Lord Piercy ſaid,
By whom this is deny'd.
Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Widrington was his Name;
Who ſaid, He would not have it told
To Henry his King for Shame,
That e'er his Captain fought on Foot
And he ſtood looking on:
You be two Earl ſaid Widrinton,
And I a Squire alone.
I'll do the beſt that I can do,
Whilſt I have power to ſtand;
Whilſt I have power to weild my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.
Our Engliſh Archers bent their bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of Arrows ſent
Full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Douglas bit the Bent:
A Captain mov'd with meikle Pride,
Their Spears to ſhivers went.
They cloſ'd full faſt on every Side,
No ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant Gntleman,
Lay gaſping on the ground.
Alas! it was great Grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And ſcattered here and there.
At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great Might,
Like Lions mov'd their Blows they laid,
And made a cruel Fight.
They fought until they both did ſweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood like Drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By James our Scottiſh King;
A Ranſom I will freely give,
And this Report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious Knight,
That ever I did ſee.
No, Douglas, quoth Earl Piercy then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was born.
With that there came an Arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow.
Who never ſpoke more words then theſe
Fight on my merry Men all,
For why my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy ſees my Fall.
Then leaving Life Earl Piercy took,
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid Earl Douglas, for thy Life,
Would I had loſt my Land.
Alas! my very heart doth bleed,
With Sorrow for thy Sake,
For ſure a more renowned knight,
Miſchance did never take.
A Knight amongſt the Scots there was,
Who ſaw Earl Douglas die,
Who ſtraight in Wrath did now Revenge.
Upon the Earl Piercy
Sir Hugh Montgomery, he was call'd,
Who with a Spear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the Fight,
And paſt our Engliſh Archers all,
Without all Dread or Fear,
And through Earl Piercy's Body then,
He thruſt his hateful Spear:
With ſuch vehement Force and Might,
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other Side
A large Cloth Yard and more.
So thus did both theſe Nobles die,
Whoſe Courage none could ſtain;
An Engliſh Archer then perceiv'd,
The noble Earl was ſtain:
He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth Yard long,
Unto the Head drew he,
Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery;
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The grey Gooſe wings thas were theron
In his Hearts Blood were wet.
The Fight did laſt from break of day,
Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rang the Evening Bell,
The Battle ſcarce was done.
With the Earl Piercy there was ſlain,
Sir John of Oggerton,
Sir Robert Radcliffe and Sir John,
Sir James that bold Baron,

And with Sir George and good Sir James
Both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe Prowels did ſurmount.
For Widdrington needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful Dumps,
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.
And with Earl Douglas there was ſlain,
Sir Hugh Montgimery,
Sir Charles Murray that from the Field,
One Foot would never fly
Sir Charles Murray of *Radcliffe* too,
His Siſters Son was he:
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteemed,
Yet ſaved could not be:
And the Lord Maxwell, he likewiſe,
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Oft twenty Hundred Scottiſh Peers,
Scarce fifty-five did fly;
Of twneta Hundred Engliſhmen,
Went Home but fifty-three,
The reſt were ſlain in Chevy Chace,
Under the Greenwood Tree.
Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husband to bewail,
They waſh their wounds in breniſh Tears
But all would not prevail.
Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand Times
When they were cold as Clay.
This News was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly,
Was with an Arrow ſlain.
O heavy News King James did ſay,
Scotland can witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of ſuch Account as he.
Like Tidings to King Henry came,
Within as ſhort a Space,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
Was ſlain in Chevy Chace.
Now God be with him ſaid our King,
Since 'twill not better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm,
Five hundred as good as he.
Yet ſhall not Scot or Scotland ſay,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Piercy's Sake.
This Vow the King full well perform'd,
After one humble Down,
In one Day fifty Knights were ſlain,
And Lords of high Renown:
And of the Reſt of ſmall Account,
Did many Hundreds die;
Thus ends the Hunting of Chevy Chace
Made by the Earl Piercy.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land,
In Plenty Joy and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate,
T' wixt Noblemen may ceaſe,

The Unhappy Memorable Song of The HUNTING of CHEVY-CHASE

GOD prosper long our noble King,
our Lives and Safeties all:
A woful Hunting once there did
in *Chevy-Chase* befall.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his Way.
The Child may rue that is unborn
the Hunting of that Day.
The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
a Vow to God did make,
His Pleasures in the *Scottish* Woods
three Summers Days to take;
The chiefest Harts in *Chevy Chace*
to kill and bear away.
The Tydings to Earl *Douglas* came
in *Scotland*, where he lay;
Who sent Earl *Piercy* present Word,
he would prevent his Sport.
The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
did to the Woods resort,
With fifteen Hundred bowmen bold,
all chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in Time of Need,
to aim their Shafts aright.
The gallant Greyhound swiftly ran
to chase the Fallow Deer,
On *Monday* they began to hunt
when Day light did appear,
And long before high noon they had
an hundred fat Bucks slain,
Then having din'd the Drovers went
to rouse them up again.
The Bowmen mustr'd on the Hills,
well able to endure.
Their Back sides all with special Care,
that Day were guarded sure.
The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Wood,
the nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
an Eccho shrill did make.
Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deer.
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
this Day to meet me here:
If that I thought he would not come;
no longer would I stay.
Then spake a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earl did say:
Lo! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
his Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* Spears,
all marching in our Sight;
All Men of pleasant *Tividale*,
fast by the River *Tweed*.
Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
and take your Bows with Speed:
And now with me, my Countrymen,
your Courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet
in *Scotland* or in *France*,
That ever did on Horseback come,
But if my Hap it were,
I dare encounter Man for Man
With him to break a Spear,

Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Much like a Baron bold,
Rodo ſtremoſt of his Company,
whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.
Shew me, ſaid he, whoſe Men you be,
that hunt ſo boldly here;
That without my Conſent dare chaſe
and kill my Fallow Deer.
The firſt that did the Anſwer make
was noble *Piercy* he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
or ſhew whoſe Men we be;
Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
the chieteſt Harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
and thus in Rage did ſay:
Before I will out braved be,
one of us two ſhall die:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, ſo am I.
But truſt me, *Piercy*, I think it were
a great Offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
for they have done no Ill;
Let thou and I the Battle try,
and let our Men aſide.
Accurſt be he, Lord *Piercy* ſaid,
by whom this is deny'd.
Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
to *Henry* our King for Shame,
That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
and I ſtood looking on:
You are two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
and I a Squire alone;
I'll do the beſt, that do I may,
whilſt I have Power to ſtand;
Whilſt I have Power to wield my Sword
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.
Our *Engliſh* Archers bent their Bows,
their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt Flight of Arrows ſent,
full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.
To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Douglas* had the Bent.
The Captains, mov'd with muckle Pride,
their Spears to Shivers ſent.
They clos'd full faſt on every Side,
no Slackneſs there was found;
Whilſt many a gallant Gentleman
lay gaſping on the Ground.
Oh, Chriſt! it was a Grief to ſee,
and likewiſe for to hear,
The Groans of Men lying in their Gore,
and ſcatter'd here and there.
At laſt theſe two great Earls did meet,
like Captains of great Might,
Like Lions mov'd, they laid on Loads,
and made a bloody Fight;
They fought until they both did ſweat,
with Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like Drops of Rain,
they trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas*, ſaid
in faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be
by *James* our *Scottiſh* King:
Thy Ranſom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous Knight
that ever I did ſee.
To the Earl *Douglas*, *Piercy* ſaid,
thy Proffers I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*,
that ever yet was born.
With that there came an Arrow keen,
out of an *Engliſh* Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl *Douglas* to the Hear,
a deep and deadly Blow;
Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry Men all;
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord *Piercy* ſees my Fall!
Then, leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
the dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Sake
would I had loſt my Land:
O Chriſt! my very Heart doth bleed
with Sorrow for thy Sake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Miſchance did never take.
A Knight amongſt the *Scots* there was,
who ſaw Earl *Douglas* die,
Who ſtrait in Wrath did vow Revenge
upon the Lord *Piercy*;
Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
who with a Spear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
rode fiercely thro' the Fight,
And paſs'd our *Engliſh* Archers all,
without all Dread and Fear;
And through Earl *Piercy*'s Body then
he thruſt his hateful Spear;
With ſuch a vehement Force and Might
he did his Body gore,
That the Spear went thro' the other Side
a full Cloth-Yard and more:
So thus did both theſe Nobles die,
whoſe Courage none could ſtain.
An *Engliſh* Archer then perceiv'd
the noble Earl was ſlain;
He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
made of a truſty Tree;
An Arrow of a Cloth Yard long
unto the Head drew he;
Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
aright his Shaft he ſet:
The grey Gooſe Wing that was thereon
in his Heart's Blood was wet.
This Fight did laſt from Break of Day
till Setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell,
the Battle ſcarce was done.
With the Earl *Piercy* there were ſlain,
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron;
With good Sir John and good Sir James
both Knights of good Account,
Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was ſlain,
whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount
For *Witherington* needs muſt I wail,
as one in doleful Dumps:
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
he fought upon his Stumps.
And with Earl *Douglas* there were ſlain,
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
Foot wouldone never flee;
Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
his Siſter's Son was he;
Sir *David Lamb*, ſo eſteem'd,
they ſaved could not be.
And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewiſe
did with Earl *Douglas* die.
Of Twenty Hundred *Scotiſh* Spears,
ſcarce Fifty five did fly.
Of Fifteen Hundred *Engliſhmen*
went home but Fifty-three:
The reſt were ſlain in *Chevy Chaſe*,
under the Green wood Tree.
Next Day did many Widows come,
their Husbands to bewail:
They waſh'd their Wounds in briny Tears,
yet all would not prevail.
Their Bodies, bath'd in purple Gore,
with them they bore away,
And kiſs'd them dead a thouſand Time
when they were clad in Clay.
The News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
where *Scotland*'s King did reign,
That the Earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
was with an Arrow ſlain.
Oh, heavy News! King *James* did ſay,
Scotland can Witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more
of ſuch Account as he.
Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
within as little Space,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
was ſlain in *Chevy-Chace*.
Then God be with him, ſaid our King,
ſith 'twill no better be;
I truſt I have, within my Realm,
Five hundred good as he;
Yet ſhall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* ſay,
but I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for my Lord Piercy's Sake
This Vow the King full well perform'd
after at *Humble-Down*,
Where fifty *Scotiſh* Earls were ſlain,
with Men of great Renown;
And of the reſt, of mall Account,
did many Thouſands die.
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy Chace*,
made by the Lord *Piercy*.
God ſave the King, and bleſs the Land
in Plenty, Joy, and Peace:
And grant henceforth, that foul Debate
'twix Noblemen may ceaſe

THE LORD's LAMENTATION; OR THE *WHITTINGTON* Defeat.

——— *Immenſas Surgens ferit aurea clamor*
Sydera; ———
Sævit atrox Volſcens ——— VIRG. *Æn.*

GOD proſper long our noble KING!
Our Lifes and Safeties all:
A Woeful Horſe-race, late there did
At *Whittington* befall.
Great *B*——*d*'s Duke, a mighty Prince!
A Solemn Vow did make;
His Pleaſure in fair *Staffordſhire*,
Three Summer's Days to take.
At once to grace, his Fathers Race
And to confound his Foes,
But ah! (With Grief, my Muſe does Speak,)
A Luckleſs Time he choſe.
For ſome rude *Clowns* who long had felt
The Weight of Tax and Levy,
Explain'd their Caſe unto his G——e,
By Arguments full heavy. ['r!
"No G—*w'r*, they cry'd! no Tool of Pow-
" At that the E--l turn'd Pale: ['r!"
" No G--*w'r*, no G--*w'r*, no Tool of Pow-
Re-echo'd from each Dale:
Then *B*——*d*'s mighty Breaſt took Fire,
Who thus inrag'd did cry, ['*Squires*;
" To Horſe my *Lords*, my *Knights* my
" We'll be Reveng'd, or Die."
They mounted ſtraight all Men of Birth,
Captains of Land and Sea;
No Prince or Potentate on Earth,
Had ſuch a Troop as he.
Great Lords, and Lordlings cloſe conjoin'd,
A Shining Squadron ſtood:
But to their Coſt, the *Yeomen* Hoſt,
Did prove the better Blood. [Whore,
" A G—*w'r*, a G—*w'r*! Ye Son o' th'
" Vile Spawn of *Babylon*!"
This ſaid, his Grace did mend his Pace,
And came full fiercely on.
Three Times he ſmote a ſturdy Foe;
Who undiſmay'd reply'd,
" Or be thou *Devil*, or be thou *D—e*,
" Thy Courage ſhall be try'd."
The Charge began; but on one Side,
Some Slackneſs there was found;
The ſmart *Cockade* in Duſt was laid,
And Trampled on the Ground.
Some felt ſore Thwacks, upon their Backs,
Some, Pains within their Bowels;
All who did Joke the Royal Oak,
Were well Rubb'd with its Towels.
Then Terror ſeiz'd, the plumed Troop,
Who turn'd themſelves to Flight;
Foul Rout and Fear, brought up the Rear:
Oh! 'twas a piteous Sight! ——
Each Warrior Urg'd his Nimble Steed;
But none durſt look behind;
Th' Inſulting Foe, they well did know,
Had got 'em in the Wind.
Who ne'er loſt Scent, untill they came,
Unto the Gallow-tree:
" Now ſaid their Foes, we'ell not oppoſe
" Your certain Deſtiny.
" No Farther Help of ours ye lack,
" Gra'-mercy with your Doom! [mare,
" Truſt to the Care o' th' Three Legg'd-
" She'll bring ye *All* ſafe Home."
Then wheel'd about, with this old Shout,
" Confuſion to the R——p.
Leaving each Knight, to mourn his Plight,
Beneath the Triple-*ſtumpt*.——
Now Heaven preſerve ſuch Hearts as theſe,
From Secret Treachery!
Who hate a *Knave*, and ſcorn a *Slave*,
May ſuch be ever *free*.

FINIS.

The Stout and Loving Seaman's Heart Tocken, to his Sweet and Lovely

ISABEL

To be Sung with a Pleaſant New Tune.

FAir *Iſabel* of Beauty bright,
To thee in Love theſe lines I write,
Hoping thou art alive and well,
As I am now, as I am now,
Fair *Iſabel.*

On Board on the *Beauty* bold,
I have the Fortune to behold,
The ſweet delightſome banks of *Spain,*
While in the *Straits,* while in the *Straits,*
We do remain.

The *Spaniſh* Lords of high Renown,
And Gentre come ſwarming down,
To ſee the *Britiſh* Royal Fleet,
With ſwelling Sails, with ſwelling Sails,
And Streams ſo ſweet.

While we appear'd in all our Pride,
The Seas was ne're ſo beautifi'd
With Able Men of War before,
Along the *Straits,* along the *Straits,*
Of *Spaniſh* Shore,

We have no Storms, nor Weather foul,
To make the Roaring Billows Role,
But pleaſant breathing, gentle-gales,
Enough to fill, enough to fill,
Our ſwelling Sales.

Along the Coaſt of *Barbarie,*
The *Algereens* they flot to ſee,
Our Royal Fleet of Noble Fame,
And ſtood amaz'd, and ſtood amaz'd,
To ſee the ſame.

The longer they the Fleet beheld,
The more they were with wonder fil'd,
As knowing we were *Britan* bold,
And that the *French,* and that the *French,*
Falſe Tales have told.

For *Turvyl* made the *Turk* believe
That they no dammage could receive,
For of a Truth he did declare,
That Maſters of, that Maſters of,
The Seas they were.

This will for Truth no longer go,
For *Turvyl* fears Great *Ruſſel* ſo,
That from *Toulon* they ſtear'd away,
Had not forgot, had not forgot
the Month of *May.*

With *Ruſſel* he is loath to deal,
For fear a ſecond Warlike Real,
Should ſhake the whole foundation,
That it might prove, that it might prove
their overthrow.

Once more my Dear, and tender Dove,
Fair *Iſabel,* and my Loyal Love,
Except of theſe few lines I ſend,
Who will remain, who will remain
Your Faithful Friend.

Tho we are ſeparated now,
I'le not forget that Solemn Vow
Made, when I left my Native Land,
I'le go on board, I'le go on beard,
under Command.

My Deareſt do not grieve nor mourn,
With Patience wait my ſafe Return,
And then we'le both united be,
In laſting Bonds, in laſting Bonds
Of Loalty.

The Figure of a Heart, I ſend,
And round the ſame theſe lines are pen'd,
The Chain of Love has link it faſt,
So long as Life, ſo long as Life
And Breath doth laſt.

FINIS.

THE

Great MESSENGER of MORTALITY;

Or, a DIALOGUE betwixt

DEATH and a beautiful LADY.

From whence it appears that Death is no Reſpecter of Perſons either for Birth or Beauty; ſo that as ſure as we are born, we ſhall certainly die: Therefore let us prepare ourſelves againſt that Hour and Time, that he may appear as a welcome Meſſenger, that brings glad Tidings.

Tune of, *Farewel my Heart's Delight.*

DEATH.

FAIR Lady, lay your coſtly Robes aſide,
No longer may you glory in your Pride;
Take leave of all your carnal vain Delight,
For I come to ſummon you away this Night.

LADY.

What bold Attempt is this? Pray let me know,
From whence you come and whether muſt I go?
Shall I who am a Lady, yield or bow
To ſuch a pale fac'd Viſage; who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well, I'll tell you then,
'Tis I that conquers all the Sons of Men;
No Pitch of Honour from my Dart is free,
My Name is Death, have you not heard of me?

LADY.

Yes, I have heard of thee Time after Time,
But being in the Glory of my Prime,
I did not think thou would'ſt have call'd ſo ſoon,
Why muſt my Morning Sun be turn'd to Noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of Noon thou may'ſt as well be mute
This is no Time at all for to diſpute;
Your richeſt Jewels, Gold, and Garments brave,
Your Houſes, Lands, they muſt new Maſters have:
Tho' thy vain Heart to Riches was inclin'd,
Yet thou alas! muſt leave it all behind.

LADY.

My Heart is cold, I tremble at the News,
Here's Bags of Gold if thou wilt me excuſe,
And ſeize on thoſe, thus finiſh thou the Striſe,
With ſuch who are now weary of their Life.
Are there not many bound in Priſon ſtrong,
In bitter Grief of Soul have languiſh'd long,
And fain would find a Grave, a Place of Reſt,
From all their Griefs, in which they are oppreſt;
Beſides there's many with their hoary Heads,
And Palſy Joints, by which their Joys are fled;
Releaſe thou them whoſe Grief and Sorrow's great,
And ſpare my Life to have a longer Date.

DEATH.

Tho' they with Age are full of Grief and Pain;
Till their appointed Time they muſt remain.
I come to none before my Warrant's ſeal'd,
And when it is, they muſt ſubmit and yield:
I take no Bribe, believe me it is true,
Prepare yourſelf to go, I come for you.

LADY.

Death, be not ſo ſevere, let me obtain
A little longer Time to live and reign;
Fain would I ſtay, if thou my Life would ſpare;
I have a Daughter beautiful and fair;
I'd live to ſee her wed, whom I adore,
Grant me but this, and then I ask no more.

DEATH.

This is a ſlender, frivolous Excuſe,
I have you faſt, and will not let you looſe;
Leave her to Providence, for you muſt go
Along with me, whether you will or no.
I Death command great Kings to leave their Crown,
And at my Foot they lay their Scepters down:
If not to Kings I will this Favour give,
But cut them down, can you expect to live
Beyond the Limits of your Time and Space?
No, I muſt ſend you to another Place.

LADY.

You learned Doctors now diſplay
And let not Death of me obtain
Prepare your Cordials, let me Comfort have
My Gold ſhall fly like Chaff before the Wind.

DEATH.

Forbear to call, their Skill will never do,
They are but Mortals here as well as you;
I give the fatal Wound, my Dart is ſure,
'Tis far beyond a Doctor's Skill to cure.
To purchaſe Life, rather than yield to die,
How freely would you let your Silver fly,
But while you flouriſh'd here all in your Store,
You could not ſpare one Penny to the Poor.
In all your Pomp the Poor then you did hate,
And like rich *Dives* ſcourg'd them from your Gate;
But tho' you did, thoſe whom you thus did ſcorn,
They like yourſelf into this World was born:
Tho' for your Alms they did both cringe and bow,
They bore God's Image here as well as you;
Tho' in his Name a Suit to you they'd make,
You would not give one Penny for his Sake;
My Lord beheld wherein you did amiſs,
And calls you hence to give Account for this.

LADY.

O heavy News! muſt I no longer ſtay?
How ſhall ſtand, good God, at that great Day!
Down from her Eyes her dying Tears did flow,
And ſaid, There's none knows what I undergo:
Upon a Bed of Sorrow here I lie,
My carnal Life makes me afraid to die,
My Sins alas! are many, groſs, and foul,
But Heaven ſtill have Mercy on my Soul;
And tho' I do deſerve thy righteous Frown,
Yet, pardon Lord, and pour a Bleſſing down.
Then with a dying Sigh her Heart did break,
And did the Pleaſures of the World forſake.
Here you may ſee the high and mighty fall,
For Death he ſheweth no Reſpect at all,
To any one, of high or low Degree,
Great Men ſubmit to Death as well as we;
Tho' they are gay, their Lives are but a Span,
A Lump of Clay, ſo poor a Creature's Man

Newcaſtle upon Tyne: Printed and ſold by *JOHN WHITE.*

FLORA's FAREWELL;

OR,

The Paſſionate Shepherd's Love-Song.

Wherein he greatly doth complain,
Becauſe his Love was ſpent in vain.

To the Tune of, *A thouſand Times my Love commend.*

Flora farewel, I needs muſt go,
for if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thine Eyes prevail over me ſo
I ſhall grow blind, and loſe my Way.

Fame of thy Beauty and thy Youth,
to ſeek for Love me hither brought;
But when in thee I found no Truth,
it was no Boot for me ſtay.

Now I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,
Servant to another's Will;
Yet for thy Sake would forego both,
wouldſt thou beſure to love me ſtill.

But what Aſſurance can I have
of thee? who ſeeing my Abuſe,
In that which Love deſires to crave,
may leave me with a juſt Excuſe.

For thou muſt ſay, 'Twas not thy Fault
that thou didſt ſo unconſtant prove,
Thou wert by mine Example taught,
to break thy Oath and leave thy Love.

No, *Flora*, no, I will recal
the former Words which I have ſpoke,
And thou ſhalt have no Senſe at all
to hamper me in *Cupid*'s Yoak.

But ſince thy Humour is to range,
and that thou bear'ſt a wavering Mind,
Like to the Moon with thee I'll change,
and turn I can with every Wind.

Henceforth blind Fancy I'll remove,
and caſt all Sorrow from my Heart,
Young Men dye for dotting Love,
I hold it but a fooliſh Part.

Why ſhould I to one Love be bound,
and my Thoughts on none but thee;
When as a Thouſand may be found,
that's far more fair and fit for me.

Though I am but a Shepherd Swain,
my Mind to me doth Comfort bring,
Feeding my Flock upon a Plain,
I triumph like a petty King.

No Female-rat ſhall me deceive,
nor catch me by a crafty Wild;
Though I do love, yet I can leave,
and will no longer be beguil'd.

Flora, once more, farewel, adieu,
ſo I conclude my Paſſion long:
To thy new Love ſee you prove true,
for thou haſt done me double Wrong.

Fair Flora's *Anſwer to the Shepherd's Song, Wherein ſhe ſhews that he has done the Wrong.*

Fye Shepherd, fye thou art to blame,
to rail againſt me in this ſort,
Thou doſt diſgrace a Sweet-hearts name,
to give thy Love a falſe Report.

There was a Proverb uſed of old,
and now I find it is no Lye,
One Tale is good, till another's told;
ſhe that Loves moſt is ſet by.

A brief Deſcription I will tell
of my Favour, Love, and Flattery;
And how at firſt thou didſt excel
with cunning Tricks and Policy.

But oh! that flattering Tongue of thine
and tempting Eye ſought to entice,
And to enſnare the Heart of mine,
and bring me in Fools Paradice.

When thou at firſt began to Woo,
and with thy Skill my Patience try'd;
You though there was no more to do,
but preſently to up and ride.

Thou ſaid'ſt that I was fair and bright,
and fitting for thy Marriage-bed;
Thou fed'ſt my Fancy with Delight,
thinking to have my Maden-head.

But when thou ſaw'ſt thou could not get
the Jem that thou deſireſt to have,
My Company than didſt refrain,
like to a falſe deſembling Knave.

Whereby I anſwered thus and ſaid,
To ſhun the Cauſe of further Strife,
I would contain my ſelf a Maid,
until ſuch time I'm made a Wife.

And ſince you my poor mind have croſt,
go beſtow your ſelf as you will;
Shepherd farewell, there's nothing loſt,
I am reſolv'd to ſay ſo ſtill.

Blind *Cupid* with his wounding Dart,
could never make me Sorrow feel;
I'll not lay that unto my Heart,
that others ſhake off with their Heel.

LORD BIRKIN's LAMENTATION.

To the Tune of, *Fy gar rub her*, &c.

Didn't I free thee, vileſt as thou art,
From the Rapacious Hands of ——— ———

Lord *Birkin*'s Rapſodys.

(1)

FY C----r, Robber, Robber,
Do I live to ſee this Day,
Sure ne'er *Peer* was treated ſcrubber,
My *Birkin* raviſh'd quite away.
Fy C---r, &c.

(2)

Bluſh to think, how vileſt Traitor,
You at *Cauſway-ſide* confin'd,
My yielding *Brucia*, cou'd the Creature
Fly and leave her Lord behind.
Fy C---r, &c.

(3)

I can give her *Legs of Lamb*, Sir,
I can Play her *Duncan Gray*,
You perhaps may Curſe and Damn, Sir;
Or, *Gar Rub her o'er wi Strae.*
Fy C----r, &c.

(4)

Come my *Birkin*, ſtay no longer,
Hear my Prayer, elſe I die,
Come and ſtanch my amorous Hunger,
M---- loves not more than I.
Fy C----r, &c.

(5)

Ætherial Jove in his high Turret,
Sits with *Juno* on his Knee,
I with you wou'd chuſe a Garret,
And be happier far than he.
Fy C----r, &c.

(6)

Since you falſe prove, and Diſloyal,
Prone this Soul of mine to kill,
The Whore of Bab'lon *I enjoy will,*
On the Temple's Pinacle.

N. B. *Shortly will be publiſh'd Lady* Birkin's *Anſwer, to the Tune of,*
Hey, ho, Robin co-ſhe, kind Robin lo'es me.

THE

False Knight Outwitted

A new SONG.

GO fetch me ſome of your father's gold,
And ſome of your mother's fee,
And I'll carry you into the North land,
And there I'll marry thee

She fetch'd him ſome of her father's gold,
And ſome of her mothers fee,
She carried him into the ſtable,
Where horſes ſtood thirty and three.

She leap'd on a milk-white ſteed,
And he on a dapple grey;
They rode til they came to a fair rivers Side,
Three hours before it was day.

O light, O light you lady gay,
O light with ſpeed I ſay;
For ſix Knights daughters have I drowned here,
And you the ſeventh muſt be.

Go fetch the ſickle to crop the nettle
That grows ſo near the brim;
For fear it ſhould rangle my golden locks,
Or freckle my milk-white ſkin,

He fetch'd the ſickle to crop the nettle
That grew ſo near the brim;
And with all the ſtrength that pretty Polly had
She puſhed the Falſe Knight in.

Swim on, ſwim on, thou falſe Knight,
And there bewail thy doom;
For I don't think thy cloathing too good
To lie in a watery tomb.

She leaped on her milk-white ſteed,
She led the dapple grey;
She rid till ſhe came to her father's houſe,
Three hours before it was day.

Who knocked ſo loudly at the ring?
The Parrot he did ſay;
O where have you been my pretty Polly,
All this long ſummer's day?

O hold your tongue parrot
Tell you no tales of me;
Your cage ſhall be made of beaten gold,
Which is now made of a tree.

O then beſpoke her father dear,
As he on his bed did lay;
O what is the matter my parrot?
That you ſpeak before it is day.

The cat's at my cage, maſter,
And ſorely frighted me;
And I call'd down my Polly
To take the cat away.

Renowned Robin Hood: *Or*, his Archery truly related, in his Exploits before Queen Catherine.

GOLD ta'en from the King's Harbingers,
Down, a down, a down,
As seldom hath been seen, *down, &c.*
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
for a Present to the Queen.
If that I live one Year to an end,
thus did Queen Catherine say,
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
and all thy Yeoman gay.
The Queen is to her Chamber gone,
as fast as she could wen;
She calls unto her a lovely Page,
his name was Richard Parington,
Come thou hither to me thou lovely Page,
come thou hither to me,
For thou must post to Nottingham,
as fast as thou canst dree.
And as thou goest to Nottingham,
search all those English woods,
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
that can tell thee of Robin Hood.
Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
as fast as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
there he took up his Inn.
He calls for a bottle of Rhenish Wine,
and drinks a health to the Queen;
Wishing he might now speedily
find out jolly Robin.
Their sat a Yeoman by his side,
who said, sweet Page tell me,
What is thy business or thy cause,
so far in the North Country?
This is my business and my cause,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good.
To enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
to tell me of Robin Hood.
I'll get me a horse betimes in the morn,
be it by break of Day,
And I will shew the bold Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.
When that he came to Robin Hood's Place,
he fell down on his Knee,
Queen Catherine she does greet you well,
she greets you well by me.
She bids you post to fair London Court,
not fearing any thing.
For there shall be a little Sport,

and ſhe hath ſent you her Ring.
Robin Hood took his Mantle from his Back,
it was of Lincoln Green,
And ſent it by this lovely Page,
for a Preſent to the Queen.
In Summer-Time when Leaves grow Green,
it was a ſeemly Sight to ſee,
How Robin Hood had dreſt himſelf,
and all his Yeomandree.
He cloathed his Men in Lincoln Green,
himſelf in Scarlet Red;
Black Hats, white Feathers all alike,
now bold Robin Hood is rid.
And when he came to London Court,
he fell down on his Knee.
Thou art welcome, Lockſly, ſaid the Queen,
and all thy Yeomandree.
Come hither Tepus, ſaid the King,
Bow bearer after me;
Come meaſure me out with this Line,
how long our Mark muſt be.
What is the Wager? ſaid the Queen,
that I muſt know here;
Three Hundred Tun of Rheniſh Wine,
three Hundred Tun of Beer.
Three Hundred of the fatteſt Harts,
that run on Dallom Lee;
That's a Princely Wager, ſaid the Queen,
that I muſt needs tell thee.
With that beſpoke one Clifton then,
full quickly and full ſoon,
Meaſure no Mark for us, moſt Sovereign Liege,
we'll ſhoot at Sun and Moon.
Full fifteen Score your Mark ſhall be,
full fifteen Score ſhall ſtand:
I'll lay my Bow, ſaid Clifton then,
I'll cleave the Willow-Wand.
With that the King's Archers led about,
'till it was three or none;
With that the Ladies began to ſhout,
Madam, your Game is gone.
A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catherine cries,
I crave it on my Knee;
Is there ever a Knight of your Privy-Council,
on Queen Catherine's Side will be?
Come hither to me Sir Richard Lee,
thou art a Knight full good;
For I do know by thy Pedigree,
thou ſprung'ſt from Gower's Blood.
Come hither to me, thou Biſhop of Herefordſhire,
for a noble Prieſt was he;
By my Silver Mitre, ſaid the Biſhop then,
I'll not bet one Penny.
The King had Archers of his own,
full ready and full right;
And theſe be Strange s every one,
no Man knows what they height.
What wilt thou bet? ſaid Robin Hood,
you ſee our Game's the worſe;
By my Silver Mitre, ſaid the Biſhop,
all the Money within my Purſe.
What is in thy Purſe? ſaid Robin Hood,
throw it on the Ground.
Ninety nine Angels ſaid the Biſhop,
it's near an Hundred Pound.
Robin Hood took his Bag from his Side,
and threw it on the Green,
Will Scadlock then went ſmiling away,
I know who this Money muſt win.
With that the King's Archers led about,
while it was three to three;
With that the Ladies gave a ſhout,
Woodcock, beware thy Knee.
It is three to three now, ſaid the King,
the next three pays for all;
Robin Hood went and whiſpered the Queen,
the King's Part ſhall be but ſmall.
Then Robin Hood did leap about,
he ſhot it under Hand;
And Clifton with a bearing Bow,
he clove the Willow-Wand:
And little Midge the Miller's Son,
he ſhot not much the worſe;
He ſhot within a Finger of the Prick,
now, Biſhop, beware thy Purſe.
A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catherine cries,
I crave on my bare Knee;
That you will angry be with none,
that is of my Party.
They ſhall have forty Days to come,
and forty Days to go,
And three times forty to ſport and play,
then welcome Friend or Foe.
Then thou art welcome Robin Hood, ſaid the Queen,
and ſo is Little John,
And ſo is Midge the Miller's Son;
thrice welcome every One.
Is this Robin Hood? the King then ſaid,
for it was told to me,
That he was ſlain in the Palace Gate,
ſo far in the North Country.
Is this Robin Hood? quoth the Biſhop then,
as it ſeems well to be;
Had I known it had been that bold Outlaw,
I would not have bet one Penny.
He took me late one Sunday Night,
and bound me faſt to a Tree,
And made me ſing a Maſs, God-wot,
to him and his Yeomandree.
What, and if I did, ſays Robin Hood,
of that Maſs I was full fain;
For Recompence of that, he ſays,
here's half thy Gold again.
Now nay, now nay, ſays Little John,
Maſter, that may not be,
We muſt give Gifts to the King's Officers,
that Gold will ſerve thee and me.

LONDON: Printed by L. How in Petticoat Lane.

FOUR

Choice CAROLS for CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

CAROL I. On CHRISTMAS-DAY.
CAROL II. On St. STEPHEN's-DAY.
CAROL III. On St. JOHN's-DAY.
CAROL IV. On INNOCENT's-DAY.

Being very neceſſary and proper to be had in all CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

CAROL I. On CHRISTMAS-DAY.

GOD reſt you merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you diſmay;
Remember Chriſt our Saviour,
Who was born on *Chriſtmas-day*,
To ſave our Souls from *Satan's* Fold,
Which long time had gone aſtray.
And 'tis Tidings of Comfort and Joy.

From him that was our Father,
The Bleſſed Angel came,
And to the watchful ſhepherds brought
The Tidings of the ſame:
That there was born in *Bethlehem*,
The Son of God by Name,
And 'tis Tidings, &c.

Fear not, then ſaid God's Angels,
Let nothing you affright,
This Night is born a Saviour,
Of a Virgin pure and bright:
He is able to advance you,
And throw down *Satan* quite.
And 'tis Tidings, &c.

The Shepherds at theſe Tidings,
Rejoiced much in Mind,
And left their Flocks a feeding,
In Tempeſt, Storm, and Wind:
Then ſtraight they went to *Bethlehem*,
The ſon of God to find.
And 'tis Tidings, &c.

But when they came to *Bethlehem*,
Whereas our Saviour lay,
They found him in a Manger,
Where Oxen fed on Hay:
Our bleſſed Lady Kneeling by,
Unto the Lord did pray.
And 'tis Tidings, &c.

At which the ſudden Gladneſs,
The Shepherds then were fill'd,
When as the Babe of *Iſrael*,
Thus when they had beheld:
Before his Mother thus to lie,
The Scripture thus fulfill'd.
And 'tis Tidings, &c.

Now let me all you intreat,
That are within this Place,
That each dear loving Chriſtian,
The other would embrace;
For the happy Time of *Chriſtmas*
Is drawing on apace.
With Tidings and Comfort and Joy.

CAROL II. On St STEPHEN's-DAY.

IN friendly Love and Unity,
For good St *Stephen's* Sake,
Let us all this bleſſed Day,
To Heaven our Prayers make,
That we with him the Croſs of Chriſt,
May freely undertake.
And Jeſus *will ſend you his Bleſſing.*

Thoſe accurſed Infidels,
That ſtoned him to Death,
Could not by their Cruelties,
With-hold him from his Faith,
In ſuch a godly Martyrdom,
Seek we all the Paths.
And Jeſus *will ſend you his Bleſſing.*

And whilſt we ſit here banqueting
Of Dainties having Store,
Let us not forgetful be,
To cheriſh up the Poor,
And give what is convenient
To thoſe that ask at Door.
And Jeſus *will ſend you his Bleſſing.*

For God hath made you Stewards here,
Upon the Earth to dwell:
He that gathereth for himſelf,
And will not uſe it well,
Lives far worſe then Dives did,
That burneth now in Hell.
And Jeſus *will ſend you his Bleſſing.*

And now in Love and Charity,
See you your Table ſpread,
That I may taſte of your good Chear,
Your *Chriſtmas* Ale and Bread;
That I may ſay that I full well,
For this my Carol ſped.
And Jeſus *will ſend you his Bleſſing.*

For Bounty is a bleſſed Gift,
The Load above it ſends,
And he that gives it from his Hands,
Deſerveth many Friends;
I ſee it on my Maſter's Board,
And ſo my Carol ends,
Lord Jeſus *ſend you his Bleſſing.*

CAROL III. On St JOHN's-DAY.

WHEN bloody *Herod* reigned King,
Within *Judea's* Land,
Much Woe his Will did bring,
By bloody fierce Command.
Among the Reſt, with Grief oppreſs'd;
Was good St *John* here ſlain,
Who at this Day with Sport and Play,
A martyr'd Death did gain.

King Herod being in his Town,
Herodias dancing 'ſpy'd,
As fair as any Summer's Flower,
In all her painted Pride:
Clad in bright Gold, which to behold,
King Herod's Heart admir'd,
He bid her crave, and ſhe ſhould have,
Though ſhe Half his Crown deſir'd.

A kingly Crown I do not wiſh,
But St John's Head, ſhe ſaid,
Wherefore all bleeding in a Diſh,
Before me be it laid;
Which was the Thing, ſhe of the King,
Deſir'd with right Goodwill;
Whoſe Death was wrought and to be brought,
Such Minds have Strumpets ſtill.

Thus Wine and Woman we do ſee,
Men's Minds to Folly win;
For *Herod* did too ſoon agree,
And gave Conſent to Sin:
For on this Day, as Scriptures ſay,
St *John* did loſe his Head:
Whilſt he did ſing, before the King,
As he at Table fed.

Then let us all by him take Heed
Of Riot and Exceſs,
For Fear that ſoon to us it breed
As great a Wickedneſs:
And let our Sport, in civil Sort,
Content each merry Mind,
So ſhall we all, in this good Hall,
Much Joy and comfort find.

Now kindly for my pretty Song,
Good Butler draw ſome Beer,
You know what duties do belong
To him that ſings ſo clear:
Holly and Ive, Drink will drive ye
To the brown bowl of Perry,
Apples and Ale, with *Chriſtmas* Tale,
Will make the Houſhold merry.

CAROL IV. On INNOCENT's DAY.

UPON the Twenty-fifth of *December*,
Our bleſſed Meſſias he was born:
Let us with Praiſe this Day adore,
To ſee how he left his Habitation;
For to redeem poor ſinfull Men
Sing Praiſe unto his moſt holy Name.

Firſt. A bright Angel brought the happy Tidings,
Unto a Virgin pure and chaſte,
Hail! bleſſed *Mary*, full of Grace,
The Lord of Life remains with thee,
The bleſſed Saviour of all Men.
Sing Praiſe unto his moſt holy Name.

The bleſſed Virgin weary was and tired,
When ſhe came to *Bethlehem*,
There was no Lodging for her then,
She was deliver'd of our Saviour,
That very Night in an Ox's Stall,
To ſhew that Man's Pride muſt have a Fall.

Then came three Wiſe-men, Kings that were ſo (loya
All guided by a glorious Star,
From the Eaſt Country came ſo far,
To ſee the bleſſed Babe ſweet Jeſus,
That in a Manger there was laid,
Sing Praiſe unto his holy Name.

But when King *Herod* found himſelf deceiv'd,
He was with Wrath and Anger fill'd;
Vowing that all Infants ſhould be kill'd,
Thinking to murder our dear Saviour,
Who came for to redeem us then,
O cruel, cruel, and moſt bloody Man!

Then came the glorious happy Tidings,
Unto poor Shepherds feeding Sheep,
Which made the Shepherds Hearts to leap,
To hear the bleſſed Babe ſweet Jeſus
That he was born in *Bethlehem*,
Sing Praiſe unto his moſt gracious Name.

A true and Tragical SONG, *concerning Captain* JOHN BOLTON, *of Bulmer, near Caſtle-Howard, who after a Trial of Nine Hours, at York-Caſtle, on Monday the 27th of March, 1775, for the wilful Murder of* ELIZABETH RAINBOW, *an Ackworth Girl, his Apprentice; was found Guilty, and immediately received Sentence to be executed at Tyburn near York on Wedneſday following, but on the ſame morning he ſtrangled himſelf in the Cell where he was confined, and ſo put a period to his wicked and deſperate Life. His Body was then purſuant to his Sentence, given to the Surgeons at York Infirmary to be diſſected and anatomized.*

To the Tune of "*Fair Lady lay your coſtly Robes aſide*"

GOOD Chriſtian people all, both old and young,
Pray give attention to this tragic ſong:
My days are ſhort'ned by my vicious life,
And I muſt leave my children and my wife.
When I was priſoner to York-Caſtle brought,
My mind was fill'd with dismal, penſive thought;
Conſcious of guilt, it filled my heart with woe;
Such terrors I before did never know.
When at the bar of juſtice I did ſtand,
With guilty conſcience and uplifted hand,
The Court ſtraitway then unto me they ſaid,
What ſay you Bolton to the charge here laid?
In my defence I for a while did plead,
Sad ſentence to evade (which I did dread)
But my efforts did me no kind of good,
For I muſt ſuffer, and pay blood for blood.
To take her life I did premeditate;
Which now has brought me to this wretched fate.
And may my death on all a terror ſtrike,
That none may ever after do the like.
Murder prepenſe it is the worſt of crimes,
And calls aloud for vengeance at all times,
May none hereafter be like me undone,
But always ſtrive the Tempter's ſnares to ſhun.

By me ſhe was ſeduc'd in her life-time,
Which addeth guilt to guilt, and crime to crime.
By me ſhe was debauched and defil'd,
And then by me was murder'd, and her child.
Inhuman and unparallel'd the caſe,
I pray God give all mortal men more grace,
None's been more vile, more guilty in the land,
How ſhall I at the great Tribunal ſtand?
I ſhould have been her guardian and her friend,
I did an orphan take her for that end,
But Satan did my morals ſo ſubdue,
That I did take her life and infant's too.
To poiſon her it was my full intent,
But Providence did that deſign prevent,
Then by a rope, faſt twiſted with a fife,
I ſtrangled her, and took her precious life.
My Counſel I did hope would get me clear,
But ſuch a train of proofs there did appear,
Which made the Court and Jury for to cry
He's guilty, let the wicked culprit die.
When I in fetters in York-Caſtle lay,
The morning of my execution day,
For to prevent the multitude to ſee
Myſelf expoſed on the fatal tree.
I then did perpetrate my laſt vile crime,
And put a final end unto my time,
Myſelf I ſtrangled in the loneſome cell,
And ceaſed in this tranſit world to dwell.

The LEEDS Tragedy:

OR,

The BLOODY BROTHER.

GOOD Chriſtian people all I pray,
a while to me draw near;
And ſuch a ſtory I will tell,
you ne'er before did hear.
For ever ſince the world began,
ſuch a thing was never known,
When you have heard it, you will ſay,
'twill melt a heart of ſtone.
At Leeds in Yorkſhire, as we hear,
a noble Lord did dwell:
He had a ſon and daughter fair,
as many know full well.
His lady happening to die,
each was his chiefeſt care;
His daughter he lov'd beſt, they ſay,
both dutiful and fair.
Lords and knights they courted her,
but ſhe did them deny;
Saying, I am reſolved
a maid to live and die.
Her fame among the country rang,
ſo dutiful was ſhe;
Her brother fell in love with her,
which cauſ'd this tragedy
So was he ſtruck in love with her,
as to his bed he went;
He'd many things, but all in vain,
he could have no content.
For to ſpeak he was aſham'd,
and ſo he well might be;
Sure ſuch a thing was never known,
nor heard by none but me,
One day he to his ſiſter ſent,
ſo up to him ſhe came;
Cries he, dear ſiſter, 'tis for you
I'm in this burning flame.
She hearing him ſay ſo, reply'd,
come, Brother, tell to me,
What I can get to ſave your life,
and I will get it free.
Poor ſoul, ſhe little thinking then
what was his baſe intent,
Kept urging him to tell her ſtrait,
what would give him content.
At laſt this wicked rogue he ſaid,
If I could lie with thee,
Of my pains I ſhould be free,
and ſatisfied well be.
Your beauty has ſo charmed me,
if you do me deny,
By gazing at thy fair body,
I inſtantly muſt die.
Soon as theſe words to her he ſpoke,
unto him ſhe did ſay,
You wicked, vile, and cruel wretch,
forbear theſe words I pray.
O brother, once I lov'd you well,
as any ſiſter ſure:
But now my love is turn'd to hate,
I cannot you endure.

You are the worſt of creatures ſure,
And ſo deſerve to burn;
And was not you my brother dear,
you out of doors ſhould turn.
For now you're hateful in God's ſight,
and all will you diſdain.
How can you thus offend the Lord,
in being ſo profane?
So from him then ſhe quickly goes,
but yet lov'd him ſo well,
That of the thing which he had ſaid,
her father would not tell.
When ſhe was gone, he then did ſay,
Reverg'd on her I'll be;
For I will get my will of her
the firſt opportunity.
She hearing him for to ſay ſo,
No reſt at all could take;
With grief and woe her tender heart
was ready then to break.
And to the Lord, poor ſoul, ſhe pray'd
upon her bended knees,
For to turn this ingrate's heart,
that ſhe might be at eaſe.
Now he was plotting all the time,
of her to get his will.
And afterwards he was reſolv'd
her precious blood to ſpill.
Her father kept a noble park,
one evening ſhe did go,
And as her brother was gone out,
ſhe walked to and fro'.
Long in the park ſhe had not been,
before that he came in;
And miſſing of his ſiſter dear,
he to the park did run.
If ſhe is there I'm ſafe enough,
reveng'd on her I'll be:
When I have had my will of her,
I'll murder her, ſaid he.
But as he came unto the place,
where this poor creature ſat.
With a diſſembling voice he ſaid,
my ſiſter dear, well met.
But when ſhe turn'd, and found him
the roſe her face forſook; [there,
And trembling to him ſhe did ſay,
I do not like your look.
For you have miſchief in your heart,
as I can plainly ſee;
But your deſire you ſhall not have,
I am reſolv'd, of me.
He ſaid, ſiſter, you do gueſs right,
to lie with you I'm come;
So this baſe wretch moſt eagarly
unto her arms did run.
But ſhe cry'd out with might and main,
good Lord, look down I pray;
She ſtruggled till her ſtrength was ſpent,
and then ſwooned a way.

This curſed ſtony hearted wretch,
of her did get his will;
And afterwards he was reſolv'd
her precious blood to ſpill.
As ſoon as e'ver ſhe did revive,
ſaid he, I'll end the ſtrife;
For thou ſhalt ne'er tell what I've done
but here I'll end thy life.
Crying, this knife ſhall end the ſmart,
and none ſhall know the truth;
I'll ſtab it in the ſtrumpet's heart,
ſo pray make no diſpute.
His ſiſter hearing him ſay ſo,
unto the Lord ſhe cry'd.
Oh had it been thy bleſſed will,
that I before had dy'd.
Sure I ſhould never then have felt
the torments I go through;
Sure thou can'ſt be my brother be,
and thus to uſe me ſo.
I that am your fleſh and blood,
don't uſe me to leave;
Since you've deſtroy'd me, ſpare my life,
for Chriſt's ſake, brother dear.
He ſaid, your words will not prevail,
but here I'll have your life:
Then to her breaſt as white as ſnow,
he put the hateful knife.
The tears did trickle down her cheeks,
her life of him ſhe crav'd;
Oh don't forget the judgment day,
how will you then be ſav'd?
No longer will I ſtay, he ſaid,
then gave the fatal blow;
Her precious blood upon her breaſt,
did like a fountain flow;
This did not turn his ſtony heart,
unaaunted ſtill was he;
He ſtraitway went and dug a grave,
to hide her fair body.
Now when that he this grave had dug,
and laid her in the ground.
He went and covered her blood,
for fear it ſhould be found.
Such heinous things cannot be hid,
from God's moſt piercing ſight;
For in ſhort this wicked crime
was brought to open light.
Her aged father long did mourn,
for her, but could not hear.
What was become of his ſweet child,
whom he did love ſo dear.
The wicked wretch, her brother, he
did with him ſeem to mourn:
His father little thought that he
the wicked deed had done.
His father ſaid to him one day,
we will a hunting go;
Since thy dear ſiſter can't be found,
I'll ſtrive to eaſe my woe.

Full ſix months her body lay there,
cover'd with duſt and mould;
And moſt ſtrangely, as you ſhall hear
the murder it was told.
Juſt as the ſport it did begin,
and in this place did come,
The hounds all on a ſudden ſtopp'd,
and would no further run.
Now he then amazed ſtood,
ſo did the nobles all;
And the ſon turn'd as pale as Death,
and from his horſe did fall.
The lord he to the reſt did ſay,
what ails my deareſt ſon?
My heart doth flatter in my breaſt,
ſure ſome bad miſchief's done.
The place was open'd inſtantly,
where they ſoon her found
The body of his daughter dear
laid in that ſpot of ground.
At laſt, when they had him reviv'd,
and to his ſenſes came,
His father ſaid, I fear you have
this curſed action done.
So ſtraitway to the corpſe he went,
and kiſs'd her lips like clay;
Saying, this is my child, of whom
I took ſuch care alway.
He kiſs'd her lips till floods of tears
down from his eyes did flow;
Since her dear body now is found,
I mean the truth to know.
But when he tax'd him with the ſame,
he could it not deny;
And when he had the ſtory told,
he made them for to cry.
Father, where ſhall I go, ſaid he?
or whither ſhall I run?
You ſhall to priſon go, ſaid he,
And there receive your doom.
No compaſſion at all you had
Upon your ſiſter dear.
The worſt of deaths you do deſerve,
For being ſo ſevere.
She was to me as dear as you,
nay, I did love her beſt.
The Lord receive my ſoul, ſaid he,
for here I cannot reſt.
He order'd him for to be ſeiz'd,
and unto priſon ſent.
Until the Aſſizes there ſhould be,
Lord ſend he may repent.
His father inſtantly ran mad,
and in his bed was ty'd:
None did expect him for to live,
until his ſon was try'd;
We hope this will a warning be,
to wicked luſtful Men;
For ſuch a thing ſure ne'er was known,
ſince firſt the world began.

Sir Hugh in the Grimes Downfall.

OR A

New Song made on Sir Hugh in the Grime, who was Hang'd for ſtealing the Biſhops Mare.

45. b. 28. 1155

GOOD Lord *John* is a hunting gone,
Over the Hills and Dales ſo far,
For to take Sir *Hugh in the Grime*.
For ſtealing of the Biſhops Mare:
He derry derry down.

Hugh *in the Grime* was taken then,
And Carried to *Carliſle* town;
the merry Women came out amain,
Saying the name of *Grime* ſhall never go down
He derry derry dow

O then a Jury of Women was brought,
Of the beſt that could be found
Eleven of them ſpoke all at once,
Saying the name of Grime ſhall never go down
he derry derry down

And then a Jury of men was brought,
More the pity for to be;
Eleven of them ſpoke all at once,
Saying Hugh in the Grime you are guilty &c

Hugh in the Grime was Caſt to be hang'd,
Many of his Friends did for him leet,
For 15 foot in the Priſin he did Jump,
With his hands tyed faſt behind his back &c.

then beſpoke our good lady Ward,
As ſhe ſet on the Bench ſo high,
A peck of white penny's i'll give to my lord
If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me, *he &c.*

And if it be not full enough,
I'll ſtroke it up with my Silver Fan,
And if it be not full enough,
I'll heap it up with my own hand, &c.

Hold your tongue now lady Ward,
And of Your talkitive let it be
there is never a Grime came in this Court
That at thy biding ſhall ſaved be,

then beſpoke our good lady Moor,
As ſhe ſat on the Bench ſo high
A Yoke of Fat Oxen i'll give to my lord
If he'll grant Hugh Grime to me, *&c.*

Hold Your tongue now good lady Moor,
and of Your talkitive let it be,
there is never a Grime came to this Court,
that at thy biding ſhall ſaved be, *&c.*

Sir Hugh in the Grime look'd out of the door
With his hand out of the Bar,
there he ſpy'd his Father dear
tearing of his Golden Hair. he derry, *&c*

Hold your Tongue good Father dear,
And of your weeping let it be
For if they bereave me of my life;
they cannot bereave me of the Heavens ſo high

Sir Hugh in the Grime look'd out at the door
Oh! what a ſorry heart had he
There ſpy'd his Mother dear,
Weeping and wailing Oh! woe is me, &c.

Hold Your tongue now Mother dear
And of *Your* weeping let it be;
For if they bereave me of my life,
they connot bereave me of Heavens Fee, *&c.*

I'll leave my Sword to Johnny *Armſtrong*
That is made of Mettal ſo fine:
That when he comes to the Border ſide;
he may think of Hugh in the *Grime. he derry &c*

London: Printed and ſold by *L. How.*

The KENTISH Garland.

GOOD people now I pray give ear,
And alſo true attention.
Unto theſe lines, which you ſhall hear,
And words which I ſhall mention.
Within this book as I ſhall write,
As true it is reported,
How a young ſquire ruin'd quite
A damſel whom he courted.
She was his father's ſervant-maid,
And daughter to a brazier,
He often would her heart invade,
At every turn and leiſure.
With all the argument of love,
Which paſſion might diſcover,
Proteſting to the powers above,
How dearly he did love her.
With modeſt bluſhes ſhe reply'd,
Sir, pray ſtop your proceeding,
For I am no ways qualify'd,
Neither for birth nor breeding,
You can have choice of ladies,
From noble loins deſcended,
Therefore let me alone I pray,
Your friends will be offended.
Well met, the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends diſpleaſure,
Let who will frown I'll take thy part,
And love thee out of meaſure.
No one that's born of noble blood
Doth ſtand within my favour.
I honour thee, with what is good,
For you I love for ever.
With modeſt bluſhes ſhe reply'd,
Sir, ſtop thoſe fond pretences,
For if your friends ſhould it know,
Then they would be offended.
Diſcourſe to me of love no more,
But ſtrive to pleaſe your parents,
I'd rather wed with one that's poor,
Than wed to live at variance.
Farewel the jewel of my heart,
Fear not my friends diſpleaſure;
Let who will frown, I'll take thy part,
I'll love thee out of meaſure.
Therefore cheer up, my lovely dear,
If parents they ſhould ſlight me,
Till I my breath and life reſign,
Dear jewel I will right thee.
Kind ſir, you promiſe more to me,
Than can be now expected;
While you poſſeſs ſuch riches ſtore,
Then love may be perfected;

But if your parents ſhould now ſtand
Againſt you with denial,
To diſinherit you of all,
Then there will come the trial.
That is the work which they can do,
Let them uſe their pleaſure:
I muſt be loyal, juſt and true,
And love thee out of meaſure,
If they would wrong their darling ſon,
For ſuch a poor tranſgreſſion,
Then let them go, when that is done
I have a large poſſeſſion,
The which was left to me of late,
'Twas by a near relation.
Let father frown, and mother hate,
I'm in a happy ſtation:
Therefore cheer up my deareſt dear,
If parents ſhould diſdain us.
I hope two thouſand pounds a year,
Will modeſtly maintain us.
Theſe arguments and many more
He uſed to obtain her.
She gave conſent to wed, wherefore
There's none alive can blame her.
For ſhe was made his lawful wife,
By their porteſted marriage,
But ſoon ſhe loſt her precious life.
By his ungrateful carriage.
Unknown to friends and parents dear,
This couple they were wedded,
And in the ſpace of half a year
After they both were bedded,
It ſeem'd ſhe proved young with child,
Her locks began to show it,
Until his friends were reconcil'd.
He would not let them know it,
But up to famous London-town,
Immediately he brought her,
And to behave with modeſty
And decency he taught her.
Much like a youthful lady gay,
She ſeem'd, all in her beauty;
And while he with her there did ſtay,
He shew'd a husband's duty.
As they were charm'd with mutual love,
Which for a ſeaſon laſted;
At length they heard a diſmal noiſe,
Which all their pleaſure blaſted,
His parents come to underſtand,
By private Information,
That he had lodgings in the Strand,
And fill'd with recreation.
They ſent a letter full of wrath,
And threatn'd her with ruin.
Which ſhe receiv'd, whilſt ſhe ſtood by,
And at the ſame ſtood viewing.
Tears from his eyes did flow amain,
She aſked him the reaſon:
Said he, my friends do me diſdain.
They both wept for a ſeaſon.
She read theſe lines as well as he,
And found them harſh and cruel:
Said she, my dear be kind to me,
Be kind my deareſt jewel,
Let me not ſuffer for thy ſake,
Conſider my condition.
For if you don't, my heart will break,
It was not my Ambition
To be a lady, well you known,
'Twas long e'er I conſented.
Why do they ſeem to threaten ſo?
I ſtrove for to prevent it.
But now I am your lawful wife,
Which you was pleas'd to make me,
Your ſmiles perhaps may ſave my life,
I die if you forſake me.
He took her by the hand, and ſaid,
My dear, my joy and ſweeting,
Within my lodgings pray abide,
Till our next happy meeting.
With kiſſes ſweet and ſolemn vows,
They from each other parted,
But grief appeared on her brows,
For she was broken-hearted.
He promiſed to take her part,
And certainly excuſe her,
To father, nay, and mother too,
That they might not abuſe her:
To make the matter fair and clear,
And in all caſes clear her.
He went, but ne'er return'd again,
And never more came near her,
But when she came unto the town,
They told her he was marry'd,
To a young lady of renown,
With grief she then miſcarried.
But when his parents came to find,
That she was with their neighbour,
To whom she did her conſcience clear,
Within the time of labour,
They threatned her with banishment,
For tricking of the ſquire,
But fatal death did them prevent,
For she did ſoon expire.
But ſome minutes before she died,
In friends and neighbours hearing.
She wrung her hands, and weeping ſaid,
what is there no appearing?
Will you not come near me then?
Oh! husband moſt falſe-hearted,
With juſt revenge I'll haunt you when
My wronged ſoul's departed;
Accordingly as she had ſaid,
within three nights after,
Come to the room where he laid
The wronged brazier's daughter.
When in the midſt of their joy,
To their amazing wonder,
The room was fill'd with dreadful noiſe
Like roaring claps of thunder.
To crown the ſtately marriage bed,
They ſaw a flash of fire,
And heard a diſmal voice that ſaid,
Oh! moſt ungrateful ſquire.
The lady that lies by your ſide,
She shall not long enjoy you,
It was I that was your lawful bride,
Juſt vengeance muſt deſtroy you:
Within her arms like ice or clay,
The ſpirit did unfold him:
By force she took him quite away,
His lady could not hold him.
She shriek'd and cry'd, but all in vain,
For then the ſpirit gave him
That very night his fatal bane,
There's none alive could ſave him.
The lady then roſe up with ſpeed,
At this ſad conſternation,
Where on his breaſt they plain did read
Theſe words of lamentation.
In perfect roman letters blue,
This wretch was my undoing,
He being falſe, has brought me to
My death and utter ruin.
For making me his lawful wife,
The deed he then to ſmother,
And for the curſed golden prize,
He married with another.
His faithleſs tongue ſeduc'd my ſoul;
And eaſily deceived me,
His perjer'd words pierced my heard,
And of my life bereav'd me,
Leaving his wife and child to fall,
A ſacrifice together.
He makes a third that cauſed the ill,
So now farewel together.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Aldermary Church-Yard, London

The Low-Country Soldier:

Or, His humble Petition at his return into *England*, after his bold Adventures in Bloody Battles.

(22)

GOod Your Worship caſt an Eye,
Upon a Soldiers miſery;
Let not theſe lean Cheeks I pray,
Your Worship's Bounty from me ſtay,
but like a noble Friend,
ſome ſilver Lend,
And Jove shall pay You in the End:
But I will pray that Fate,
May make You Fortunate,
In Heaven or in ſome Earthly ſtate,

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind ſir,
Which makes me blush, to keep this ſtir
But tho' I rove from place to place,
For to make known my woeful caſe:
For I am none of thoſe,
that a Roving goes;
for all that they have got,
is by banging of the Pot,
in wrangling who should pay the Shot.
Olympick Games i oft have ſeen,
And in brave Battles have i been;
The Cannons there aloud did Roar,
My proffer high was evermore:
for out of a Bravado,
when in a Barricado,
by toſſing of a Hand-Granado,
Death then was very near,
When it took away this Ear;
But Yet, thank God, i'm here, i'm here,
And at the ſiega of Buda, there,
i was blown up into the Air,
from whence i tumbled down again,
and in rambling shew their drunken blows and lay a while among the ſlain,

Ll. b. 22. 1157.

Yet rather than be beat,
i got upon my feet,
and made the Enemy retreat;
Myſelf and ſeven more,
We fought Eleven ſcore,
The Rogues were ne'er ſo thrash'd before.
I have at leaſt a Dozen times,
been blown up by theſe Roguish Mines,
Twice thro' the Skull have i been shot,
That my brains do boil like any Pot,
ſuch Dangers have i paſt,
at firſt and at laſt,
as would make Your Worship ſore aghaſt
And there i lay for dead,
'till the Enemy were fled,
And then they carried me home to Bed
At push of Pike i loſt this Eye,
And at Birgam Siege i broke this Thigh;
At Oſtend like a warlike Lad,
i laid about as i were mad:
but little would You think
that e'er i had been,
ſuch a Good old Soldier of the Queens:
But if Sir *Francis Vere*
Were living now and here,
He would tell You hnow i flash'd 'em there.
The Hollanders my *fury* know,
full oft with them i've dealt a blow,
Then did i take a warlike Dance,
Quite thro' Spain and into france;
and there i ſpent a flood
of *very* Noble Blood,
Yet all would do but little good,
for Now i am come home,
With *my* rags upon *my* Bum,
And crave of Your worship one ſmall Sum.

And Now my caſe You underſtand,
Pray lend to me Your helping hand,
A little thing would Pleaſure me,
To keep in mind Your Charity;
it is Not Bread and Cheeſe,
Nor Barley Lees,
Or any ſuch like Scraps as theſe,
But what i beg of You,
is a Shilling One or two,
Kind Sir, Your Purſe Strings pray undo.

EPILOGUE.

HAVE i ſpent all My Days in bloody Wars,
thus flaſh'd carbonado'd & cut out in ſcars
Have i danced o'er the ice march'd thro' the dirt
Without either Hat, Hoſe, Shoe, or Shirt;
And muſt i now Beg, Bow, troop, trud and trot,
To every Pagan and poor Peaſant Sot?
No! by this Hand and Sword Not i
That Man's not fit to live, that fears to Die,
i'll Purſe it then, the *Highway* is My hope;
His Heart's Not big, that fears a little Rope,
——Stand, & Deliver, ſir—— [able,
Here *boy*, take My Horſe, walk him if thou'rt
Lead him a turn or two, and put him into ſtable
As for You Mrs. Minks, don't at me Jeer.
To Night for ſupper let me have good Cheer;
My Pheaſant My fowls, choice of other Birds,
i'll Not be fed with Apple-Pye Cheeſe & Curds
As for Your Swine's flesh i'll eat None,
Unleſs it be a Roaſt Pig, & then i *may* pick a bone

The reſt my Boy ſhall tranſport into his Snapſack, and ſo we are prepared for the next Rendezvous.

MAJESTY In MISERY,
OR,
AN IMPLORATION
TO THE
KING OF KINGS

Written by his late MAJESTY King CHARES the first, dureing His Captivity at Carisbrook Castle, *Anno DOM.* 1648.

GREAT *Monarch* of the World, from whose Power springs
The Potency and Power of KINGS,
Record the Royal Woe my Suffering brings;

And Teach my Tongue, that ever did Confine
It's Faculties in truths *Seraphick* Line,
To Track the *Treasons* of Thy Foes and mine.

Nature and Law, by the *Divine Decree*
(The only Root of Righteous Loyalty)
With this *Dim Diadem* Invested me,

With it, the *Sacred Scepter*, *Purple Robe*,
The *Holy Unction*, and the *Royal Globe*:
Yet am I Levell'd with the Life of JOB.

The fiercest Furies, that do dayly Tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Dis-crowned Head,
Are those that owe my Bounty for their Bread.

They raise a War, and Christen it, **The Cause**,
Whilst *Sacrilegious* Hands have best Applause,
Plunder, and Murder, are the Kingdoms Laws;

Tyranny, bears the Title of **Taration**!
Revenge, and *Robbery*, are **Reformation**!
Oppression, gains the Name of **Sequestration**!

My *Loyal Subjects* who in this bad Season
Attend me (by the Law of GOD and *Reason*)
They do Impeach, and Punish for *High Treason*.

Next at the *Clergy* do their Furies Frown,
Pious *Episcopacy* must go down,
They will Destroy the *Crosser* and the *Crown*.

Church-men are Chain'd, and *Schismaticks* are free'd!
Mechanicks Preach, and *Holy Fathers* Bleed,
The *Crown* is Crucified with the **Creed**.

The *Church* of **England** doth all Faction Foster,
The *Pulpit* is Usurp'd by each Impostor,
Ex Tempore Excludes the **Pater Noster**.

The **Presbyter** and **Independent** Seed,
Springs with Broad Blades; to make Religion Bleed,
Herod and **Pontius Pilate** are Agreed.

The *Corner-stone* is Mis plac'd by every *Pavier*,
With such a Bloody Method and Behaviour,
Their *Ancestors* did Crucifie our *Saviour*.

My *Royal Consort*, from whose Fruitful Womb,
So many *Princes* Legally have come,
Is forc'd in *Pilgrimage* to seek a *Tomb*.

Great **Britain's** HEIR is forced into **France**,
Whilst on his *Fathers* Head his Foes Advance,
Poor *Child!* He weeps out His *Inheritance*.

With My own Power My *Majesty* they wound,
In the KING's Name, the **King** Himself's Uncrown'd:
So doth the *Dust* Destroy the *Diamond*.

Which Propositions Dayly they Enchant
My Peoples Ears, such as do *Reason* daunt,
And the *Almighty* will not let Me Grant.

They promise to Erect My *Royal Stem*,
To make Me great, t' Advance My *Diadem*,
If I will first fall Down, and Worship them;

But for Refusal they Devour My *Thrones*,
Distress My *Children*, and Destroy My Bones,
I fear they'l Force Me to make Bread of *Stones*.

My Life they prize at such a slender Rate
That in My Absence they draw Bills of Hate,
To prove the KING *a Traitor to the State*.

Fellows obtain more Priviledge then I,
They are Allow'd to Answer e're they Die,
'Tis Death for Me to Ask the Reason, **Why**!

But, *Sacred Saviour*, with My Words I Echo
Thee to Forgive, and not be Bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their LORD are so Disjoynted,
As to Condemn those *Edicts* He Appointed,
How can they Prize the Power of His *Anointed*?

Augment my *Patience*, Nullifie my *Hate*,
Preserve My *Issue*, and Inspire My *Mate*,
Yet though We Perish, Bless the *Church* and *State*.

Vota dabunt quæ Bella negarunt.

Bona agere, & Mala pati Regium est.

Written by his Majesties own hand.

London Printed by Order.